THE

BRITISH NOVELISTS;

WITH AN

ESSAY, AND PREFACES

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY

MRS. BARBAULD.

A New Edition.

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THE

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE;

OR, THE

SUMMER'S RAMBLE

OF

MR. GEOFFRY WILDGOOSE.

A COMIC ROMANCE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK VII.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Wildgoose's Interview with Mr. Whitfield.

All the civilized nations of the world had now —boiled their tea-kettles, and all the inhabitants, of Great Britain, except those of the court-end of the metropolis, were at this instant recruiting their spirits with a comfortable breakfast, when Mr. Wildgoose, ever attentive to the great object of his peregrination, summoned his fellow-traveller, Jeremiah Tugwell, from the kitchen chimney-corner, where he had got leave to smoke his morning pipe. Come Jerry, says Wildgoose, up, and be doing; lay aside your pipe, and follow me.

When they were come into the street, Wildgoose told Jerry that he had found out Mr. Whitfield's lodgings, which, says he, are but a short walk from this place. But, continued he, that tobacco of thine has a most ungodly savour; thy smell is as the smell of a tippling-house, and will be highly offensive to that holy man, who, I am persuaded, has been

watching and praying for some hours, or, perhaps, has been feeding his *five thousands* with the heavenly manna of his eloquence; for my part, I was determined neither to eat nor drink till I had been admitted to commune with him, that I might be the more fit to receive the divine instructions of so great a master.

As Wildgoose was thus expostulating with his friend, they arrived at Mr. Whitfield's lodgings; and, upon inquiring for him, they were shown up one pair of stairs by the maid of the house, who, tapping at the door, the two pilgrims were immediately admitted to Mr. Whitfield's presence.

Mr. Whitfield was sitting in an elbow-chair, in a handsome dining-room, dressed in a purple night-gown and velvet cap; and, instead of a Bible or prayer-book, as Wildgoose expected, he had a good bason of chocolate, and a plate of muffins well-buttered, before him.

Wildgoose made a pause at the door, being a little dubious whether they had not mistaken the room; and Tugwell drew back, quite struck with awe at so episcopal a figure. But Mr. Whitfield hailed them with a cordial condescension: Come, come in, my dear friends; I am always at leisure to receive my christian brethren. I breakfasted early this morning with some prisoners in Newgate, upon some tea and sea-biscuit; but found my stomach a little empty, and was refreshing myself with a dish of chocolate.

Well, my good friends, continued Mr. Whitfield, has God made use of the *foolishness* of my preaching, to convince you of sin, and to bring you to a sense of your fallen condition; Come, my brethren, sit down, and let me know when you were converted, and what symptoms of the new birth you have experienced in your souls.

Ah! sir, replied Wildgoose, we have not yet had the happiness of hearing you preach; but I hope God has, by some other means, vouchsafed to give us some little sense of religion; and we have taken a pretty long journey, to learn from your mouth a more perfect knowledge of this way.

Yes, yes, quoth Tugwell, a little encouraged by Mr. Whitfield's condescension, his worship is no novice in these matters himself: he can preach like any bishop, upon occasion, if that were all; but he is come to know how your reverence will please to employ him, and to get a little more of your Gospel lingo, and such like.

This discovery of Wildgoose's intentions was by no means agreeable to Mr. Whitfield; for, whether he gloried in the number of his followers, and began to taste the sweets of such distinction, or whether he thought that too great a number of labourers in the vineyard might render the soil less fruitful to himself; however it was, he did not seem inclined to admit any more sharers in the labour*; but began to complain of the great number of divisions already among them; that one was of Paul, and another of Apollos; that brother Wesley had preached another Gospel, entirely contrary to his; in short, that, from that source, strife, envy, wrath, revelling, backbiting, drunkenness, and every evil work, began already to prevail amongst them.†

Well, well, says Tugwell, before Wildgoose could reply, his worship does it only out of love and good-will, as a body may say: we have travelled pretty near a hundred miles *a-foot* upon this errand; though, for that matter, Master Wildgoose has as

* Perceived in myself something like envy towards brother H*****. Journ. p. 6.

† Journal, p. 6.

good a gelding in his stable as any gentleman in the country, and can afford to spend his own money, if need be, and does not do it for the lucre of gain.

When Mr. Whitfield heard the name of Wildgoose, he immediately recollected the accounts he had received, by letter, from Bath and Gloucester, of this opulent convert; and immediately found himself inclined to receive more favourably Mr. Wildgoose's proposals. He thought he might advantageously employ, in some remote province, so creditable a missionary, of whose abilities he had heard no common encomiums. He now, therefore, began to inquire more particularly into the circumstances of his conversion, and what proofs he could give of a ministerial call and qualifications.

Well, brother Wildgoose, says Mr. Whitfield, when and where were you converted? when did you first begin to feel the motions of God's Spirit? in what year, what month, what day, and in what manner, did you receive the secret call of the Spirit, to undertake the work of the ministry? What work of grace has God wrought upon your soul? and what symptoms have you felt of the new birth?*

Wildgoose, not being prepared for a scrutiny of this kind, began to stare, and could not readily give an answer to these questions. After a little recollection, however, he said, that several circumstances had contributed to wean him from the vanities of the world; which disposition was confirmed, he said, by hearing one or two Gospel-preachers, but chiefly by reading several good books, and particularly his and Mr. Wesley's Journals; whence, from observing the great success God had given to their labours,

* This was the usual form of examination by the triers in the last century.

he found himself inclined to attempt something in the same way.

Here Tugwell could not forbear putting in his verdict. Odsbobs! says he, I believe I understand what the gentleman means by the *new birth*. It is no longer ago than last October, we had been grinding apples, and making cider for Madam Wildgoose, your worship's mother; and all the next day I was mortal sick, and troubled with the gripes and the belly ache; and I thought I should have *sounded away*. Old madam gave me some *higry-pigry*; and our Dorothy, who is the best wife in England, would have had me eat some bacon and eggs; but I could not bear the smell of victuals, and I thought I should have died: but at night, as soon as ever your worship began to preach in our chimney-corner, I found comfort; and from that time to this, I have never drunk a drop of cider, nor been at an ale-house, till we came this journey, nor at any merry-making, nor *sich* like, as your worship very well knows.

Wildgoose endeavoured more than once, by winks and nods, to give a check to Tugwell's volubility: but Mr. Whitfield desired to hear the particulars, and endeavoured to give the most religious turn that he could to his impertinence. Then addressing himself again to Mr. Wildgoose:

Well, sir, says Mr. Whitfield, I would have you consider before you put your *hand* to the *plough*, and *compute the costs*; that is, how you can bear the persecutions, the insults, and mockeries, which you must expect to meet with in this arduous undertaking. You must submit to the lowest offices in this *labour of love*; you must pass through *evil report* and *good report*, converse with publicans and sinners, and even with harlots, if there be any prospect of their conversion: and I will consider, con-

tinues Mr. Whitfield, of the properest method of employing your talents. But, I believe, I shall send you to preach the Gospel to the poor colliers in Stafford and Shropshire, or to the subterraneous inhabitants of the lead-mines, in the Peak of Derbyshire, who are as sheep without a shepherd: though I hope my brother Wesley has, by this time, been amongst them.

Wildgoose replied, he should dispose of him as he thought proper: and Tugwell, who, though he fancied himself another Timothy, yet considered amusement chiefly in his travels, cried out, Odsbobs! I shall like to travel into Derbyshire, and see the wonders of the Peak. There is a hole in the earth, without any bottom to it, as they do say, and a passage into the other world, which they call the Devil's a-se o'Peak.—I do not know what they call it, replies Mr. Whitfield; but, by all accounts, the Devil has an extensive property, and great power, over the whole world at present, especially amongst those poor people, whose subterraneous employment cuts them off from all chance of spiritual instruction. But I hope, by the help of my good brother here, and other friends, we shall soon make the Devil's kingdom shake to its very centre.

I am to preach this afternoon, continues Mr. Whitfield, to the poor colliers of Kingswood (where, my greatest enemies must confess, I have done considerable service); and, in the evening, to one of our societies in Bristol; to both which places I hope you will accompany me, and behold the wonderful works of God.

Wildgoose said he would with pleasure attend him; but added, as God had so far prospered his journey, as to bring him to the sight of Mr. Whitfield, he would trespass no longer upon his time

at present than to deliver Lady Sherwood's compliments, as he had promised her ladyship, whom he saw at Bath. Mr. Whitfield replied, that that was an elect lady, a star of the first magnitude; and he did not doubt but she would be an instrument, by the influence which her rank and fortune gave her, of promoting the great work which was going to be wrought upon the earth.

Mr. Wildgoose then took his leave, promising to attend him with great punctuality, both at his afternoon's and evening's engagement.

CHAPTER II.

Hears Mr. Whitfield at Kingswood.

As soon as they were come into the street, Odsbodikins; cries Tugwell, this is a desperate *familler* gentleman. Methinks he and I could be as good company together as if we had been acquainted these twenty years. But I think he might have offered us a bit of his oven-cake, and a drop of his buttered ale, or whatever it was. But come, master, let us go and get something to eat; you will never be able to hold out as Mr. Whitfield does. He seems to like a bit of the good *cretur* as well as other folks.

Ah! Jerry, says Wildgoose, thy thoughts run still upon thy belly and the flesh-pots of Egypt. However, our master does not deny us the use, but the abuse of his good creatures. "Thou shalt not muzzle thy ox or thy ass, that treadeth out thy corn." Those that labour most in spiritual things, have the best right to these carnal things, though they do not place their happiness in them.

By the time they came to their lodging, however' eir hostess had got a good warm dinner of homely od, the savoury smell of which revived Wildgoose's petite; so that the natural man getting the better the spiritual, he sat down with Tugwell and the mily, and ate as heartily as the best of them.

The time was now come when they were to attend r. Whitfield to Kingswood; where, when they rived after a sultry walk, they found about ten ousand people assembled; the trees and hedges ing lined with spectators. There had been a vio- nt storm of thunder and lightning; but this was spelled by a single ejaculation; and Providence s pleased so visibly to interpose, in causing the ather to clear up just as he began, that Mr. Whit- ld could not avoid taking notice of it in his dis- urse to the people, and to hint, that the course of ture had been altered in favour of his harangue. e sun now shone, and all was hushed; and not- hstanding the distance of some part of the audi- ce, they all heard distinctly; for, indeed, the wind s extremely favourable.

Whilst all was thus in a profound calm for near hour, every one being attentive to the voice of e preacher, on a sudden the skies again grew ck, and the assembly was alarmed a second time, a most tremendous volley of thunder and light- g, and a storm of rain.

A remarkable difference now appeared between e saints and the sinners. Those whom curiosity, or haps some less justifiable motive, had brought thi- r, scampered away with the utmost precipitation, trees or hedges, or some occasional sheds which d been erected amongst the coal-works, to avoid impending storm; whilst those who either re, or fancied they were, possessed of true faith, rned to flinch, or to discover the least regard to

their bodies, whilst they were thus refreshing their souls with the heavenly dew of Mr. Whitfield's eloquence.

Mr. Whitfield now very dexterously shifted his discourse to the present occasion, and observed, that although Providence had, at their first meeting, so miraculously put a stop to the rain; yet he had now, with the same gracious intention, permitted it to rain again, to try the zeal of his audience, and to distinguish his sincere votaries from pretenders and hypocrites; and he did not doubt, but, together with the rain, God would shower down upon them the gracious dew of his blessing, and refresh them with his Spirit. And this compliment many of them thought a sufficient consolation for their being wet to the skin.

The service being now ended, though the storm was over, and the sun shone out, yet a good part of the audience were in such a dripping condition, that it furnished many a pious soul with a good pretence for taking a cordial; and the brandy-bottle and gingerbread were plentifully distributed by the suttlers, that always attended on these occasions.

CHAPTER III.

Evening's entertainment.

MR. WILDGOOSE and his friend Tugwell had hardly dried and refreshed themselves after their return from Kingswood, when they were again summoned to attend Mr. Whitfield to the nightly meeting at the Tabernacle; where he harangued to a less nu-

merous, yet not a less crowded audience, than that at Kingswood. He usually made choice of a different text at each meeting; but whatever the subject was, it always ended, like Cato's speeches in the senate-house, with, *Delenda est Carthago*, "*Down with your good works!*" with a denunciation against self-righteousness, and a recommendation of faith alone in its stead, as if virtue were *inconsistent* with the belief of the Gospel; though, as a great divine* observes, "this doctrine of renouncing their own righteousness has been generally found most agreeable to those who have no righteousness of their own to renounce."

And now Wildgoose discovered the true secret of making converts. He had often himself had the satisfaction of being followed and applauded for his eloquence; but had reason to suspect, that he rather entertained his audience, than made them real converts to his opinions. His mistake was, that he began at the wrong end. He went the old-fashioned way to work, and was for persuading people to repent of their sins, and reform their lives; to practise the precepts, as well as believe the doctrines of the Gospel; which kind of preaching, though enforced in the most pathetic manner, was not so generally palatable as might be expected.

Mr. Whitfield, on the contrary, said little about repentance, but laid all the stress upon faith alone; so that if a man was, or fancied, or even said, that he was possessed of true faith, he was immediately pronounced a convert; and, whether he reformed his life or not, became a saint upon easy terms. By this means chiefly such crowds of colliers and chimney-sweepers were transformed into angels of light, and became entitled to many a comfortable break-

* Chillingworth.

fast of buttered-toast and tea with the more wealthy devotees, and helped to increase the fame and popularity of these itinerant reformers; not to mention the many facetious tales with which Mr. Whitfield amused his hearers from Joe Miller, and other authors of facetious memory; and the attractions which were found in their psalms and hymns; which, being chiefly set to popular tunes, had the same effect in recommending their doctrines, as the like cause had formerly in establishing the fame of the Beggars' Opera.

The meeting being ended, and Mr. Whitfield somewhat fatigued, he took his leave of Mr. Wildgoose for that evening, but desired his company to breakfast the next morning, with which Mr. Wildgoose punctually complied. Mr. Whitfield then told him, he had it revealed to him by the Spirit, that Mr. Wildgoose should go towards the north in a few days, and preach to the colliers and lead-miners in those parts; but that he should first give the word of exhortation to their brethren at the several meetings in Bristol, that he might judge of the soundness of his doctrine, and give him any necessary instructions for his future conduct.

Though this was but a proper compliment to so distinguished a convert, and Mr. Whitfield was willing to treat his followers with a little variety; yet, as he found some few sparks of jealousy in his own breast, he was desirous of dismissing Wildgoose as soon as he decently could. Mr. Whitfield, indeed, had the advantage of him in complexion, and the solemnity of his periwig (and a good periwig, as the barber observed, contributes not a little to the conversion of sinners); yet Wildgoose excelled Whitfield in an expressive countenance, and a more gentleman-like air; not to mention the weight which an

opinion of Wildgoose's superior fortune would probably give to his eloquence.

Mr. Whitfield, therefore, proposed that Wildgoose should hold forth that very evening at one of their meetings; to which, with a decent reluctance, he consented: which point being settled, Wildgoose took his leave for the rest of the day.

CHAPTER IV.

Wildgoose mounts the rostrum. An unexpected incident.

In the evening, at the usual hour, the two brethren met at the Tabernacle, and Wildgoose was conducted to the desk by Mr. Whitfield himself, where several ladies were already seated (which is a compliment usually paid to persons of any fashion); and they seemed particularly pleased with the genteel, though plain, appearance of this youthful orator.

Mere novelty gives a preacher no small advantage, if there is nothing vilely dull or ungracious in his manner. Wildgoose, however, having several other recommendations, was heard with particular attention and applause; and his fame soon spread universally amongst the saints at Bristol; and he preached almost every evening to more crowded audiences than Mr. Whitfield himself.

But his fame was accompanied also with more solid advantages, and introduced him to the acquaintance of two or three wealthy dowagers, and as many handsome wives. Among the rest, he

was particularly intimate with Mrs. Cullpepper, the young wife of a wealthy alderman of the city of Bristol; who, having no children to amuse her, and finding but few of the comforts of matrimony in the society of an elderly husband, chose to pass two or three evenings in a week at these religious assemblies; in which innocent amusement her spouse gladly indulged her. These pious ladies then thought nothing too good for such good and holy men; so that, with chocolate and rolls for breakfast in the morning, biscuits and sack at noon, with turbot, ducks, and marrow-puddings for dinner, and roasted fowls or partridges for supper at night, Wildgoose passed his time in no unpleasant manner.

After he had been haranguing one evening, with the pretty Mrs. Cullpepper (like the angel usually painted at the back of St. Matthew) leering over his shoulder; when the meeting was ended, and the crowd began to disperse, he handed her out of the desk, and when they came to the door of the Tabernacle, they found a crowd gathered round two genteel sort of women in travelling dresses, one of whom they said was fallen into an hysteric fit. As this was no uncommon symptom of the new birth, Wildgoose approached to administer some spiritual comfort when the lady should come to herself again; but when that happened, how great was his astonishment to find, that the lady in a swoon was no other than Miss Townsend, for whom Wildgoose had conceived so tender a regard when he was acquainted with her at Gloucester.

Mrs. Sarsenet, it seems, under whose protection Miss Townsend had placed herself after her imprudent elopement from her father, had some business at Bristol fair, which began about that time; and Miss Townsend, having a desire to see Bristol (and,

perhaps, from some more tender motive), had desired to accompany her in the stage-coach; and, having been awaked early in the morning, fatigued with her journey, and, perhaps, somewhat affected at the sight of Mr. Wildgoose's gallantry to Mrs. Cullpepper, it was more than her delicate constitution could well support.

Wildgoose, having acknowledged them as his acquaintance, and made a proper apology to Mrs. Cullpepper, begged leave to accompany Mrs. Sarsenet and Miss Townsend to their inn, where they spent the evening together, in talking over the state of affairs at Gloucester, the adventures of their journey, and such other chit-chat, which, though insipid enough to others, is very interesting to friends who have been any time absent from each other. In short, the evening passed away very agreeably to Wildgoose and to Mrs. Sarsenet; and probably, if the truth were known, no less so to the sprightly and amiable Miss Townsend.

CHAPTER V.

Gloucester Journal.

As Mrs. Sarsenet and Miss Townsend staid the next day at Bristol, Wildgoose passed most of the time with them. Mrs. Sarsenet informed him, amongst other things, of the persecution which poor Keen, the barber, had undergone from his neighbour at the pot-house, who to be revenged on the barber for taking him before the mayor, had gone privately and paid off a year's rent which he owed his landlord, and arrested him for the money; by which means the poor barber was reduced to the utmost distress. She told him likewise, that she herself

had made some enemies, by telling people, in the way of her business, some disagreeable truths; but that she was happy in the slightest persecution for the Gospel's sake.

Miss Townsend also, at Wildgoose's request, related what had passed at her interview with her father, who, he soon found, was the same curious gentleman whom he had accidentally met at Lord Bathurst's house in the wood. My father, says Miss Townsend, sent for me to the Bell Inn, and, upon my knees before him, raised me up, and with great tenderness clasped me in his arms, the involuntary tears trickling down his cheeks. He soon began to chide me, however, as he had too much reason to do, for my unparalleled imprudence; but said he could more easily have forgiven me, if I had not aggravated my crime by taking refuge with my good friend here, Mrs. Sarsenet, who, he alleged, had been guilty of so many deliberate affronts to him and Mrs. Townsend, in her letters.

Upon my attempting to justify this part of my conduct (as Mrs. Sarsenet had been a friend of my mother's, and as I was afraid to return home, where I had been so ill used by Mrs. Townsend), he flew into a violent rage, and said, that under the pretence of a great regard for my mother, I showed a great disregard for him; and that it was very saucy and undutiful in me, to take upon me to censure his conduct, or to behave with disrespect to a person who was so useful to him in the management of his family; and, in short, that he could not desire to see me at home again, till I could bring myself to behave with more civility and complaisance to the widow Townsend; but, says he, I will think of some method of disposing of you, for you shall not con-

tinue with this woman here, meaning my good Mrs. Sarsenet.

He then sent the servant with me to Mrs. Sarsenet's, after taking a very cool leave, and bidding me consider of it, and behave better for the future. The servant told me, as we went along, that he believed his master was going into Warwickshire before he returned home; so that I imagine my dear father intends to send me to a very worthy clergyman's, who married a near relation of our's; which, as things now are, would be a situation the most agreeable to my wishes.

Miss Townsend then asked Wildgoose, in her turn, whether he had heard any thing further of his poor mother, who, she was persuaded, must be greatly concerned at his absence; and when he thought of returning to that part of the country? Wildgoose replied, that he was soon to go towards the north, and intended to call upon Mrs. Sarsenet and his friends at Gloucester; but was afraid it would be too much out of the road to visit his native place; though in this, he added, the dictates of the Spirit must be his guide.

As Mrs. Sarsenet and Miss Townsend were to return the following day, Wildgoose took them in the evening to hear Mr. Whitfield, though much against Miss Townsend's inclination, who also absolutely refused to go into the desk (whither she was invited), because she saw the same Mrs. Cullpepper there, whom we before mentioned as a constant attendant of Mr. Wildgoose, and whom she had seen him gallanting out of the desk the night before at the Tabernacle.

Wildgoose took his leave of his two friends that evening, who were to return the next morning in the stage-coach. Yet, when the morning came, he

could not forbear another visit to their inn to take a second leave of the amiable Miss Townsend, which was done with no small degree of tenderness on either side.

CHAPTER VI.

Triumphs of faith.

AFTER his two friends were gone, Mr. Wildgoose went to have another conference with Mr. Whitfield, who took him to visit the prisoners in Newgate, and to several other objects of charity; to whom Wildgoose was more liberal than it was prudent for him to be, considering how soon his stock might be exhausted, and how difficult it would be, in his present situation, to recruit it.

Amongst other objects of distress, Wildgoose released from his confinement a journeyman sugar-baker, who had been thrown into prison by his master, out of spite, for being a follower of Mr. Whitfield, and for—a trifling mistake in his accounts.

Another young fellow was confined (as he assured them) only for writing the name of a country justice to a petition, out of mere charity to a poor farmer, who had suffered great losses by fire.

Mr. Wildgoose also bestowed a handsome gratuity upon a poor woman, who had been used to retail gin about the streets, but who pretended to have lost her trade, and to be reduced to poverty, by so many of her customers having been converted by Mr. Whitfield. This complaint strongly recom-

mended her to Mr. Whitfield's attention, and to Wildgoose's benevolence and liberality.

Mr. Whitfield then conducted Wildgoose (by way of curiosity) to several different people, who were great advocates for the right of private judgment, and for the liberty of interpreting Scripture their own way; who looked upon all creeds and confessions of faith as unjust impositions, and as insults upon the freedom of human nature; who were for the independence not only of each congregation on other churches, but of every individual on each other.

In order to pursue their plan the better, these people had given up all secular employment, and did nothing but study the Scriptures from morning till night, the precise literal sense of which they strictly adhered to. There were half a dozen of them, who lived together in one house, and had all things in common (in which was included a community of wives); so that they lay *higgledy-piggledy*, just as it pleased their fancies: they wore each other's shirts and shifts; and it sometimes happened, that the men wore petticoats, and the women wore the breeches; so strictly did they adhere to the letter of the law.

There was one man who had sold all that he had*, even his very clothes (which, indeed, was only a coat and breeches), and had given it to the poor; so that he himself was become one of that number; for he was quite naked, and forced to subsist upon the charity of his Christian brethren: this, however, he might easily do; for, according to another precept of the Gospel, he thought it necessary to become as a little child, and, like a new-born

* Contin. Journal, p. 98.

babe, fed upon nothing but milk, or pap made of the mouldy crusts which were sent him for that purpose. Similar to this was the error of another poor man, who made it a rule to give to every one that asked him; so that having given away all his own money in charity, he now did the same by all that he could extort by begging from good Christians in more affluent circumstances.

These people also shared the benevolence of Mr. Wildgoose, though he and Mr. Whitfield endeavoured to show them the absurdity of their principles, and the ridiculous consequences which, amongst ignorant people, might arise from thus realizing the metaphors of the Oriental languages. Thus, says Wildgoose, the painter (in Mr. Wesley's History of the Bible) has drawn one man with a long beam sticking out of his eye, and endeavouring to pull a little straw, or mote, out of his brother's eye. And, although we are commanded "to build up one another in the faith," it would make but an odd sort of a picture to see a parcel of Christians turned masons and carpenters, and piling up one another, like so many stocks and stones.

Mr. Whitfield said, their principles were too absurd to be criticised. However, as God had once opened their eyes to see part of the truth, he did not doubt but he would perfect his own work, and bring them at last to the true faith.

Mr. Whitfield then took Wildgoose into a very dark street, where the houses in the upper story almost met. Out of the middle of this street they went into a little court, then up a winding staircase, where Mr. Whitfield knocked at a chamber-door, which was opened by a little thin man, who desired them to walk in. His apartment was small, but neat enough, having a print of the Crucifixion over the chimney. There were no signs or implements of any art or trade; nor any books but a

quarto Bible, which lay open on a table under the window.

Mr. Wildgoose, says Whitfield, give me leave to introduce you to a religious curiosity, or rather, if he does not deceive himself, to a miracle of divine grace! Our brother Slender here is a man that has not committed sin these five years.—Hem! cries Slender, lifting up his eyes, and laying his hands upon his breast; nor ever will again, whilst in the body, by the grace of God.—What way of life is master Slender in, then? says Wildgoose.—I am a stay-maker by trade, quoth Slender.—Do not you work at your trade, then? says Wildgoose. No, by the grace of God, answered Slender; for though I was bred to it, I think it an unlawful calling.—Why so? says Wildgoose.—Because it administers to sin, and to the works of the flesh, replied Slender. —I do not see how so necessary a part of the female dress, as a pair of stays, can contribute to sin, says Wildgoose. I should rather think it had a contrary tendency, and might sometimes secure the virtue of the fair sex; at least, as it does not *directly* administer to vice, I can by no means think that of a stay-maker an unlawful calling.

But how does master Slender live, then? continues Wildgoose.—Upon the charity of my friends, and the good providence of God, answered Slender.—I am afraid, then, replies Wildgoose, your whole tenour of life is sinful; as no man has a right to be supported without contributing something to the public stock.

Why, Mr. Wildgoose, says Whitfield, I have shown you our brother Slender, rather as a poor soul under the dominion of Satan, than as one whose sentiments I entirely approve of. Our friend has a good heart, but a weak head; for certainly, "if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves."—Sir, says Slender, Mr. Wesley has given a

different interpretation to those words, and applied them to man only in his unregenerate state.—That may be, replies Mr. Whitfield; but yet I am afraid, my friend, your present contemplative way of life is really not to be defended, either by reason or Scripture, as it renders you entirely useless to the world, and a burden (though but a *slender* one) to society.

As Slender, however, had told them, that he subsisted upon the charitable contributions of his friends, Wildgoose thought proper (to prevent any suspicion of opposing his opinions from selfish motives) to show him a specimen of his liberality; so gave him something handsome, and took his leave.

CHAPTER VII.

Theatrical entertainments. A new project for their regulation.

Mr. Wildgoose, during his stay at Bristol, saw instances enough of the infectious nature of enthusiasm, and what absurdities people frequently run into who have once forsaken the guidance of reason, to have restored a man of his natural good sense to the use of his understanding; but he was so far intoxicated with zeal, as well as with the applause which he gained by his eloquence, that he proceeded with great alacrity and perseverance.

He held forth again in the evening, to a crowded audience, and after the meeting was ended, again supped with Alderman Cullpepper, his fair spouse, and some other company.

The alderman was a good sort of man, who, by

his care and frugality in the earlier part of his life, had amassed a considerable fortune. He was much older than his wife; and, having no children (as was observed), could not find sufficient amusement for her at home: he was not displeased, therefore, with her spending two or three evenings in a week in so innocent a way, though he himself was too fond of the pomp of cathedral service, and of appearing at church in his fur-gown, to frequent the Tabernacle of the Methodists.

There supped with them that evening a Scotch officer, one Captain Gordon, who commanded a frigate of war, which lay at that time in King-road, and was soon to sail and join the fleet in the West-Indies. Just as they were sitting down to supper, there came in also a Welch grocer, who had long been supplied with goods by Mr. Cullpepper; and, having been two or three days at Bristol during the fair, had gone that evening, for the first time in his life, to see a play. Being asked how he came to return so soon, and whether he did not like the play? he said, It was fery good plaa; they plaad three bouts upon the fiddles, and the harps, and the pipes; but there were some great shentlemen came in, who had some private business to talk of together, and hur thought it was not goot manners to stay any longer.

The case was, poor Taffy (as it has probably happened to other country gentlemen) had mistaken the music *before* the play for the play itself, and so came away as soon as the actors made their first entry.

This incident, however, introduced a conversation upon that subject, and gave Mr. Wildgoose an opportunity of inveighing with great vehemence against plays and theatrical entertainments. He said the stage was a nursery of lewdness and de-

bauchery, and wondered that any play-houses were tolerated in a Christian country.—Come, come, says the alderman, I will warrant you, you have been at a play before now. I cannot think there is any great harm in an innocent play. Why, I cannot deny, says Wildgoose, that I have been too often at those entertainments in my youth; but then I deny that there is any such thing as an innocent play. Every play that I have ever read, or seen acted, is a representation of some love-intrigue, or of some base and villainous action, filled with blasphemous rants, profane imprecations, lewd descriptions, or obscene and filthy jests. In short, I look upon the play-house to be as much the house of the devil,* as the church is the house of God; and that it is absolutely unlawful for a Christian to frequent it.

Why, says Captain Gordon, I am afraid there is but too much foundation for what the gentleman says; yet I imagine, his inference from it, that all plays are unlawful, is unjust, and proves too much: for if a mere representation of vicious or immoral actions (though with a design to expose them, or to deter others from imitating them) be unlawful, how shall we defend the practice of the sacred writers themselves, both of the Old and New Testament, who have recorded many cruel, unjust, and some lewd actions, even of God's peculiar people?—Sir, says Wildgoose, with some warmth, I hope you do not compare the inspired authors of the Holy Bible with our modern scribblers of tragedy or comedy. —No, by no means, replies the captain; I only say, that the sacred writers relate many *tragical*, and, with reverence be it spoken, some *comical* events; but then it is always with a moral or reli-

* Mr. Law's Christian Perfection.

gious intention; whereas, I confess, too many of our modern plays have a very immoral and irreligious intention, which is a strong argument in favour of what I was going to propose, and what I have often thought would be a very proper regulation.—What is that? says Wildgoose.—Why, says Captain Gordon, as all plays are already subject to the inspection of the lord chamberlain, to prevent any thing offensive to the government from being brought upon the stage; so, to prevent any thing from being exhibited offensive to religion or contrary to good manners, they should likewise be inspected by the bishop of the diocese.—By the bishop! cries Mrs. Cullpepper, with some surprise. —By the bishop! quoth Wildgoose, with a significant sneer.—They ought to be entirely prohibited and suppressed.—Why, continues the captain, to be sure those things are at present upon an odd footing in this country. Players, I believe, are considered by your laws as vagabonds; and, I have been told, are excommunicated by some ancient canons of the church, and yet are permitted to stroll about, and corrupt the morals, and introduce a habit of dissipation, in almost every little borough and market-town in England.

Well, well, says the benevolent alderman, all trades must live. I believe, indeed, these plays fill the heads of our 'prentices and young girls with wanton fancies sometimes; but, perhaps, they might spend their time less innocently elsewhere; and young people will have amusements of some kind or other.—Wildgoose was going to reply, but Captain Gordon was now saying gallant things to Mrs. Cullpepper, and rallying her taste in preferring the amusements of the Tabernacle to that of the playhouse, and other more fashionable places of dissipation. It must be observed, however, that Mrs.

Cullpepper seemed more inclined to listen to Wildgoose than to Gordon, which occasioned some little jealousy in the latter (who for some time had been a sort of *cecisbeo* to Mrs. Cullpepper,) which was attended with consequences, and precipitated Wildgoose's departure from Bristol.

CHAPTER VIII.

A ridiculous distress. Advantages of the sacerdotal habit.

THE next day, in a conference, Mr. Whitfield told Wildgoose, that he would have him be prepared to set out for the north; for that he had frequent invitations, by letter, to visit the brethren amongst the coal-mines in Staffordshire and Shropshire; though he was in hopes that Mr. Wesley would take them in his way from that part of England.

But, continues Whitfield, to prepare you for the persecutions which you may expect to meet with from the prince of this world, I would have you undergo some voluntary trials before you leave this city. He then told Wildgoose he should visit the criminals in the condemned hole in Newgate there, and also bear his testimony against one or two places where Mr. Whitfield could not go often without giving offence to weak brethren; that is, to a noted gin-shop, which he considered as an emblem of Hell; as also against a house of ill fame, or bawdy-house, as it is called, the mistress of which, he said, had felt some pangs of the new-birth, and was not far from the kingdom of heaven. And, indeed, continues Mr. Whitfield, I have more hopes

of converting publicans and harlots,* or in modern language, whores and rogues, than those self-righteous Christians, who are usually called *good sort of people.*

Wildgoose was so zealous to execute any of Mr. Whitfield's commands, and had now so much confidence in the force of his own rhetoric, that he would have gone immediately, and have attacked not only Mrs. Toddy in her gin-shop, or mother Placket in her bagnio, but even Satan himself, if required, in his infernal abodes. Whitfield, however, advised him to defer it till another day, and to reserve himself for the evening; because he had heard, that several profligate young fellows, drawn by the fame of Wildgoose's eloquence, were to attend the Tabernacle that night: and Providence, he said, often made use of the curiosity, and even the malice, of such poor creatures, for their own conversion. And he could easily imagine, without any shock to his own vanity, that a *new* preacher might effect what he himself had not been able to do. Wildgoose, therefore, took his leave at present, and went to his own lodgings, to adjust his dress a little, and to wait for the time of assembling in the evening at the Tabernacle.

When Wildgoose came home to his lodging, he was struck with astonishment to see his friend Tugwell decked out with an immense grizzled periwig, instead of his own shock hair and jelly-bag cap; and in the place of his short jerkin, dressed in a long, full-trimmed, old, black coat. Alderman Cullpepper, it seems, finding how fond his wife was of Wildgoose's company, and seeing Tugwell frequently about the house, thought there was something

* Vid. Journal.

more decent and creditable in the second-hand finery of a town plebeian, than in the rustic coarseness of a simple clown. He had, therefore, broken through the habitual reluctance which he felt to *parting* with any thing, and equipped Tugwell in that droll manner, out of his magazine of old clothes, of about twenty years standing.

Wildgoose could not forbear smiling at his friend's paradoxical appearance; but, having been used of late to allegorize every event, he was going to make some practical inference from Tugwell's strange metamorphosis, when Jerry cut short his master by pointing out a monstrous chasm which he had spied in Wildgoose's plush breeches, from which two or three inches of his shirt hung dangling down in a most facetious manner. This was a misfortune which Wildgoose could not have foreseen; and as he had no change of raiment, was greatly distressed how to remedy. It could not have happened at a more critical or unfortunate juncture; as in half an hour's time, he was to mount the rostrum. What must be done? There was no precedent of any thing like this recorded in the journals of our modern apostles. Wildgoose could not bear the indecency either of sitting without his breeches, or of admitting a female hand so near his person, in a part so liable to inflammation.

From this awkward distress, however, he was quickly relieved by his trusty 'squire Jeremiah Tugwell; who, amongst the other furniture of his wallet, had had the precaution to pack up a large stocking-needle, and some strong worsted, with which he generously undertook to deliver his master from his perplexity, and with great dexterity levelled his needle at the schism in his master's trowsers.

Tugwell, however, could not forbear, during the

operation, to make an obvious reflection in favour of the clerical habit and sacerdotal accoutrements. Ah! master, says he, if your worship now had but a gown and cassock, or could but put on a surplice, like our parson, you might have gone to the Tabernacle without any breeches at all. Adzooks! methinks I almost long to go to our parish-church again to hear the bells chime on a Sunday, and see the parson walk up to the desk an' it were any bishop; and then turn over the great Bible with such a smack, it does one's heart good to hear him.—Ah! Jerry, says Wildgoose, these are only the outside ornaments, the mere husks of religion, and fit only to be cast before swine; that is, merely to amuse the senses of the vulgar, but afford no real nourishment to the soul. Wildgoose would probably have said a great deal more upon the subject, if, in the midst of his harangue, Tugwell's needle had not slipt a little too deep, and made him cry out with some vehemence, which put a stop to their dialogue.

CHAPTER IX.

Modern prophecies. Effects of Wildgoose's eloquence.

It was now time for Mr. Wildgoose to be at the Tabernacle. *When he came thither, and was going to begin his sermon, Mr.* Whitfield himself cried out, Let us *wrestle* in prayer for our dear brother Alderman Pennywise, who lieth at the point of death. He is a chosen vessel; he loveth our nation, and has contributed largely towards building us a synagogue.

As soon as Mr. Whitfield's prayer was ended, a

ourneyman shoemaker, who was a zealous christian, and himself an occasional preacher, cries out, Hallelujah! we have prevailed; God has given us the alderman's life; it is revealed to me, that the fever has left our brother Pennywise; and he liveth. They then began a hymn of thanksgiving, for the recovery of Alderman Pennywise; but before they had done, one came in and told them, to their great disappointment, that their brother Pennywise was *fallen asleep.**

Wildgoose now began to harangue with great vehemence; and, as they expected some young fellows to come and make a riot that evening, Wildgoose was determined to exert himself, and if possible, gain their attention.

In order to this, he resolved to imitate Mr. Whitfield's lively manner, and facetious similitudes.

He took his text from the book of Ecclesiastes, chapter xi.

> "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know, that for all these things God will bring thee to judgement."

As if he had said, go on, young man, and take your swing; go to the tavern, and call for your bottle, and your pipe, and your Welsh-rabbit; entertain yourself with cards and dice, or with a play; then away to mother Douglas's, and regale yourself with a mistress; and, in short, indulge every appetite and passion to the utmost; but, take this along with you, if you do, you will be damned.

Damned! for what? you will say.—Why, not for whoring, or drinking, or gaming; not for cheat-

* It is well known how frequently these modern prophets have been mistaken in their predictions.

ing, lying, or swearing; no: God Almighty is not so captious, as to quarrel with his creatures for such trifles as these: no; it is for your want of *faith*; it is your infidelity, that you will be damned for.

I will tell you a story. A Roman Catholic Gentleman went a partridge-shooting along with a Protestant neighbour of his on a fast-day: they were driven about noon, by a thunder storm, to a little public-house, where they could get nothing to eat but some bacon and eggs. The good Catholic had a tender conscience, and would eat nothing but eggs; the Protestant, his companion, who was one of your *good sort* of people, said, there could be no harm in his eating a bit of bacon with his eggs: that bacon could not be called flesh; that it was no more than a red herring; it is fish, as one may say. So the Catholic took a bit of bacon with his eggs.

But just as he had put it in his mouth, there came a most tremendous clap of thunder. Upon which, the poor Catholic slipped it down upon his plate again, muttering to himself, What a noise here is about a bit of bacon! He foolishly fancied now the sin was in his eating the bacon. No such matter. It was his want of faith. He had not a proper faith in his own superstitious principles.

I remember, when I was at Oxford, I used to pray seven times a day, and fasted myself to a skeleton. I powdered my wig, and went every month to the sacrament, with the Companion to the Altar in my pocket. I might as well have had Ovid's Epistles in my pocket. The devil stood laughing behind the church door. The devil loves these formalities. I fancied myself a good christian: and had no conception, that I was as dead as a door-nail; that I must be born again to a new life; and that I had no more saving faith than a Jew, or a Mahometan.

Thus Wildgoose went on for some time, in the style of Mr. Whitfield: but what was natural in the one, was rather ridiculous in the other, and had a contrary effect from what he had apprehended; for there were some youthful scoffers, who at first were a little riotous; yet they were soon overpowered by Wildgoose's eloquence, when he insensibly resumed his own style; and for near a quarter of an hour all was hushed in silence. But, on a sudden, a little girl, who did not seem to be above thirteen years old, cried out from the midst of the crowd, that she was pricked through and through by the power of the word.* This occasioned some confusion; but the people about her checked her zeal, and stopped the poor girl's outcries; when a young fellow near the door, who was half fuddled, cried out, Damn such nonsense! these fellows ought to be whipped at the cart's tail, by G-d! He then threw a piece of an apple at the preacher; and he and his companions, setting up a laugh, rushed out at the door, hollowing and singing. Down with the round heads! damn all preaching and praying, say I.

A fig for the parson, and a fart for the clerk;
Let's put out our candles, and kiss in the dark.
Derry down.

Their rude behaviour, however, roused the fury of the lambs without doors, who began to pelt them with stones and dirt, and soon drove them off the stage.

As the preaching was a little interrupted by this incident, Whitfield took the opportunity to comfort his brother Wildgoose; and observed, that Satan envied their happiness: but, courage! my friend; we shall make his kingdom shake† before

* Journal, p. 36. † Journal, p. 50.

we have done with him, I will warrant you. Wildgoose then continued his discourse; and after he had done, he and Mr. Whitfield were again invited, by Mrs. Cullpepper, to partake of a comfortable supper.

CHAPTER X.

Effusions of self-importance. Wildgoose meets with a repulse.

Mr. Whitfield, having some other engagement upon his hands, withdrew soon after supper; and Mrs. Cullpepper retiring to her closet for an hour, the alderman and Mr. Wildgoose were left alone, *tete-a-tete.*

Alderman Cullpepper, as was observed, by his industry and his frugality, had made a considerable fortune. And though his ideas were very low, and his soul excessively narrow, yet he had some ambition to get the character of a generous man, if he could obtain it without much expense, or any sensible diminution of his finances.

As the Alderman, therefore, was obliged to keep something of a table, he was glad of that sort of submissive companions, who would express some glee at a parsimonious treat, and, content with a glass of wine now and then, would connive at his keeping the bottle on his right hand, and other stratagems of frugality, which he had learned in his less affluent circumstances.

With the same view, he was always recounting acts of munificence, which he had formerly performed; though like the traveller who boasted of the extraordinary leap which he had taken at

Rhodes, he chose rather to refer you to witnesses who could attest his generous actions, than repeat them.

The Alderman and Wildgoose being now alone, then, partly to prevent too quick a circulation of the glass, and partly to give Wildgoose an idea of his consequence, and to convince a person of his *liberality*, who, he imagined, would never put it to the trial; Cullpepper filled up the intervals of each whiff of tobacco with the following ebullitions of vanity and self-importance.

Why, to be sure, there is not a man in the corporation (though I say it) that has a better interest in both the members than I have; though I make no other use of my power than to serve my friends. As for Sir Harry Plausible, he has a particular personal regard for me. (Sir Harry is certainly one of the *most agreeablest* men in the world.) It is not because I have a little interest in the corporation. No, no; it is not for that.—I dare say it is not, says Wildgoose.—No; I was acquainted with Sir Harry long before he had any thoughts of representing the city. The baronet is reckoned a proud man, indeed; but I am sure, I never found him so. To be sure, the senator is a little reserved, when he does not like his company (and you know, sir, men that know the world are so;) but, when I and he are alone together, I can talk as freely to him as you can to your fellow-traveller here, Mr. what-d'ye-call-him.—Ah! says Wildgoose, nothing is more vain than the petty distinctions which the children of this world are so fond of. Though we are not all members of parliament; yet all true Christians are *members* of Christ, and one of another.—Why, that is true, to be sure, sir, as you observe, says the alderman.

But did I never tell you how I got a living for

our curate the other day?—I cannot say you did, replies Wildgoose.—I will tell you how cleverly I managed it. It was at the last treat Sir Harry gave the corporation. I sat next to the member. The glass went pretty briskly about.—Ah! says Wildgoose, I do not doubt it. Corporation treats are the devil's festivals.—Well, continued Cullpepper, without vouchsafing Wildgoose the least degree of attention, as I was saying, the glass went briskly about, and we had drunk pretty freely, but in a moderate way. *Howsomever*, the senator, who is a sober man too, began to wax mellow. Now, as I have pretty good intelligence, I had heard, that very morning, that the living of Ganderhill was become vacant. So *says* I to the senator, Yonder is our poor curate, *says* I, at the bottom of the table. He is a very worthy man, *says* I. He has been curate here these eighteen years. I have a great regard for him. I wish it were in my power to get him some little addition to his income. Indeed, he married a relation of mine: it was a distant relation. But the man is a very worthy man.—Sir, says the member, if it ever lies in my power to oblige you, you may command me upon any occasion.

I believe the senator said this as words of course. However, I clinched him immediately. Well, well, sir, *says* I, remember your promise. I have a thing in my eye, if it should happen to fall: it is in the Chancellor's gift; but a word from you would do the business at once.

In short, having broken the ice, I said no more at that time. But, the very next morning, away *goes* I to the member's house, told him how lucky it was; that the very thing I had in my eye, was become vacant; and by his interest got it for my friend.

As soon as the alderman had finished his narration, and received the incense of a complaisant speech from Wildgoose, he began another, about his lending money to set up a young tradesman: neither of which was very interesting to Mr. Wildgoose; yet, as his liberality had quite exhausted his stock of cash, he thought this a fair opportunity of trying the force of his host's generosity in regard to himself.—Well, sir, this was very good in you, to be sure. I shall never want to ask any favour of that kind. However, sir, your generosity encourages me (as I have this opportunity) to beg your assistance in a trifling affair; in which, I know, it will give you pleasure to oblige me.—Ay, ay, Mr. Wildgoose, any thing that is in my way to serve you, I shall be very glad to do it, if it is not any thing very much out of the way.—Why, sir, says Wildgoose, since I have been in Bristol, I have met with several objects of charity; and, as I brought but little money with me from home, my stock is almost exhausted. [Here Cullpepper took his pipe from his mouth.] I do not know, continues Wildgoose, that I shall want any money on my own account (for I trust to Providence for my own necessities;) but if you could spare me nine or ten guineas, to assist any poor brother in distress—Nine or ten guineas! says Cullpepper, laying down his pipe, and how can you be sure of returning it again?—Sir, says Wildgoose, I hope I shall have some opportunity or other of doing it; but, if I should not, as you will lend it in the support of so good a cause, you will be sure of being rewarded a hundred fold at the great day of retribution.

Mr. Wildgoose, says Cullpepper, I have nothing to say against the cause you are engaged in; but I assure you, sir, the merchants of Bristol understand business better than to lend their money upon so precarious a security. In short, sir, I must

take the liberty to tell you, that, from what I have heard, you are very indiscreet in the management of your money, and squander it away amongst a pack of idle rascals, who, instead of working at their trades, run about from one meeting to another, and take no care of their wives and families at home.

Whilst the alderman was haranguing in this lofty strain, and giving Wildgoose advice, instead of lending him money, Mrs. Cullpepper came into the room, and, finding the cause of her husband's displeasure, soon pacified him with a smile, and assured Wildgoose, with a nod and a wink, that any little distress, which his charitable disposition might have occasioned, would be relieved by their society; that nobody was more generous than Mr. Cullpepper; but that he did not quite approve of one or two acts of liberality, which, he had heard, Mr. Wildgoose had performed—and the like.

Wildgoose said, it was no great matter; he could make very good shift for the present. And it being now near ten o'clock, the alderman's bed-time, he took his leave for that night; but at the door met Captain Gordon, who was coming to take a final leave of the alderman and his wife, having received an order to sail the very next morning for the West Indies.

Alderman Cullpepper was so full of this unexpected attack upon his generosity, that he could not forbear mentioning it to Captain Gordon; and Mrs. Cullpepper, taking Wildgoose's part more warmly than was prudent, irritated her husband, and raised the jealousy of Captain Gordon; which produced an event which she could not have expected.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Wildgoose becomes a great Casuist.

Mr. Wildgoose had promised Mr. Whitfield to attend him to Kingswood the next morning, and to give a word of exhortation to the poor colliers there. For which purpose, he was got up before six o'clock, that he might give his advice, in imitation of Mr. Whitfield, to any poor people that came to consult him. Tugwell also was ready at the door, and with his inseparable companions, his oaken staff in his hand, and his wallet on his shoulders, stuffed with two or three stale rolls and cold meat (which the alderman's servant had given him,) for fear of accidents. Jerry had also put on his grizzled wig (to look more solemn;) but had left his full-trimmed coat in his bed-chamber, that he might not be incumbered in his walk.

Just as Wildgoose was coming out of his chamber, a fat elderly woman, tolerably well dressed, came to the door, grunting most bitterly, and casting up her eyes with now and then a pious ejaculation, and inquired whether Mr. Wildgoose was stirring. Upon Tugwell's answering her in the affirmative, and showing her into his room, she begged leave to sit down a little; and, after a few more groans and ejaculations, she opened her case. She said, her name was *Placket;* that she kept a little coffee-house, where gentlemen and ladies sometimes meet to drink a dish of tea together, in a harmless way, for what she knew to the contrary; but that she had censorious neighbours, who had given her house a bad name.—Why, says Wildgoose, the world is very censorious, without doubt: but we should take care, not to give room for any *just* reflections upon

our conduct.—Ah! sir, says she, why that is my business with you. God forgive me! I am afraid there may have been some little frolics now and then carried on at my house. When young people get together, you know, sir, they will be kissing and toying; and one does not always know where those things may end.—Why, by your account, Mrs. Placket, you do not keep so good a house as you should do.—Dear sir, says she, that is what pricks my conscience; for, I must confess, I have sometimes taken money to bring young gentlemen and ladies together; and, indeed, always keep some young women in my house, to assist a friend or so.—Oh! Mrs. Placket, I find then you keep a downright bawdy-house.—Why, to be sure, sir, says, she, that is what ill-natured people call it; and I would willingly know, sir, whether it is a lawful employment or not; for you must observe, sir, I keep as good orders in my house as any woman in England; and though (I thank God) I have always had good custom, and have had twenty couple at a time taking their recreation, in my house, yet (I bless God!) I never had any murder, or riot, or daggers-drawing, since I have been in business. Then I make my poor lambs read the Bible every Sunday, and go to church in their turn; and, in short, though their bodies may be polluted, I take great care of their souls; and I hope God will wink at my poor lambs that *sport themselves together*.—Why, says Wildgoose, without doubt, our outward actions are indifferent in themselves; and it is the heart that God chiefly regards. God *sees* no sin in the *elect*. If we have true faith, that will sanctify our works. Thus Rahab the harlot, you know, was accepted through faith. But, as yours is an uncommon case, I will consult Mr. Whitfield upon it.—Ah! God help me! says Mrs. Placket: I am

afraid I am not long for this world; and what will become of my poor lambs, when I am gone to my dear Redeemer?

Whilst Wildgoose was engaged in this conference, in comes the poor girl that was pricked through and through, by the power of the word, at his last preachment, attended by her mother. The girl looked very pale, and, upon coming before Wildgoose, was taken with an hysteric fit. Wildgoose bad the mother not be frightened; for, as Mr. Whitfield had assured him, these were common symptoms of the New Birth. Lack-a-day! sir, says the mother, I wish it may be nothing more than the New Birth. But I have been very much terrified; and am sadly afraid my poor girl is with child.—With child! says Wildgoose; why, she is a mere child herself. Ah! sir, says the mother, so she is indeed; for though she is a fine-grown girl, yet, if she lives to Lammas-day next, she will be but fourteen years old, as sure as eggs *is* eggs. But a wicked rogue of a sailor, who promised her marriage, I am afraid, has had *cardinal knowledge* of her, and has now left her; and I shall never be able to maintain her and her child: times are so hard, and money so scarce, I can hardly maintain myself.—The case was, the poor woman had heard of Wildgoose's generosity, and was in hopes of partaking of his bounty, and therefore brought her daughter under pretence of consulting him as a Casuist. But he, having at present neither silver nor gold, gave her only some spiritual comfort; and told her that this accident was probably a very providential thing for her daughter, as it was a maxim with Mr. Whitfield, the greater the sinner, the greater the saint; that she had nothing to do but to lay *hold* on Christ, as Mary Magdalen did, by an active faith; and she would enter into the

kingdom of heaven, before those self-righteous, good sort of women, who fancy they need no repentance.

These customers were hardly retired, when a dirty-looking fellow was introduced by Tugwell, who, peeping round the room and shutting the door, spoke in a low voice to Wildgoose, and said, his was a scruple of a particular kind, upon which a friend had desired him to consult Mr. Wildgoose.—Well, what is it? says Wildgoose.—Why, sir, whether it is not fighting against God, for a man in gaol to use means for making his escape.*—Wildgoose, after a short pause, answered, that, doubtless, self-preservation was the first law of nature; and a man in prison, it should seem, might use all lawful means to gain his liberty; but nature is one thing, and grace another. A good Christian must submit to every ordinance of man, as the dispensation of Providence; and if he is committed to prison by legal authority, I question whether any other authority can innocently set him free. But, as this is a dubious point, Mr. Whitfield and I will determine it by lot.—Ah! says the fellow, it is too late to cast lots about the matter; for I made my escape from Salisbury gaol last spring, and am now going on ship-board, but should be glad to go with a quiet conscience.

Before this man had done, a tall lanthorn-jawed fellow, whose features seemed lengthened by a long weather-beaten wig, which hung below his cheek-bones, desired to lay his case before Mr. Wildgoose, when the other was dismissed. He said, he was bred a dissenter, and a button-maker by trade; and in his apprenticeship had married an elderly woman, with a little money; but she was so bad tempered

* Vid. Journal, p. 99.

a woman, continued he, that I could not possibly live with her; so I went and worked in London, where, upon hearing Mr. Wesley, I became a new man; and, meeting with a very *sober* young woman of my own trade at the Tabernacle, to whom I honestly told my situation, we agreed to live together for some years, and have had several children: but she is lately dead; and now my conscience pricks me, and I cannot be easy day nor night: but still I hope, sir, *God will sanctify every dispensation.**

What became of the old woman, then? says Mr. Wildgoose.—Why, sir, says he, as I had got me another wife, I believe she got herself another husband, more agreeable to her own age:—And so, says Wildgoose, by putting away your wife without a sufficient cause, you have caused her to commit adultery.—Why, says the button-maker, I am afraid I have: but I hope *God will sanctify every dispensation.*—Friend, replies Wildgoose, God cannot sanctify adultery. You must confess yourself a vile sinner, and *lay hold* on Christ by faith; for you can have no hopes but in him, who came into the world to save sinners.

CHAPTER XII.

Some unexpected incidents.

WILDGOOSE, though not displeased with observing the good he was likely to do by awakening so many wicked sinners, was almost tired of his company, when in came Mrs. Cullpepper's maid, courtesying and simpering, with her lady's compliments: and

* A real fact.

before Wildgoose could ask how she did, produced a little packet carefully sealed up; which being opened, to his great surprise he found it contained five guineas, with the following billet:

"My dear Brother,

"Give me leave to contribute my mite towards the great work which is going to be wrought upon the earth; but do not come any more to our house, till you hear further from your sister in the Lord,

"RACHAEL CULLPEPPER."

Wildgoose could not recollect any precedent in Mr. Wesley's or Mr. Whitfield's Journals of their having received money for their private occasions; as he was conscious, however, that his intentions were charitable, he did not refuse so seasonable a supply. He therefore returned his compliments to Mrs. Cullpepper, with thanks for the contents of her packet; but was less pleased with the present which he had received, than shocked with the hint that accompanied it, not to repeat his visits to Mrs. Cullpepper.

Wildgoose was now come out into the passage, and was observing to Tugwell, that the spirit testified he should do great things in Bristol; and that he had a call to tarry in that city many days. To which Tugwell seemed to have no manner of objection.

But, while they were yet speaking, another ill-looking Irish sailor, with one eye, and several scars on his cheek, came to consult Wildgoose. He said, he had been the vilest of sinners (to which confession his appearance bore sufficient testimony; that he had been guilty of every kind of uncleanness; nay, that, when on ship-board, he had an intrigue with a cat.—Ay, says Tugwell, and she has left some tokens of her kindness upon thy cheeks.—But,

says the sailor, notwithstanding my sins are so numerous, I am so far from any sorrow, or contrition, that my greatest affliction is the being violently addicted to *laughing*, which, I am afraid, is a token of reprobation. Now, I should be glad to know, whether laughing be any sin or not; for I have heard that Adam never *laughed* before the fall.

Wildgoose stared with astonishment at this strange penitent; but Tugwell, who was impatient to get to breakfast, used this gentleman with less politeness. Come, come, friend, says he, this is no time for *laughing;* we have more serious matters upon our hands; you had better be going about your business. He then thrust him towards the door. Upon which the sailor gave the signal with a boatswain's whistle, and in rushed four or five stout fellows, amongst whom was the man that had escaped from Salisbury gaol. He immediately thrust a handkerchief into Tugwell's mouth; pulled his long wig over his eyes; twisted the wallet which hung over his shoulder, round his neck; and muffled him up in such a manner, that he could not make any sort of resistance. Some of the rest secured Wildgoose, who never offered to interrupt them; and led them both to a covered boat, which lay ready on the quay, and rowed away immediately for Kingroad; where when they arrived, they put the two pilgrims aboard a large ship, which was riding at anchor, and which set sail the moment they were on board.

CHAPTER XIII.

Event of their voyage.

WILDGOOSE was so well prepared to submit to the various dispensations of Providence, that he appeared quite calm upon the occasion, and let the sailors dispose of him as they pleased. But Tugwell, being less passive, struggled, and hung an a-se, and laid about him as well as he could; for which refractory behaviour, he got three or four hearty knocks on the pate; but as soon as he was restored to the use of his tongue, he expressed the transports of his grief and rage in a most vociferous manner. Sometimes he lamented the forlorn condition of his poor wife Dorothy: then fell foul upon Mr. Wildgoose, for seducing him from home; then cursed himself, for leaving his cobbler's stall, and his own chimney-corner, to go rambling about the country: in short, though Jerry had read books of travels with so much pleasure, and often wished to accompany the adventurer in his voyages as he pursued them in his own stall; yet he found, in fact, the company of sailors, upon this occasion, not so agreeable as he expected.

Wildgoose endeavoured to comfort his fellow-sufferer, and desired him to trust to Providence, who would bring them, he said, to the haven where they *should* be: and notwithstanding Wildgoose so lately felt a call to remain in Bristol; yet he was now convinced, that he was chosen for some more important service, and was to "preach the Gospel in other *cities also*."*

Whilst they were thus engaged in lamentations on one side, and consolations on the other, the ship

* Journals.

was falling gently down the channel; when who should come into the cabin, where the two pilgrims were stowed, but their old acquaintance Captain Gordon? The Captain started back; and affecting some little surprise, Ha! cries he, what, Mr. Wildgoose! what, was it for this, then, that our friend Cullpepper sent my rascals a guinea to drink this morning? I was surprised at his generosity. Well, sir, he has played you a comical trick; for I am going a pretty long voyage.—Wildgoose, after expressing his surprise answered, that he did not know how he had offended the alderman: but, however, continues he, I am convinced, that Providence has some important end to serve by this dispensation, to whatever part of the world I shall be transported. Why, sir, says the Captain, I am bound for North America, and am to join the fleet in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But, as I am to touch at Cork or Kinsale, to lay in more provisions, if you choose it, I can set you on shore in that part of Ireland. Wildgoose thanked the captain for his civility, not suspecting that this had been a scheme concerted between him and the alderman; the captain being jealous of him, as a rival in Mrs. Cullpepper's good graces; and the alderman being suspicious, that his wife might supply him with *that* money which *he* had refused him.

When Tugwell heard of being set on shore in Ireland, he renewed his lamentations, and made sure of having his throat cut by *Papishes* and wild Irish: and, if they should be carried into America, he did not doubt, he said, but they should be left upon some desolate island, as Robinson Crusoe was, amongst the wild Indians; and perhaps, be roasted alive, and have their bones picked by *hannibals* and *scavangers* (so Jerry called the cannibals and savages), as he feared his poor son Joseph was. The captain

bid him not be afraid, for that they should not be used ill in any respect. He advised them, therefore, to come out of their cabin, and take a walk upon deck; where, the weather being fine, the water calm, and the vessel now in the midst of the channel between the two opposite coasts, they had no unpleasant voyage for some hours.

Towards the evening, being got near the mouth of the Channel, the afternoon having been excessively hot, some black clouds began to rise towards the south-east, and a most violent thunder-storm soon after ensued, which lasted for several hours. Those who delight in descriptions of this kind may have recourse to any of the epic poets, ancient or modern. I shall only observe, that after being driven from their course, and tossed about a good part of the night, they found themselves at break of day, near the Glamorganshire coast; and found it convenient, as their tackling had suffered a little, to come to an anchor in the Bay of Cardiff, where the captain, having carried the jest far enough, gave Wildgoose and his friend leave to be set on shore; which favour, when he heard they were on the coast of Wales, Wildgoose gladly accepted of. After giving them the word of exhortation, therefore, Wildgoose took his leave of Captain Gordon, thanked him for bringing them to the haven where he wished to be; and he and his fellow-traveller were safely set on shore.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

CHAPTER I.

The two pilgrims arrive at Cardiff.

MR. WILDGOOSE now thought himself a second St. Paul; and that, in the late storm, God had given the lives of all those that sailed with him to the force of his prayers, though every common sailor knew there had been no real danger.

As for Tugwell, he was so sick at the coming on of the storm, that he had not been very attentive to what had passed, and was so rejoiced at reaching land again, that he dropped all resentment against the authors of this calamity. He had thrown off his great wig; but, grasping his oaken staff, and securing his wallet, he sprang eagerly upon the shore, without looking behind him: and desirous as he had formerly been of travelling, made a solemn vow, never to forsake the *terra firma* again as long as he lived.

The place where they landed was about three miles from Cardiff; and, it being early in the morning, and no living creature to be seen, Tugwell began again to wish himself at home, in his own chimney-corner, with a mess of onion-pottage, or a dish of Madam Wildgoose's pot-liquor, for his breakfast;

for, having eaten nothing the whole preceding day but a sea-biscuit, he began to complain of hunger and fatigue. By good luck, however, upon searching his wallet, he found a couple of rolls and a piece of mutton pie, which he had laid in at Bristol: he prevailed upon his master, therefore, without much difficulty, to sit down at the foot of a rock, and partake with him of what he had so providently laid in.

But, during their short repast, Wildgoose began to blame himself, for having lived too luxuriously at Bristol, observing, that regular dinners and hot suppers were by no means expedient for those that were called to preach the Gospel.—Odzooks! cries Tugwell; why I did not see but Mr. Whitfield, and other good Christians, ate and drank as well as we; and much good may it do them! I would have every one have a belly-full. To be sure, Madam Cullpepper keeps a good house, and gave me many a good meal, and money besides for that matter.

Wildgoose, upon hearing that Mrs. Cullpepper's generosity had extended to his companion also, condemned himself for discovering his necessity to the alderman, and began to suspect that some jealousy of this kind (for he had no idea of any other) might be the cause of his getting them kidnapped, and sent on ship-board. He comforted himself, however, with the uprightness of his intentions, and with the conviction that the money would be spent in a good cause; and that he should make a better use of the unrighteous mammon than those to whom it properly belonged.

Though the sun was risen above the horizon, it was not yet four o'clock; and the two pilgrims having had little rest in the night, Wildgoose leaned against the rock, and took a short nap; and Tug-

well, being now at ease, laid himself down on his wallet, and according to custom, snored most profoundly.

Wildgoose, however, having paid a slight compliment to nature, and having in his sleep dreamed of nothing but spiritual conquests, starts up, and rouses his fellow traveller. Come, Jerry, cries he, this is no time for sleep; up, and be doing: the whole land of Canaan lies before us; we must subdue the idolatrous nations, the Hivites, the Perizzites, and the Jebusites. God has called us into Wales; and I make no doubt that he will send his angel before us (as he did before Mr. Whitfield*); and we shall go on from city to city, like Joshua; and the Devil's strong holds will fall down at our preaching, as the walls of Jericho did at the sound of the rams' horns.†

Notwithstanding this spiritual rant, Tugwell grumbled at being waked so soon, and said he did not find that conquering cities was so easy a matter. You know, master, says he, you talked of conquering the city of Bristol; but I think they have *conquered* us, and have transported us into this heathenish country, without our own consent, where there is nothing to be got, as I can see, for love or money.

The truth was Jerry liked travelling well enough in a country where they could meet with refreshment at every ale-house; but, having been very sick in his voyage, and being a little chagrined at the desolate appearance of the sea-coat, compared with the pleasures of Alderman Cullpepper's kitchen, he could not forbear venting his spleen against Wildgoose, for seducing him so far from home.

* Journal, p. 20. † Ibid.

But the same cause which damped Tugwell's spirits, roused Wildgoose's zeal. He languished for a little persecution (as Mr. Whitfield had often done); and thought things were not right, whilst they went on so smoothly at Bristol. He said, the primitive saints were made perfect by sufferings; and I dare say, Jerry, you yourself will be the better for this slight persecution for the Gospel's sake.—Yes, to be sure, says Tugwell; I suppose, master, you would be glad to see me ducked in a horse-pond, or tossed in a blanket, for the Gospel's sake; but I do not see what occasion I have to run my head against a wall, when I can get my living very well by mending shoes; and I wish I were at home again in my own stall, or in my chimney-corner with our Dorothy.

Wildgoose said he would not prevent his returning home, if he desired it; and would pay him for the time which he had lost in attending him; and then, continues he, as you have been at no expense, you can have no reason to complain. Besides, you own that Mrs. Cullpepper gave you some money; and, perhaps, other good Christians may have been as liberal; and much good may it do you! Mr. Wildgoose, however, said, he did not want to call him to an account, but only to make him submit with patience to the accidents which might befall them in the pilgrimage in which he had voluntarily engaged to accompany him. But come, Jerry, says he, I believe we are not far from Cardiff, where we shall meet with better accommodations, and, what is of more consequence, with a society of true Christians, which I believe Mr. Whitfield established there, when he visited the principality of Wales.

Accordingly, in less than half an hour more, they came within sight of that handsome town; which revived Tugwell's spirits, who wished for no-

thing so much as a cup of good ale, and a slice of toasted cheese, which, now he was in Wales, he hoped to have in perfection.

CHAPTER II.

Adventures at the inn in Cardiff.

THE first public-house which the two pilgrims came to, was one of those old, unsightly mansions which, having been a well-accustomed inn time out of mind, had had different conveniencies added to it by different possessors; so that it made, upon the whole a comfortable, though very irregular appearance. The house was at present very full; yet Tugwell contrived to get a nook in the kitchen chimney, to smoke his pipe, and drink his ale (which was his principal concern); and Mr. Wildgoose had a little parlour near the stable, for his breakfast and his meditations.

As the Cambro-Britons are a nation of gentlemen, jealous of their honour, and impatient of affronts, they are engaged in frequent litigations: and there happened at this time to be some lawyers upon a commission at that inn. Among the rest there was an eminent attorney from Bristol, who came post the day before, and whose clerk came into the kitchen, whilst Tugwell was eating a rasher of bacon, instead of toasted cheese, for his breakfast. As Jerry, by his master's order, had been slily inquiring, whether there were any Methodists at Cardiff? the lawyer's clerk interposing, said, they had too many of them in Bristol; but, thank God! says he, two of them were shipped off for North America yesterday morning, just as my master and I set out.—

For what? says one of the company.—Why, one of the rascals, says the young lawyer, had been tampering with one of our alderman's wives; and, by his cursed canting tricks, choused the poor alderman out of a hundred pounds, or pretty near it, to my certain knowledge.—What was the alderman's name, then? says Tugwell; interrupting him, with an eager look.—Why, Alderman Cullpepper, says the young clerk.—The devil is a liar, and so are you, says Tugwell; for I know Alderman Cullpepper better than you do; and I came from Bristol but yesterday morning, as well as you.—You know Alderman Cullpepper! returns the lawyer.—What, thou hast been carried before him for apetty-larceny, I suppose.—I do not care a t—d for your *pretty lasses*, says Tugwell; but I know that what you say is a cursed lie.—Is it? says the lawyer; I had it from his own servant: and I will pull thee by the nose, if thou givest me the lie again, says he. One of them pretended to be a man of fortune, forsooth; but wanted to borrow money of the alderman; and the other was a broken cobbler.—How do you know I was a broken cobbler? quoth Tugwell. If I was a cobbler, thank God, I never was broke.—I will be hanged, cries the lawyer, staring in his face, if thou art not one of them; I have seen thy face in Bristol: and the alderman's servant told me one of them was a damned guttling fellow; that he caught him in an intrigue with a pigeon-pie, behind the pantry-door, one morning before dinner; and that he had ravished above a dozen bottles of strong beer in less than a week's time.—I *trigue* with a pigeon-pie! says Jerry; it was nothing but a piece of pie-crust that the cook gave me, and a little best drink to stay my stomach, gentlefolks dine so plaguy late. What, must not a man, that preaches the Gospel, eat and drink as well as other folks?—Thou preach

the Gospel! says the clerk; thou art more fit to sweep chimneys, or black shoes, than to preach the Gospel.—As Jerry was going to retort with some vehemence, this dispute might probably have proceeded to an assault and battery, if the young lawyer had not been called away by his master: and Mr. Wildgoose, having now dispatched his short breakfast, summoned Tugwell into his little parlour, to know what intelligence he had got about any religious society at Cardiff. Jerry related to him, with some indignation, the report which the young lawyer had brought from Bristol; but Wildgoose was less surprised at the exaggerations of vulgar fame, than shocked at the scandal which he and his friend Tugwell had given, by accepting of Mrs. Cullpepper's favours: and again expressing his suspicion, that Tugwell might have tasted more largely of her bounty than he cared to own, Tugwell wished the devil might fetch him, if he had had above half a guinea or *sich* a matter, of any body's money, since he came from home. Wildgoose reproved him for his passionate exclamation; but his manner of expressing himself, and his being so touchy upon the occasion, only confirmed Wildgoose in his suspicions.

CHAPTER III.

Wildgoose holds forth to a Welsh audience.

WHILST the two pilgrims were debating what course to take, as people at an inn want to get rid of guests when nothing is going forwards for the good of the house, the drawer, or rather the tapster, came into the room to know whether *the gentleman*

called. Wildgoose desired to pay for what they had had; and, whilst he was doing that, inquired of the waiter, whether there were any Methodists, as they called them, in the town. Yes, I believe there are, says he, more than are welcome: and we have got the famous preacher Howell Harris in town at this time.—Pray, who is he? says Wildgoose.—Why, he is a young fellow, replies the waiter, that goes all over the country to revels and fairs, and preaches two or three times a day. He does a great deal of mischief amongst the country people; but I hope somebody or other will beat his brains out one of these days.

What, I suppose, he spoils your trade, and would not have people get drunk nor spend their time and money in wicked and idle diversions?—I do not know, says the tapster; I have nothing to say against the young fellow; I never saw any harm by him, not I: if you have a mind to hear him, I believe he preaches again to-night; and he lodges at a widow woman's, not far from our house.

As Wildgoose had heard Mr. Whitfield make honourable mention of brother Howel Harris, he desired the tapster to give them directions, and went immediately and found him out. As soon as they met, like true free-masons, they discovered each other's occupations, almost by instinct; and, in the apostolical phrase, Wildgoose gave Howel the *right hand* of fellowship.

When Howel Harris dicovered Wildgoose's inclination to harangue publicly, and that he had already been employed by Mr. Whitfield, he engaged to procure the town-hall for him that very afternoon; where, by trumpeting the fame of this new preacher, he assembled above four hundred people. Wildgoose held forth from the judgment-seat; where he took occasion, without judge or jury, to

arraign and *condemn* the whole race of mankind. Many were very attentive; but some mocked: and some jolly fellows, who had been drinking at the inn, one of whom kept a pack of hounds in the neighbourhood, having had intelligence of Wildgoose's intention by the drawer, got a dead fox, and trailed him round the town-hall, and laid on his dogs to the scent. The music of the hounds, and the noise of the sportsmen, was so loud and vociferous, that it almost drowned the voice of the orator: and the cheerfulness of the sound had such a mechanical effect upon the minds of many of the Cambrians, that they ran out to join them: nay, Tugwell himself, in the midst of the preachment, could hardly refrain from giving them a *tallio!* but the recollection of the jeopardy he had been in, when he mistook the jack-ass for a stag, checked his spirit, and prevented him from deserting his station near his master, and joining the cry.

The fox-hunters, however, were tired before the preacher, who harangued for above an hour, to a very attentive audience; and, what is remarkable, that part of the congregation seemed most affected, and bestowed the most hearty benedictions on the preacher, who did not understand a word of English. This, however, we ought not to attribute merely to affectation, but to the vehemence and apparent sincerity of the orator, and the mechanical and infectious operation of an enthusiastic energy.

It was towards evening before they dismissed the assembly, and Wildgoose, having been disturbed by the storm the preceding night, invited Howel Harris to sit an hour with him at his inn, where they settled their plan for the next morning; and the two pilgrims retired early to their repose, highly satisfied with the adventures of the day; which Wildgoose said (in the style of the Journals), was

a day of *fat things*; to which Tugwell (applying it in a literal sense to his rashers of bacon and Welsh ale) heartily assented.

CHAPTER IV.

An unlucky mistake.

THE house being very full, as was observed, our adventurers, being only foot-passengers, met with but scurvy lodgings. There was a room up five or six stairs, near the stable, with two miserable beds in it; in one of which the hostler usually lay; and the other was reserved for the drawer or tapster, or any of the other servants who might happen to be turned out of their own beds upon any extraordinary conflux of company, which was so much the present case, that the hostler himself was turned out by Mr. Wildgoose, and forced to lie in the hayloft; and Tugwell took up the other bed contiguous to his master.

The two travellers were but just got into their first sleep, when Nan the cook, who happened to have a nocturnal intrigue with the hostler, slipped up to Wildgoose's bed side, and calling the hostler two or three times in a low voice, disturbed Wildgoose, who began to mutter some rapturous ejaculation in his sleep, which Nan mistaking for the amorous expostulation of an impatient lover, began to disrobe herself with great expedition; when, as ill-luck would have it, one of the waiters, being driven from his bed to make room for a lawyer's clerk, came into the room with a candle, and discovered poor cooky half undressed. She was a handsome, plump girl, of about twenty-five; but,

from the constant heat and unctuous steams of the kitchen, her complexion had more of the ruddy bronze of an Italian peasant, than the pale delicacy of a northern beauty. However, she was agreeable enough to the gross appetite of an hostler, and, as the waiter imagined, to that of a modern saint; for Wildgoose, being now awaked (notwithstanding the surprise which he expressed at seeing such company at his bed-side, and the angry rebukes which he made use of for this intrusion), the waiter formed conjectures by no means favourable to his virtue. Poor Nan, pretending some mistake, collected her loose robes, and hurried down stairs as fast as she could, and the waiter with her. At the bottom of the stairs they met the hostler, who, having heard somebody go up into his usual apartment, suspected the mistake. The waiter told him, that he had caught Nan in bed with the Methodist Preacher! which, though he did not entirely believe, yet it so far roused his jealousy, that he heartily joined with the waiter in publishing the story the next morning.

CHAPTER V.

An apparition.

Tugwell, being thoroughly fatigued, and pretty well steeped in Welsh ale, never waked during the above transaction; but, about one o'clock, when the whole house was quiet, and he had a little satisfied the importunate demands of nature, he was disturbed by something at the feet of his bed; when, opening his eyes, he discovered by the twilight a most diabolical figure standing upright before him.

It was about five feet high, of a grim aspect, with eyes that glared like fire, a long beard, and a monstrous pair of horns. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, cries Tugwell, what art thou?—The spectre made no other answer, but in a hollow tone cried, whare, whare. Jerry, who made no doubt but it was the Devil, and charitably supposing that his business was with the gentlemen of the law, replied, that if he wanted the lawyers, they lay in the best bed-chambers.—The apparition, as if he wanted no other intelligence, took his cloven feet immediately off the bed, and like the Devil upon Two Sticks, went stumping down stairs again, and disappeared.—Tugwell, however, awaked his companion in a great fright. Master Wildgoose! Master Wildgoose! says he; for God's sake awake: Lord have mercy upon us! says he; the house is haunted; the Devil has just appeared to me, and is this moment gone down stairs.—Wildgoose, though in his discourses he frequently talked of the Devil, and the power of Satan, yet did not really believe his visible appearance to mankind. He took this opportunity, however, of reminding Jerry, how free he had made with the Devil's name about so trifling an affair as his receiving money upon the road!—Lord have mercy upon us! says Tugwell; to be sure, that is the reason of his appearance. Talk of the Devil, and he will appear. I wished the Devil might fetch me if I had taken above half a guinea since we came from *home;* and to be sure, I have received three times as much from different people. But God forgive me, and defend me from the power of Satan, who is the father of lies.

Though Wildgoose did not trouble himself about Jerry's perquisites, he was sorry to find, that after so much good instruction, he had made no greater progress towards perfection. He desired him, how-

ever, to take another nap, for that the apparition was only a dream, or a phantom of his imagination. —The *fancy* of a *magic-lanthorn!* says Jerry; no, no; I have seen a magic-lanthorn at E'sham fair. It was no magic-lanthorn, says Tugwell; for I felt him as well as saw him. He patted my legs with his cloven feet; and he grew taller and taller, as I looked at him, till his head reached the ceiling; and I heard him walk down stairs: and, I am sure the house is haunted by evil spirits; and I am for leaving this place as soon as it is day-light.

Mr. Wildgoose, who had been haunted by the flesh (in the shape of a fat cook), as Tugwell had by the spirit (in the shape of a devil as he thought), and not knowing what use the drawer might make of such an incident; being also impatient to get back to Gloucester, for reasons which the reader may probably guess at, took Jerry's hint, and promised to set out by five o'clock, but desired Tugwell to compose himself till that time, which Jerry promised to do; and Mr. Wildgoose, being still much fatigued, took another nap.

Tugwell, however, could not sleep soundly; but, being waked again by the clock's striking four, and still haunted by the terrors of his fancy, he calls out again to his fellow-traveller, Master Wildgoose! Master Wildgoose! says he.—What is the matter now? says Wildgoose.—O, nothing, says Jerry; I had only a mind to let you know, that you have but an hour longer to sleep.—Pugh! says Wildgoose; but you need not have waked me to tell me so.

The sun, however, began now to dart his first rays through the lattice, and discovered the ballads on the walls of their bed-chamber. People also began to move about the inn. Wildgoose, therefore,

and his friend Tugwell, thought it best to quit their beds, and decamp before the family were all stirring. Jerry, seeing his master kneel down to his devotions, just cast up a short ejaculation; but thought it more to his purpose to examine the state of his wallet, which being pretty well exhausted, he resolved to replenish it with what he could get before they set out.

As they came down into the stable-yard, a great shaggy he-goat, drawn by the smell of Jerry's wallet, came running towards them, which Mr. Wildgoose espying, immediately observed to his friend, that was the ghost which had appeared to him in the night.—Tugwell said the apparition had horns and a beard, like the goat; but that he was as tall as the house, and walked upright upon two legs; and he was sure it could be nothing but the Devil himself. Wildgoose did not stay to convince him; but, meeting with the tapster, who had waited on them the preceding night, paid him for what they had had; yet not before Tugwell had drunk a pot of ale, and furnished his wallet with some provision for their journey.

CHAPTER VI.

Reception by the parson of Newport.

THOUGH Wildgoose was not very solicitous about the ludicrous turn which the servants at the inn might give to his adventure with the fat cook; yet as he had promised Howell Harris to hold forth again that day at Cardiff, and was unwilling to leave room for any suspicion in the mind of his friend, he

thought it proper to call upon him at his lodgings; and, though it was not yet five o'clock, he found him already up, and at his meditations.

As people who are good themselves are not apt to suspect ill of others, Mr. Wildgoose found no difficulty in convincing his brother Howel of his innocence. He would have persuaded Wildgoose, however, not to quit Cardiff so abruptly; but when he found him determined, he immediately took his staff, and set out with the two pilgrims towards Newport, a considerable town on the great road; where he promised to introduce Mr. Wildgoose to the parson of the parish, who, he said, was a friend to their cause, and had lent Mr. Whitfield his pulpit, when he lately visited the principality of Wales.

They arrived at Newport before ten o'clock, and accordingly waited upon the doctor, who received them in a polite manner, and told them, as he was persuaded of Mr. Whitfield's good intentions, and knew also how fond people are of a new preacher, and what an impression that very circumstance often made upon careless Christians, he had indulged his parishioners, for once, in hearing so famous a man; but that, in general, he did not at all approve of such irregular proceedings.

I have already, continued the doctor, found the ill effects of my complaisance to Mr. Whitfield. My own people, who are very well disposed, and who were before entirely satisfied with my plain doctrine, now, forsooth, give out, that I do not preach the Gospel, because I do not always harp upon the same string, of the new birth, faith without works, and the like. They also expect me to have private meetings two or three nights in the week, and compliment them with private expositions of Scripture, extempore prayer, psalm-singing, and what not;

though I really believe, if I were to give them the very same sermons in a private room, lighted up with candles like a play-house, the very novelty of the thing would content them for a while, as well as the best of your itinerant preachers.

Though the doctor was not disposed to enter into the views of our spiritual adventurers; yet, as he kept a hospitable house, he entertained them with a good breakfast of coffee and hot rolls; after which Mr. Wildgoose and Howell Harris parting with each other, the latter returned to Cardiff, and Wildgoose, with his fellow-traveller, pursued their journey to Gloucester.

CHAPTER VII.

An agreeable solitude. A holy family, in the Flemish style.

THOUGH Mr. Wildgoose's principal view was to make the best of his way into the North, agreeably to Mr. Whitfield's destination; yet his more immediate object was, to reach Gloucester as soon as possible, both to confirm the distressed brethren there, and perhaps, in a subordinate degree, in hopes of another interview with Miss Townsend before she left that place, as she daily expected to do. However, as both Mr. Whitfield in his Journals, and also Howel Harris, had represented the inhabitants of Wales as sweetly prepared to receive the Gospel (going frequently twenty miles to hear a sermon); and as Howel had also informed him, that there was a considerable society established at Monmouth, and had given him a letter to a substantial tradesman, who was the chief ruler of the

synagogue there; for these reasons Mr. Wildgoose determined to take his route by the way of Monmouth.

Though Monmouthshire is now in some respects an English county, and is not so mountainous as many parts of Wales; yet, to those whose travels have never extended farther than Hammersmith or Brentford, or a few miles round the metropolis, the roads in this county would not appear quite so level as a Kidderminster carpet.

Accordingly the two pilgrims, after two hours travelling, had now just surmounted a Monmouthshire mole-hill, and were come down into a romantic valley, on the banks of the Uske, the coolness of which, as the sun was near its meridian, was extremely refreshing. After winding along the river's side for about half a mile, they came in sight of a pleasant village, at the foot of another hill, covered with hanging woods, which formed a beautiful amphitheatre, in the centre of which the parish church, with its little spire, rose amongst some old pine-trees; and the ruins of a monastery, near which the river formed a natural cascade, showed that the place had formerly been dedicated to devotion and solitude. Wildgoose could not but admire the sequestered situation, and observed, that if a true primitive spirit reigned amongst those people, they must be the happiest of mortals.

The first cottage they came to was a tolerably neat one, and appeared the constant residence of peace and tranquillity. A little wicket, painted white, led through a small court to the house, which was covered with honey-suckles and sweetbriar: the windows were glazed; and the chimney rose with a truly ancient British magnificence, two feet above the thatch.

As the road divided at the end of the village, Tugwell marched boldly up to the door, to inquire the way. On so near an approach, however, they found, that peace does not always reside in a cottage; for their ears were saluted with the confused noise and squalling of children; and a female voice, with a Welsh accent (which is always expressive of anger), answered Jerry, and bad him go about his business; that there was nothing for him; and that they had beggars enough in their own parish.—Jerry replied, that they did not come to beg, but to inquire the road to Monmouth.

A little curled-headed boy, with shoes and stockings on, now opened the door, when they heard the foresaid female exclaiming, Why do not you make haste and scrape the bacon? I wish those books were all in the fire. Then seeing Jerry's wallet on his shoulder, she cries out, that they never bought any thing of pedlars; that her own father, who was a gentleman born, kept a creditable shop at Newport; and she would not encourage people who travelled about to the prejudice of the fair trader.

During this angry exclamation, Tugwell and Wildgoose had a full view into the kitchen; where, besides the boy that opened the door, they saw four or five more, and the poor woman far advanced in her pregnancy. The master of the house, who was no other than the vicar of the parish, was sitting down in his band and night-gown; but so far from being idle, that his eyes, his hands, and his feet, every limb of his body, and every faculty of his soul, were fully employed; for he was reading a folio that lay on the table to the right; was hearing his little boy read, who stood by him on the left; he was rocking the cradle with his foot, and was paring turnips.

As soon as he could disengage his attention from this variety of employments, he rose up, and with a stern air, asked the travellers what they wanted. Wildgoose repeated Tugwell's question, and desired to know which was the road to Monmouth. The vicar told them they were come near a mile out of their way; but that, with proper directions, they might easily recover the right road.

Observing Wildgoose, however, upon a nearer view, not to have the appearance of a common tramper, he asked them if they would sit down *at the door*, and refresh themselves a little in the heat of the day? I cannot desire you to walk into the house, says the vicar; for, amongst the other comforts of matrimony, I have that of sitting my whole life in a wet room. My wife, as you may perceive, is a very good housewife; but, unfortunately for me, she has taken it into her head, that a *wet* house and a *clean* house are the same thing: so that having only one room to sit in, and that being washed every morning, it is consequently as you now see it all the year round.

Mr. Wildgoose said he was sorry to have given him the trouble of this apology, as he could not accept of his invitation. Tugwell, however, who seldom slighted an offer of this kind, said he would be obliged to the gentleman for a draught of small-beer. The vicar, therefore, himself took a cup, stepped to the barrel, which stood in a little shed, or *enclitical* pent-house, and brought Jerry, in a literal sense, some *small*-beer, the refreshing liquor which he asked for.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ecclesiastical pride in the diocese of Landaff.

WHILST Tugwell was regaling himself with the foresaid potation, Wildgoose reposed himself upon the bench at the door; and, pointing to the ruins of the monastery, observed to the vicar by way of chit-chat, that there had been a religious house in his parish. Yes, says the vicar, there *has been a religious* house in the parish, I believe; but I am sorry to say it, it was long before my time; for I am afraid, at present, we have not one truly religious house in the parish. God forbid! says Wildgoose; for I dare say, sir, you do your duty amongst them.—Why, says the vicar, I hope I do my duty as well as the generality of my brethren; but am afraid, from particular circumstances, it is not in my power to do much good in my parish.—How so, sir? replies Wildgoose.—You know, sir, replies the vicar, that at the reformation, in Harry the Eighth's time, when the revenues of these religious houses by the act of dissolution, were granted to the crown, how slender a reserve was made in general for serving the parish churches. Now, you must observe, sir, that after spending seven years in the university, and taking a master of art's degree, I am possessed of a little rectory of about thirty pounds a year, and of this vicarage, which, if I could make the most of it, might bring me in near twenty more: now each of these preferments these poor people consider as a *noble benefit*; and, though, you see, sir, in what way I live, yet because I am possessed of half a dozen spoons and a silver tankard, they envy me, as living in princely state, and lording it over God's heritage; and, what is worse, as my whole income

in this parish arises from the small tithes, because I cannot afford to let them cheat me out of half my dues, they represent me as carnal and worldly-minded, and as one who regards nothing but the good things of this life, and who is always making disturbances in the parish: and this prejudice against me prevents my doing that good amongst them which I sincerely wish to do. One man has left his church, and walks three miles to a Methodist meeting, because I took one pig out of seven, as the law directs; another has complained to the bishop of my extortion, because I would not take three shillings and sixpence in lieu of tithes, for a large orchard, as my predecessor had done. In short, sir, here are two or three dissenters in the parish, who give out that all tithes are remnants of popery, and would have the clergy consider meat and drink as types and shadows, which ought to have been abolished with the Levitical law.

Well, sir, says Wildgoose, I cannot but think the situation of a poor vicar particularly disagreeable, and that of the clergy in general very much so, in a temporal view: and since "all malice (as a polite writer observes) arises from an opposition of interests," I think it is pity, even upon that account, that things could not be put upon some different footing between the pastors and their flocks.—Why, says the vicar, if it could be done without too great a confusion of property, I am sure I should have no objection to it: and I have often thought, as things now are, to prevent that odium which every incumbent must bring upon himself, who is under a necessity of disputing with his parish the rights of the church, a method might be contrived to throw the burden upon the church itself, instead of any particular incumbent.—As how? says Wildgoose.—Why, says the vicar, that the bishop should

be empowered, by a fund levied in some manner on the clergy of the diocese (in proportion to their income), to defend the rights of any particular parish; which, by reference to some neighbouring gentlemen, or other lenient methods, I should think might generally be done without much expense, and without involving a poor, miserable incumbent in continual squabbles with his parish, and preventing him from doing that good which probably he might otherwise do. But, continued the vicar, there is no perfection to be hoped for in any human institutions; and, perhaps, an attempt to remedy the present might be attended with still greater inconveniences.

I think, says Wildgoose, there can be no greater misfortune than a misunderstanding between a minister and his congregation, as it prevents all probability of the people's receiving any spiritual improvement, if the clergy were to take ten times the pains which they generally do.

But pray, sir, continues Wildgoose, where is that Methodist meeting which you mentioned? Is it in our road to Monmouth? This inquiry confirmed the vicar in what he had before suspected from Wildgoose's conversation, that he was a favourer at least of the Methodists. He told him, therefore, that if he wanted information of that kind, any of his parishioners would give him ample satisfaction, and would, upon occasion, leave the most necessary business, and walk twenty miles, to hear the extempore effusions of an illiterate mechanic.

CHAPTER IX.

Collects an audience.

TUGWELL had by this time dispatched his small-beer, with a piece of bread and cheese, and a pint of ale into the bargain; for the vicar's wife having, through her mistake, treated him at first with undeserved asperity, was willing to atone for her rudeness by a superfluous civility, especially as, during her husband's conference with Mr. Wildgoose, Jerry had supplied his place, in rocking the cradle, paring turnips, and blowing the fire.

He was now, however, forced to leave the smell of the pot, being summoned to attend his master, and proceed on their journey. In return for the vicar's civility, Mr. Wildgoose took the liberty to exhort him, to endeavour the regaining his people's good will, by some little popular acts of beneficence, by relieving the distressed, giving physic to the sick, or where he was obliged to exact his Easter groats from any very poor families, to give them a sixpenny loaf in the place of it; and the like innocent stratagems: but above all, sir, adds Wildgoose, if the poor people had the true Gospel earnestly and affectionately inculcated into them, I am convinced all these worldly considerations would entirely vanish, and you would dwell together in unity and love. The vicar thanked Wildgoose for his good advice, but said, he had already used his utmost endeavours to regain the good will of his parishioners, but was afraid nothing would succeed with people, who to save a groat would resign their eternal salvation. The vicar and the travellers then parted, with mutual good wishes.

When the two pilgrims came towards the end f

the village, they observed an old tailor sitting on his board, with spectacles on his nose, and with more devotion than harmony quavering one of Mr. Wesley's hymns. This was hint sufficient for Wildgoose to make further inquiry about the society of Methodists, which the vicar had mentioned. The tailor told them there was a weekly meeting at a village about three miles farther; but that this was not the night on which the preacher came. Tugwell soon let him know, that his master could supply that defect; and that, if it lay in their road to Monmouth, he would give them a word of exhortation that evening. Upon this the old tailor leaped nimbly off his board, and leaving a suit of clothes which he had promised to finish that evening, said he would accompany them if it were as far again, and immediately ran and communicated this intelligence to a blacksmith, his next neighbour, who leaves the farmer's horses half shoed, and with like speed acquaints the farmer's wife, who was a zealous disciple of theirs. She, slipping on her shoes and stockings, leaves her cows unmilked, and her child dangerously ill in the cradle; and, with half a dozen more, who, upon spreading the alarm, had left their several employments, joined the devout cavalcade.*

After many questions, who the gentleman was, and whence he came, they set forwards, and now marched cheerfully along the valley; Wildgoose making inquiry into the state of their souls, and Tugwell entertaining them with some account of their adventures, and what he called persecutions, which

* Such was the active zeal of the last century:

The oyster-woman lock'd her fish up,
And trudg'd away to cry, No bishop!

HUD.

they had undergone since they entered upon their ministry.

The village whither they were bound, and where they soon arrived, was a considerable thoroughfare to Monmouth, and a populous place. The arrival of a new preacher was soon spread about the neighbourhood; and there assembled, in half an hour's time, above two hundred people. When Wildgoose (being always desirous of attacking the Devil in his strong holds), having first refreshed himself with what the house afforded, held forth at the door of a little inn, being mounted on a horse-block, under a shady elm, which had long been sacred to rustic jollity and tippling, and was thoroughly perfumed with the incense of ale and tobacco.

CHAPTER X.

Miracles and slight persecutions.

As soon as Mr. Wildgoose began to harangue from the horse-block, some servants belonging to the 'squire of the village, who was a very orthodox man, and no friend to these superfluous acts of piety, began to make some disturbance, and to beat a drum, that formerly belonged to the militia; which at first a little embarrassed the orator: but he appearing much in earnest, and a majority of the company being more inclined to be attentive, they soon silenced these scoffers, and Wildgoose proceeded in his harangue.

A considerable part of the congregation were seated on an orchard wall, which faced the public-house, and, whilst Wildgoose was declaiming with

great vehemence to an attentive audience, in praise of humility and self-denial, and had just assured them, that he who humbled himself should be exalted, the whole wall on which they sat, being built of loose stones, fell flat to the ground, not one of them crying out, or altering his posture; nor was there the least interruption, either in the vehemence of the orator, or in the attention of the audience.*

But their tranquillity was soon after disturbed by a phenomenon of another kind. A poor fellow of a neighbouring hamlet, who used to be always quarrelling with his neighbours, but who had been greatly affected by hearing Mr. Wesley preach two or three times, came galloping through the street upon a little poney, about the size of a jack-ass, hallowing and shouting, and driving men, women, pigs, and children, before him. He was without a hat, with his long red hair hanging about his ears; and, staring wildly, he rides up to Wildgoose, crying out, *Got* bless you! Master Wesley; hur is convinced of sin; and Got has given hur revelations, and visions, and prophecies: and has foretold that hur shall be a king, and tread all hur enemies under hur feet.†

As the preaching was interrupted by this poor man, some of the company told Wildgoose, that he had been almost mad ever since he had heard Mr. Wesley preach. Mad! quoth Wildgoose, I wish all that hear me this day were not only *almost*, but altogether as mad as this poor countryman. No, says he, these are the true symptoms of the new birth; and he only wants the obstetric hand of some spi-

* Mr. Wesley's Journal, 1740.
† Ibid.

ritual physician, to relieve him from his pangs, from these struggles between the flesh and the spirit. He then desired those who were strong in faith to *wrestle* in prayer for the poor enthusiast; but he left them to wrestle by themselves: and, without waiting for the event of their application, galloped off again upon his Welsh tit, hallooing and whooping, and as frantic as before.

The preachment being ended, Tugwell, who had been vastly taken with the singing of hymns, which he had heard at Bristol, thought he might venture, in a country place, to exhibit a specimen of his own talent at psalmody, and give out the psalm; though Jerry's voice was as unharmonious as the falling of a fire-shovel upon a marble-slab. Both his music and appearance, therefore, were so far from any thing of devotion, or solemnity, that the 'squire's servants, who had been awed to silence by the vehemence of Wildgoose's eloquence, could now hold out no longer: but one of them began again to beat on the drum, and another discharged two or three addled eggs, which he had brought for the purpose, at Tugwell's head, one of which flying directly into the aperture of Jerry's extended jaws, the unsavoury odour of the rotten eggs, and Jerry's resentment of the indignity offered to a man of his fancied importance, threw the whole congregation into confusion, and soon after dispersed the assembly.

Wildgoose now began to reflect upon the escape his audience had had from the tumbling wall, and to bless God for what he fancied so miraculous an attestation to the truth of his mission. But the farmer who owned the orchard, considered the affair in a different light; and, being no friend to the cause, insisted upon an indemnification; and made

poor Wildgoose pay five shillings and sixpence for dilapidations.

As the evening now came on, and the two pilgrims were much fatigued with their early rising and long walk, they thought it best to set up their staff at the public-house where they had preached. Tugwell, indeed, complained likewise of his having been pelted with addled eggs. But his master exhorted him, to count it all joy that he met with these divers temptations. Yes! great joy, indeed, quoth Jerry, in a pettish mood, to have rotten eggs in one's mouth, besides spoiling one's clothes, which I shall not get sweet again this half year. Tugwell, however, having got a rasher of bacon with his eggs, and smoked his pipe, was tolerably well pacified; whilst Wildgoose went about giving spiritual advice to different parts of the family; and then the two friends retired to their repose.

CHAPTER XI.

Reception at Monmouth.

THE sun had been risen about an hour, when Wildgoose sprang from his bed, and it being likely to prove a very hot day, soon roused his fellow-traveller, and set out for Monmouth. Tugwell, however, could not leave a house of entertainment without laying in some provision for the journey of the day.

In all his travels, indeed, Jerry never wanted a substantial reason for making a good meal, and filling his belly. In the morning it was a maxim with him to make sure of a good breakfast, for fear they

should not meet with a dinner. When dinner-time came, he pretended to be more hungry than *ordinary* that day, because they had breakfasted before their time: and at night he would observe, that his journey had got him an appetite, and he never was *so hungry* in his life before; though if Wildgoose had attended to his impertinence, he had probably made the like apologies every day since they came from home.

As their road lay through shady lanes or green meadows, they made pretty good speed; and without any thing worth recording, arrived at Monmouth early in the afternoon.

When Mr. Wildgoose had found out the tradesman, who was one of the fraternity, to whom Howel Harris had given him letters of recommendation, he delivered his credentials. The man, casting his eye over the letter, and finding Wildgoose's business, received him at first with some little coolness; and said, they had of late had so many *strange* preachers, that the credit of their society had suffered greatly by their indiscretions. But, perusing the letter more carefully, and finding that Mr. Wildgoose was no common itinerant, but a man of some fortune, and particularly delegated by Mr. Whitfield, he altered his style, and, by way of apology for the suspicions he had expressed, related the following incident, which, he said, had lately happened in that neighbourhood.

A genteel young man, says he, came down from London, who pretended to have been a preacher at one of Mr. Wesley's societies. He preached frequently at Monmouth, and was well received in a gentleman's family in the neighbourhood, who were religiously disposed. The gentleman had a daughter, whom he was upon the point of marrying, to great advantage, to a person of superior fortune;

and the alliance would have made two families extremely happy.

This itinerant, however, finding the young lady rather indifferent in her affections for this gentleman, who was, indeed, fourteen or fifteen years older than herself, persuaded her, that she could not in conscience give her hand without her heart; and that it was a kind of legal prostitution, to dispose of her person merely for the sake of a genteel settlement in the world, and the like; especially to a man, whom he represented as *no Christian*, because he did not frequent their religious society.

In short, to prevent her yielding to the importunity of her friends, and even to the commands of her father, he persuaded the young lady to march off with him into Ireland, which was his native country, and where he had been a journeyman barber, and came to London in that capacity. But, by frequenting Mr. Wesley's Tabernacle for a few months, he had learned a few Scripture phrases, which, by virtue of a modest assurance, he retailed to us in the country with great applause; though, it is to be feared, he had no true faith, nor, indeed, any religion at all in his heart. And this affair has brought a great scandal upon our society, and given too just occasion for our adversaries to blaspheme.

However, sir, continues the tradesman, I hope a gentleman so well recommended, will contribute to retrieve our credit; and I will acquaint the brethren with your arrival, and I hope you will this evening give a word of exhortation at my house.

Wildgoose said, he would do his best, as God should give him utterance: but would go to the inn for an hour or two, to rest and refresh himself, and about seven o'clock would meet the society.

CHAPTER XII.

A stranger introduced to our hero.

OUR two pilgrims went to a second rate inn; where, whilst Wildgoose was eating some dinner in the parlour, Tugwell had published the good qualities and present occupation of his master (over a pipe) in the kitchen. This my landlord had communicated to a young officer, who was quartered there, and was lounging in the bar, and whom mine host, for the good of the house, contrived, as often as he could, to introduce to his company, to make one at a bottle of wine, or a bowl of punch.

This young man, however, had reasons of a more serious nature, for wishing to converse with a man of Mr. Wildgoose's character and pretensions; and willingly consented to the landlord's proposal, of being introduced to this devout itinerant. As soon, therefore, as Wildgoose had finished his slight repast, the landlord told him, that a young officer, who was quartered there, would be glad to drink a glass of wine with him. Wildgoose replied, if the gentleman desired it, he should be very glad of his company; though he could not promise to drink much wine with him.

Accordingly there was introduced a tall, genteel young man, in his regimentals, who, throwing himself into a chair, and laying down his hat, with a smart cockade, upon the table, unbuckled his sword-belt, and hurled his sword, with some indignation, across the room, crying out, Thus let the weapons of war perish!

Wildgoose was a little dismayed at this frantic behaviour, and stared at him with silent astonishment; when the man of war, looking wildly in his

face, exclaimed again, with an air of distraction, Zounds, sir, can you give any relief to a soul that is haunted by furies?—Come, sir, says Wildgoose, do not despair of God's mercy, whatever your case may be: *Nil desperandum, Christo duce.* Never be cast down whilst you have Christ for your guide. I hope these are favourable symptoms of the new birth:—New birth, sir! God forbid! What! be born again? It is my misfortune that I ever was born at all.

> "Why was I born with such a sense of virtue,
> So great abhorrence of the smallest guilt,
> And yet a slave to such impetuous passions?"*

As he was thus ranting in heroics, Wildgoose endeavoured to comfort him. Come, sir, says he, the first step to conversion is, to be convinced of sin, as I hope you are; but, that I may be able to administer a proper remedy, let me know the nature of your disease.

Well, sir, if you have patience to listen to a long series of irregularity and guilty pleasures, I will give the best account of myself that I can; as it is always some relief to the miserable, to lay open their griefs, where they can do it with safety, as I am convinced I may to a man of your character, though you are a stranger to me, and I have been guilty of murder; nay, parricide, I believe; adultery, and what not.—Well, well, so much the better, says Wildgoose; the more wicked and abandoned you have been, the more likely you are to be convinced of sin. But please to favour me with the particulars of your transgression. The stranger then began the following narration.

* Phædra and Hypolitus.

CHAPTER XIII.

The adventures of Captain Johnson.

My father, says the captain, was a merchant in London, where, for some years, he carried on a considerable trade; but his health declining, and having only one hopeful son (the wretch whom you here behold), he early in life retired from business. I was bred up at Westminster; and passed through the school, I believe, with some degree of credit; and was sent to the university with the character of an excellent classic.

My father, hearing that my parts and sprightly genius had introduced me to the *best*, that is, the most *expensive* company in the place, gave me very liberal appointments; of which I made a very ungenerous use; for, instead of improving myself in learning, or any valuable accomplishment, the only science in which I made any progress, was that of a refined luxury and extravagance: and, in short, I was guilty of so many irregularities, that although the governors of the university were unwilling to expel me, yet they privately admonished my father to remove me from a situation, of which I was so far from making any proper use, that it must soon prove equally destructive to my health and to my fortune.

My father, who was too fond of me, thought it prudent to appear ignorant of my bad conduct, and wrote me word, that as I had probably by this time made a tolerable proficiency in polite learning and philosophy, he was willing to finish my education by letting me make the tour of Europe.

Accordingly, with no other governor than an honest Swiss, who served me in the double capacity

of a tutor and a valet, I set out upon my travels; to make my observations upon the laws and customs, that is, to learn the vices and follies of all the nations in Europe.

During my stay at Paris I became intimate with an English gentleman of some distinction, who was settled with his family at R———, in Normandy, whither, in consequence of a pressing invitation, I accompanied him to spend part of the summer. As both he and his lady were fond of company, I was soon introduced to people of the best fashion, of both sexes, in that province.

There was a young lady of great beauty, the wife of one of the members of the parliament of R——, who was the most frequently of our party. She had a gaiety in her temper, and a coquetry in her behaviour; but not more than is common in the married women of that nation.—Ah! cries Wildgoose, I am afraid what you call by the soft names of gaiety and coquetry, are the lusts of the flesh, under a specious disguise; and that the French are an adulterous and sinful generation.—I am afraid they are, says the captain; and yet I question whether the inhabitants of this island are in that respect much inferior to their neighbours on the continent. But to proceed in my story.

CHAPTER XIV.

The adventures of Captain Johnson continued.

Lady Ruelle (which was this lady's name) had been something particular, as I fancied, in her behaviour to me. One evening, as we were walking in the gardens of my friend's house, with a large party of

polite people, we found ourselves insensibly got into a private walk, detached from the rest of the company. Monsieur Anglois, says Lady Ruelle, I long to see Londres, and wish I could meet with an opportunity of going over into England.—As I thought this nothing more than unmeaning chit-chat, I imagined the most proper answer I could make her ladyship was, that I should be very happy in showing her our metropolis; and wished I might, some time or other, have that honour. She replied, with a sigh and languishing air, Ah! I wish, monsieur, you were sincere in those professions.—The manner in which she spoke this surprised me a little; yet, as a man of gallantry, I could not but repeat my acknowledgements of the honour she did me, and offered to conduct so fair a lady through the world, if she would permit me. She then declared, that she was serious in her intentions: but (as some company now walked towards us) said, she would explain herself more at large when she had an opportunity.

Lady Ruelle spoke no more to me that night; but the next time we met, she took occasion to let me know, that her husband used her extremely ill; that she had taken a fancy to me the first time she saw me; and would put herself, and ten thousand pounds sterling, in money and jewels, into my hands, if I would accept of the offer.

Though I was startled at such a proposal, it flattered my vanity so agreeably, that, without reflecting on the consequences, I affected to receive with rapture and gratitude so charming an overture.

Not to be too minute in this detail, she had laid her plan; and was determined, I found, to make her escape from a masquerade-ball, to which we were invited, near the suburbs of R———, the

next night but one; when she knew also, that her husband would be engaged the whole evening from home. I had time enough to deliberate upon the wickedness and the danger of this expedition; the injury I was going to do the gentleman her husband; and the dishonour I should bring upon my English friend, who had introduced me to them; but, fired with the glory and gallantry of the action (as things then appeared to me,) I was blind to every other consideration.

The next morning, therefore, I sent my trusty Swiss to Dieppe, with orders to get a vessel ready to sail at a minute's notice.

On the night appointed for the masquerade, about ten o'clock, Lady Ruelle appeared, dressed like a young gentleman, in a sort of hunting suit of green and gold, and adorned with not less than five thousand pounds worth of diamonds, which she had contrived to borrow of her husband's relations, under the pretence of this masquerade-ball.

My servant had got the post-chaise ready, under a mount at the corner of the garden wall; and, after supper, when the company were separated into parties, Lady Ruelle and I easily contrived to give them the slip. I let myself down, and the lady, with great courage and alacrity, threw herself into my arms. I put her immediately into the carriage, and we drove off, attended only by the postilion, and by my Swiss, armed with a carbine, with great expedition, for Dieppe.

CHAPTER XV.

The adventures of Captain Johnson continued.

As the distance, I believe, is not above ten leagues, or about thirty miles, we should probably have reached Dieppe without any interruption; but, upon our coming into a forest, where the road divided, our postilion drove us some miles out of the way, before he pretended to have discovered his mistake. We had just recovered our route, when we were overtaken by three men, well armed, who charged us to stop, in the king's name. I had time to cock both my pistols; and my servant, who was a bold fellow, bad them produce their credentials; which he received upon the end of his carbine, but shot the poor fellow dead upon the spot; the other two ,like cowards as they were, fled with great precipitation; and we proceeded, without any further molestation, to Dieppe. I there dismissed the postilion, after presenting him with the post-chaise which I had bought, for his faithful service; though it appeared afterwards that he had betrayed us.

When we came to the harbour of Dieppe, we found the ship which my servant had bespoken, riding at her cable's length ready to sail. When we came on board, the master of the vessel demanded our passports. I produced one for myself and for my servant; but, when he found I had none for the young gentleman in green and gold, he shook his head, and refused to sail. I immediately cocked my pistol, and threatened to shoot him through the head, if he persisted in his refusal. He said, I might do as I pleased; but if he carried off that young gentleman, whom he suspected to be a person of consequence, he should be hanged the mo-

ment he returned to France. I was not yet so abandoned as to take away the life of an honest man upon so slight a provocation. After trying him again, therefore, with a round sum of money, to no purpose, we were forced to hire another chaise, and resume our journey by land; and proceeded to Boulogne.

Being come the next day within a few miles of that city, we were again overtaken by a man, whom, from his particular dress, I knew to be an emissary of the police. He made a pause, surveyed us all with an eager attention, and then made on, post-haste, towards Boulogne. As I guessed his intention was to apply to the magistrates of that place, and to take us into custody, I, therefore, ordered the chaise to halt a little, and with Lady Ruelle's permission, got out, mounted my servant's horse, changed part of my dress with him, and rode on full speed, to reconnoitre how matters were likely to go in the city.

When I came thither, I found the guards drawn out, and, with drums beating, patrolling the streets. I inquired for one of the principal inns, at the door of which I met by accident a young Englishman, whom I knew to have been a school-fellow at Westminster, though he did not recollect me. He immediately told me, by way of news, that the town was in an uproar, in expectation of seizing an English gentleman, who had carried off a lady of the first quality from R———; and that he would be secured the moment the chaise came within the gates of the city.

Upon this intelligence I immediately rode back as fast as I came; and, holding a council with my Swiss and the postilion, we resolved to turn back out of the great road, and go to a small fishing town, where the postilion told us, we had a better

chance for hiring a vessel than at any of the more considerable sea-ports.

When we came thither I soon met with a petty commander of a fishing boat, who, for a small sum of money, readily agreed to convey us the next day to Brighthelmstone. But I, foolishly enough, pulling out a purse of fifty louis-d'ors, which I offered him if he would sail immediately; at the sight of so extraordinary a sum the fellow began to be alarmed, and then demanded our passports, which he had never thought of before. I again produced those for myself and my servant; and showed him a written paper, as a passport for the lady. As the man could not read, he said he would go with us to the curé, or minister of the parish, to have the passports examined.

The curé had a gentleman-like appearance. I took him aside, and told him I would express my gratitude to him, in any manner he should name, if he would assure the master of the vessel, that the passport was good, and prevail upon him to sail immediately. The curé replied, with a very serious air, that he would not, for the whole world, abuse the confidence which his parishioners placed in him, by deceiving them in a matter of such importance; but very politely offered us an asylum in his house for that evening. As we had no alternative, we gladly accepted the curé's offer, that we might have time to consider what step was to be next taken.

CHAPTER XVI.

The adventures of Captain Johnson concluded.

It was now the third night since Lady Ruelle had been in bed; and though she had slept a little in the post-chaise, she could not but be very much fatigued; with much difficulty, therefore, I prevailed on her ladyship to go to bed. And having myself set up till about twelve o'clock with the honest curé, I lay down, and had just composed myself, on a settee in the parlour, when I was awaked by an alarm, that the house was beset by the officers of the police.

As we had reason to apprehend this, we had taken care to barricade the approach, and were determined to stand a siege. There was no way that they could attack us, but from a little garden near the parlour window. I had armed my servant with his carbine, and myself with a pistol in each hand; and ordered him to keep his fire as long as possible; but he, having a fair mark at one of them by the light of the moon, let fly, and killed him upon the spot. But four more immediately marched up to the window, armed with blunderbusses. I fired one pistol without effect. Upon which, they rushing in upon us immediately, and threatening to fire if we did not surrender, it would have been madness to make any further resistance.

Lady Ruelle and I were seized, and put under a guard till near the morning; when we were placed back to back, and our hands bound behind us, in a sort of covered waggon; and in this manner conveyed to R——.

Lady Ruelle, however, had the generosity, at my request, to slip her watch and a pearl necklace

of considerable value into my Swiss's hands; with which, by my orders, he contrived to make his escape into his own country; and this circumstance was of great weight upon my trial.

I could not but remark one particular in Lady Ruelle, quite in the French style. In the midst of her distress, her eyes swimming in tears, and when she could not but dread the consequence of this adventure, she runs up to the glass, adjusts her headdress, and put some *rouge*, or red paint, upon her cheeks.

Ah! says Wildgoose, those are the works of the Devil, the father of lies, and of every kind of deceit.

Well, continues Captain Johnson, upon our arrival at R——, I was sent a close prisoner to the castle. From thence I was soon brought to my trial before the Parliament of R——; and, as one of their members was the injured party, should have been severely dealt with, if they could have proved either the murders, or the robbery, directly upon me; but as my servant was principal in the former, and also the only witness of the latter, and he had made his escape; and as the lady appeared rather more culpable than myself, having really seduced me; the chief party concerned seemed willing to drop the further prosecution of the affair, especially as my good friend at R—— had made a very powerful application, by means of our ambassador at the court of Versailles. So, after some little confinement, I was dismissed, with orders to quit the kingdom in three days' time; with which I cheerfully complied: and the poor lady was immediately dispatched to a convent.

Upon further inquiry into the cause of this lady's violent resolution, I found she had a suspicion of the most horrid kind, that her husband, who was

much older than herself, had an intrigue with her own mother.

Wildgoose stared with tokens of horror. But after some pause,—Nay, says he, I wonder at nothing of this kind; for we are all by nature in the same state with the Gentiles of old, given up to vile affections, unnatural lusts, and a reprobate mind, and to work all uncleanness with greediness.

Well, says the captain, I am not yet come to the most material part of my story, especially so far as my own temporal interest is concerned; for, on my arrival in England, I found my wicked course of life had contributed to shorten my father's days, and my extravagance greatly diminished his fortune; for he was dead: and, instead of the affluence which I had always depended upon, he left but about two thousand pounds, to support me and a mother, who is now but a middle-aged woman, though, from grief and vexation, become very sickly and infirm.

Not to be tedious, I found myself in immediate possession of no more than five hundred pounds; with which I purchased a lieutenancy, and am now doing penance in country quarters, strutting about in my red coat and cockade, but really a prey to melancholy, and tortured with reflecting upon those vices which have brought me so early in life to this wretched situation.

CHAPTER XVII.

A temporary conversion.

CAPTAIN Johnson having finished his narration, Mr. Wildgoose bad him not despond; that Providence often brought about our conversion by severe trials;

and that it was a maxim with them, The blacker the sinner, the brighter the saint. But, says he, I am going to meet a society of true Christians; where, I make no doubt, you will find those, who have been as wicked as yourself, now full of peace and joy; and I assure you, sir, I have heard Mr. Whitfield often say, that he had rather preach to a congregation of publicans and harlots, or what the world may call whores and rogues, than to a set of mere nominal Christians, or good sort of people, as they are called, who flatter themselves that they need no repentance.

The captain said, that, although he should be called a Methodist, and was really invited to dance at a sort of Welsh assembly, he would accompany Mr. Wildgoose, by his leave, to their society.

Accordingly, having sat together till near seven o'clock, Mr. Wildgoose took Captain Johnson with him, attended by his friend Tugwell, to the tradesman's house; where he found a pretty large congregation assembled in an upper room, over his warehouse in the garden.

Wildgoose harangued upon the usual topics with great pathos; and, as several people round him sighed and groaned, and even wept, the captain found himself variously affected, sometimes inclined to laugh, at other times to cry: but what he found most contageous were, the tears of a very pretty girl, a grocer's daughter, who sat near him, with whom the captain would have been glad to have compared his feelings and experiences; for though he was probably sincere in the compunctions which he discovered in conversing with Mr. Wildgoose, yet, when the passions have got strength by long indulgence they are not immediately to be subdued, but are apt again to take fire upon approaching a tempting object: nay, as twenty or thirty of the most zeal-

ous of them were desirous (according to a common practice) of spending the night in the society-room, the captain stayed among them for some time, and was thought to have been made a complete convert by this young female disciple.

As Mr. Wildgoose, however, had been up early in the morning, and was fatigued with the toils of the day; he himself, about eleven o'clock, lay down upon a bed that was offered him by the pious tradesman; and Tugwell's devotion was so far from being enthusiastic this evening, that before Wildgoose had done preaching, he was fallen asleep in the corner of the room.

But, about two in the morning, Mr. Wildgoose was waked * by a confused noise, as if a number of men were putting to the sword. He went up into the society-room, where the people had worked themselves up to such a pitch of religious phrenzy, that some were fallen prostrate upon the floor, screaming, and roaring, and beating their breasts, in agonies of remorse for their former wicked lives; others were singing hymns, leaping and exulting in ecstasies of joy, that their sins were forgiven them. Amongst the rest, there was a little boy,† of three years old, who had caught the infection, and acted the sinner with as much appearance of contrition as the best of them. The uproar increased when Wildgoose came into the room, and began to pray with them; but nature, having now been strained to its height for some hours, subsided into a calm. Wildgoose, therefore, dismissed them with a short exhortation, and lay down again till the morning, leaving Tugwell to finish his night's rest, where he had begun, upon some hop-sacks in the corner of the assembly-room.

* Mr. Wesley's Journal, 1739. † Ibid. 1738.

The captain (he found upon inquiry) about eleven o'clock had conducted home the grocer's daughter, whose father and mother had sent for her; for, although they indulged her in going (with some other young people) to the Meeting, they did not approve of those late nocturnal vigils, which were frequently solemnized by the warmer devotees.

Amongst others in this devout assembly, there was a substantial miller's wife, who lived about a mile out of town, that was more zealous than any of them. She entreated Mr. Wildgoose, if possible, to come home to her, and give her some private consolation, as Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Wesley, and other gentlemen, she said, had sometimes done. When Wildgoose found she lived partly in the road towards Gloucester (whither he intended to direct his course in the morning,) he promised the good woman to call and take breakfast with her about seven o'clock.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A warm breakfast, concluded with cold sauce.

JERRY TUGWELL, having been disturbed by the uproar in the night, no sooner met his master in the morning, than he began to vent his indignation with some warmth against the good people of Monmouth. Gad-zookers! says he, these Welsh people are all mad I think; I never heard such rantipole doings since I was born: a body cannot sleep o' nights for 'em.

Ah, Jerry, replies Wildgoose, this is a glorious

time! these are the triumphs of faith! these are the true symptoms of the new birth! People are never nearer to the Kingdom of Heaven than when they are *mad*, as you call it; and have never better reason to hope for salvation, than when they are ready to hang and drown themselves.

But come, Jerry, says he, a poor sister is labouring under the pangs of the new birth, and wants our assistance. We must walk a mile or two before breakfast.—Walk a mile or two before breakfast! says Tugwell; why, I had no supper last night, and my stomach is so empty, that I can hardly walk at all without my breakfast. If the young woman is in *labour*, she has more need of a midwife than our assistance.

As Wildgoose, therefore, was taking leave of the tradesman, Tugwell got a piece of bread and cheese, and a cup of ale; and then they went to the inn, to call upon the captain: but, hearing that, notwithstanding his fancied conversion, he had gone from the religious meeting to the profane dancing assembly, and had not been come to bed above two hours, the two pilgrims set out upon their expedition.

When they came to the mill, which was not above a mile out of town, they found a good breakfast prepared for them by their kind hostess, the miller's wife; for the miller, having set out early in the morning, the good woman, who thought she could not do too much for such good people, had got some cakes baked and buttered, and all other requisites for a comfortable *dejeuné*. And in this manner, with the addition of some godly conversation, the poor woman frequently regaled herself; and always found herself more happy, than in the surly society of her morose husband; which happiness she ascribed to the power of religion, rather than to its more probable cause; the variety it introduced, and to the

comfortable soothing doctrine of being saved by faith without works.

. And, indeed, the miller, though fond of his wife (who was much younger than himself, and a tolerably handsome woman,) and unwilling absolutely to forbid her frequenting these pious meetings; yet, as he was often, by this means, deprived of his conjugal claims, and the company of his spouse, who, according to the old Liturgy, ought to have been *buxom both at bed and board*, he was generally out of humour upon these occasions, and could not forbear expressing his disapprobation of the many itinerants which came to the house, amongst his workmen and servants. These fellows, therefore, who were more in their master's interest than in that of their mistress, laid a plot, which they knew would not displease their master; but which, if he had been at home, he probably, out of regard to his wife, would not have suffered them to execute.

The nearest way for the two pilgrims to return into the great road, was through a meadow, into which they must pass over the mill-stream, by a narrow plank, which was laid across it. This plank the fellows contrived to saw almost in two, on the under side. When, therefore, the travellers had taken their leave of the miller's wife, Wildgoose leading the way, marched foremost nimbly over the bridge, which, though it cracked, did not entirely break down till he was landed and Tugwell came upon the middle of it, who, being a heavy-a—d Christian, and moreover encumbered with his loaded wallet, fell plump into the stream, bawling out for help, to the no small diversion of the spectators. The men ran, however, to Jerry's assistance with a feigned concern, and dragged him out of the water;

but took care that he should first be dipped into it considerably above the waist.

The fright and the surprise at first took away Jerry's voice, that he could not vent his indignation. One of the fellows handing him up his wallet, 'Sblood! Honesty, says the man, thou hast but just *saved thy bacon*.—What the devil do you mean by saving my bacon? says Tugwell. It is nothing but my master's Bible and some good books in my wallet. The fellow, indeed, by that proverbial expression, only alluded to the narrow escape Jerry had had; but spoke the literal truth by chance: for the miller's wife it seems, out of her great regard to the godly, had offered Tugwell a piece of bacon, of about five or six pounds, which, for fear of accidents, Jerry (unknown to his master) had accepted of, and stowed in his wallet; and the consciousness of his greediness now made a discovery, which the miller's men, perhaps, would not otherwise have suspected.

One of the fellows asked Tugwell, with a sneer, if he would go back and dry himself, and have another dish of tea: but Tugwell, muttering some threats, trudged after his master as fast as he could, equally ashamed to be thus out-witted, and vexed to be wetted to the skin. And, upon Wildgoose's exhorting him to suffer tribulation with patience, Jerry replied, in great wrath. that he did not care who suffered tribulation, so that he was got safe home again in his chimney corner.

CHAPTER XIX.

A seasonable relief.

THEY had now proceeded about three miles on their journey from Monmouth, when they came to a considerable brook, which ran at the foot of a steep hill, covered with extensive woods. There was a foot-bridge to pass over; but the rivulet being swelled by a violent thunder-storm which had fallen in the night, they could not possibly approach the bridge. Being obliged, therefore, to halt, they sat down upon the bank, and were deliberating what course to pursue, when Tugwell began to complain of being very chill, and of the head-ache, and said he was certainly going to have a fit of the ague, and should not be able to go any further. He then heavily bemoaned himself, and said, if he were at home, Dorothy would carry his water to the *cunning man*, who would cast a spell, or send him a bottle of *stuff*, which would cure him after the third fit; or else Madam Wildgoose would send him some *higry-pigry*,* which would stop it at once.

Whilst they were thus engaged, Tugwell complaining, and Wildgoose endeavouring to encourage him, by the examples of martyrs, saints, and confessors, they observed a horse grazing at some distance by the wood-side, with a sort of pack-saddle upon his back, and the bridle hanging loosely between his legs. Having now waited near a quarter of an hour, and nobody appearing to whom the horse might probably belong, Mr. Wildgoose observed to his friend, that Providence† had certainly delivered this horse into their hands, to promote

* Hiera picra, or sacred bitter. † Journal, *passim*.

the great work in which they were embarked. Tugwell, however, for more reasons than one, objected to taking a horse which certainly did not belong to them. Wildgoose owned, it was not lawful to steal, or even to covet our neighbour's ox, or his ass, or any thing that does not belong to us. But, says he again, we are commanded to use all diligence in our power, which must signify the using all the means to compass any end which falls in our way. Now we shall certainly make more speed on horseback than on foot; and, therefore, we may lawfully, I think, make use of this horse, which is thus providentially ready bridled and saddled for our use.

To this Tugwell made two objections; first, that perhaps the water was too high for them to ride through, and secondly, that he could not ride, having never been on horseback since he was ten years old.

Wildgoose replied, that as Jerry was afraid, he himself would first ride through, and, if it were safe, would return and take Jerry behind him, and convey him to the next inn; and, by putting him into a warm bed, he did not doubt but he would soon be as well as ever.

But, continues Wildgoose, to make sure of the lawfulness of what we are about, we will have recourse to our Bible, as Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitfield have often done. Upon opening it, therefore, they dipped upon that passage where the disciples were ordered to bring the ass's colt, for their master's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. This Wildgoose considered as a case in point, and decisive in their favour. He went, therefore, to catch the horse, when he spied also an old blue great coat thrown into the ditch, which it puzzled him yet more to account for. But, as he intended to leave the horse

at the first inn they came to, he thought it best to take the coat also, and wrap up his companion, who was still shivering with cold.

Upon searching the pocket of the great coat, they found in it an old crape hat-band, a pocket-knife, and an iron tobacco-box.

Wildgoose now leaped upon Rosinante; and, riding boldly into the brook, found it barely fordable (as the flood was abating) which it probably had not been in the morning, when it was at the highest. He, therefore, returned, and with some difficulty dragged Jerry up behind him, wrapped in the great coat; and thus crossing the brook, they marched slowly up the hill, through a deep and rough hollow way. They descended the hill again; and, after riding about a mile further, came to a little village, where meeting with a public-house, they stopped, hung the horse at the door, with the great coat upon the pad, and put Jerry into a warm bed, who desired a little treacle posset, which threw him into a perspiration, by which he soon recovered his usual vivacity.

CHAPTER XX.

Taken up upon suspicion.

Whilst Wildgoose was waiting in a sort of little parlour for his fellow-traveller's recovery, my landlord had prevailed upon him, as his beard was near a week's growth, to submit to the operation of a barber, who had just shaved my landlord. The operator had just finished one side of Wildgoose's face, when five or six men rushed into the house, armed with clubs, pitchforks, and an old

gun; which was part of the hue-and-cry raised by a farmer, who had been robbed that morning, in his way to the fair above-mentioned, by a man upon the very horse which Wildgoose and his friend had made use of.

They inquired where the person was to whom the horse at the door and the blue great coat belonged. My landlord pointed to Wildgoose, as he was shaving in the next room, with his back towards them. The fellows surveying him pretty narrowly, one of them cried out, Aye, that is he, I can answer to him: he was a tall thinnish man, just his size. They then began disputing who should go first into the room, and seize the villain. The farmer that had been robbed said, it was the constable's duty to apprehend the criminal. The constable said, he would take him before the magistrate, but would not venture his life upon other people's business. A butcher, who was amongst them, made signs to the barber, to cut his throat without any more ceremony. But the honest barber, either not understanding their hints, or having more sense than to comply with them, the farmer's son, who had been robbed, a young man of about seventeen, snatched the gun out of the hands of one of them, and immediately seized Wildgoose, in the king's name, for *villoneously* robbing an honest farmer that morning upon the king's highway. And, without suffering Wildgoose to make any defence, or the barber to finish the other side of his face, they were hurrying him immediately before a justice of the peace, when my landlord informed them, that there was another of them, who came with the horse, and who wore the blue great coat which was left upon the pack-saddle.

At that instant, Tugwell finding himself pretty well recovered, and his returning appetite putting

him in mind that he had acted the sick man long enough, he was just come down into the kitchen: and the landlord tipping the wink, the constable seized him also by the collar, in the king's name. What the pox is the matter now? says Tugwell; what do you collar me for, and be hanged?—Only for stealing a horse, and robbing upon the highway, says the constable. The man who had been robbed seeing Jerry seized, and hearing his voice, cried out again; Aye, that is the very rogue that robbed me; I can swear to his voice. And he now said it was a short thick-set fellow; though he had before given just the contrary description of him.

The gentlemen of the hue-and-cry were going to tie the culprits' hands behind them, and their legs under the horse's belly, in order to carry them before the justice; but mine host observing, that there were enough to guard them without that precaution, they set them both upon the horse as they had been before; and thus they marched with them near four miles, to one Mr. Aldworth's, on the borders of Herefordshire; Tugwell, according to custom, bewailing his misfortune, and Wildgoose administering his usual topics of consolation.

CHAPTER XXI.

A justice, and a justice of the peace.

Mr. Aldworth was an opulent country gentleman, and a very worthy magistrate. His way of living gave one the truest idea of that hospitality for which the English nation was formerly distinguished. I mean not in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when

even the ladies breakfasted upon toast and metheglin, or cold beef (which days I consider, in that respect, as somewhat barbarous and semi-gothic;) but of that hospitality which subsisted amongst our gentry till the Revolution, and continued in some measure to the days of Queen Anne and George the First; when, instead of being tantalized with a dozen of French dishes (which no Frenchman, however, would ever taste,) and stared at by as many French servants, dressed better than yourself, or their own master; instead of being dragged out the moment you have dined, to take a walk in the shrubbery, and wonder at his lordship's *bad* taste, and then frightened away with the appearance of cards and wax candles; instead of this refined luxury, I say, you were sure to find at Mr. Aldworth's, a ham and fowls, a piece of roast beef, or a pigeon-pie, and a bottle of port wine, every day in the week; and, if you chose to spend the night at his house, a warm bed, and a hearty welcome.

This hospitable temper and friendly reception, generally filled Mr. Aldworth's table; and none of his old acquaintance, who came within ten miles of him, ever thought of lying at an inn, when he was in the country; which, indeed, unless any extraordinary business called him to London, was usually the whole year.

The reader will pardon this tribute to such primitive merit, which, indeed, serves also to render more probable an incident in the sequel.

Mr. Aldworth was at dinner, with some company, when the culprits and their cavalcade arrived at the door; they were, therefore, ordered into a little summer-house, at the corner of the garden: where the 'squire used both to take a sober glass with a particular friend, or to distribute justice

amongst his neighbours with equal wisdom and impartiality;

" And sometimes counsel take, and sometimes wine."

Amongst other company now at Mr. Aldworth's, there was one Mr. Newland, a young man of fortune, who, instead of going to the University, to Paris, or even to the Temple, to study the laws of England, had been educated under an eminent attorney in the country, and consequently was a rigid observer of the letter of the law; and, having but lately been put into the commission, he was impatient to act the magistrate, and flourish his name at the side of a mittimus.

Mr. Newland, therefore, having paid a proper compliment to the second course, by swallowing a leg and wing of a duckling, and a plate of green peas; and, having drank hob-or-nob with a young lady, in whose eyes he wished to appear a man of consequence, he hurried out into the summer-house, where he made the clerk immediately swear the evidence, and take the depositions; over which, as soon as young Newland had cast his eye, and had surveyed Wildgoose's face, half shaved (which he took for a disguise;) Well, you rascal, says he, to Wildgoose, what have you to say for yourself, guilty or not guilty?—Ah! says Wildgoose, shaking his head, I am but too *guilty*, God forgive me! and am laden with iniquities.—There, says the young magistrate to the clerk, you hear he confesses it. He then bid the clerk fill up the mittimus, and he would sign it, without giving Mr. Aldworth the trouble of leaving the company.

CHAPTER XXII.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

WHILE this was transacting, however the good old gentleman, being aware of his young colleague's precipitate temper, came out, with the napkin tucked in his button-hole, and began to inquire a little into the circumstances of the affair. It appeared from the deposition, that the farmer had been robbed of seven guineas that morning about five o'clock, by a man upon that very horse, and in that blue great coat, with a black crape over his face, and armed with that very long pocket-knife; all which were found in Tugwell's and his master's possession.

Mr. Aldworth, however, notwithstanding these particulars, and the suspicious circumstance of Wildgoose's double face (which, indeed, the landlord soon cleared up,) saw an appearance of honesty in Wildgoose, and even in his friend Tugwell, which inclined him to think more favourably of them than Mr. Newland had done. He, therefore, asked Wildgoose, what account they could give of themselves, whence they came, and whither they were going?—Wildgoose replied, that they had come from Gloucester, and had been at Bristol upon a business of consequence; but, for some particular reasons, had been obliged to return through Wales and Monmouthshire.

This account appearing somewhat incoherent, Mr. Aldworth asked, how they came by that horse and the great coat; which Wildgoose explained to him; and added, that probably the person who committed the robbery, finding the brook not fordable in the morning, on account of the flood, had made his

escape into the woods on foot. But, however that might be, though he owned himself guilty of many other crimes in the sight of God, yet he was never guilty of robbery; and that he himself and his fellow traveller were at breakfast at a miller's, near Monmouth, at seven o'clock that morning; and that he could bring a hundred people to witness, that he had preached at a religious society at Monmouth the preceding night.

O, ho! says Justice Newland, are you at that sport? Your preaching at Monmouth last night does not prove that you did not rob upon the highway this morning. Many of these itinerant preachers have done the same.

Well, well, says Mr. Aldworth, let us suspend our judgment till we have inquired more into this affair. Where is your proper place of residence? says he to Wildgoose; and what trade or profession are you of?—Upon Wildgoose's answering that he lived in the north part of Gloucestershire,—Mr. Aldworth said, they should then probably get some light into his character, and give him an opportunity of clearing himself, by a gentleman who was then in the house. Here! says he to a servant, desire Mr. Powel to step hither a moment.

Wildgoose, finding himself oddly affected at the name of Powel, though he did not immediately know why, changed colour; which Justice Newland observing, winked upon Mr. Aldworth, with a sagacious nod. But, says he, this old rascal is the principal; and I suspect he is returned from transportation; for I remember his face at Monmouth assizes seven years ago, when I was first clerk to Mr. Traverse.

Tugwell was going to clear himself of that aspersion, when Mr. Powel appeared, who was no other

than the parson of the parish where Mr. Wildgoose lived, and whom we mentioned as the accidental cause of Wildgoose's disgust with the world. Mr. Powel was returning from a visit to his friends in Wales, and had made Mr. Aldworth's house a convenient stage by the way.

The mutual astonishment of Mr. Powel and the two pilgrims, at meeting each other in this place, and on such an occasion, was proportionable to the improbability of such a rencounter.

Mr. Powel expressed his concern at seeing his old neighbours in such a situation; but could hardly forbear laughing, to see one side of Wildgoose's face close shaven, and the other with a beard half an inch long.

Mr. Wildgoose was in some confusion at this unexpected meeting with Mr. Powel, as he did not like to be obliged by a man, against whom he had conceived so violent a prejudice; and also was afraid of being disappointed in what he really wished for, the being persecuted for the Gospel's sake, as he esteemed it, and (like honest John Bunyan) the singing of psalms in a gaol.

Upon Mr. Powel's telling him, however, that his mother had been greatly affected with his absence, and had had a dangerous fit of sickness, he found some symptoms of humanity revive in his breast; an involuntary tear rose into the orbit of his eye; and he even expressed some hope that she was quite recovered.

But, as for Tugwell, his joy was excessive, and quite sincere, at meeting the vicar of his parish, for whom he had always a thorough reverence and esteem.—God in Heaven bless you, Master Powel! cries Jerry; how does our Dorothy do, and my poor dog Snap, and Madam Powel? Ah! master, we have been all the world over, by sea and by land,

over mountains, deserts, and quicksands, since we went from home; and after preaching the Gospel all over England and Wales, for pure love, here they have taken us up for horse-stealing, only for riding a horse, that we found grazing by a wood-side, about a mile or two, when I was ready to perish with the ague.

Why, my friend Jerry, says Mr. Powel, I think you might as well have been in your own stall, repairing old shoes, as rambling about the country to reform the world; but I will answer for it, Jerry, neither you, nor Mr. Wildgoose, had any hand in stealing this horse.—I find, then, says Mr. Aldworth, Mr. Powel does really know these men. Appearances are by no means in their favour; but what can you say for them, Mr. Powel?—Why, replies Mr. Powel, I will be answerable for their honesty; and that neither of them is concerned in the fact of which they are accused.

I do not dispute Mr. Powel's knowledge of the criminals, says young Newland; but the circumstances are so strong against them, that I think we have nothing to do but to make their mittimus.

Sir, replies Mr. Aldworth, many an innocent man has been condemned and executed upon circumstantial evidence; we cannot, therefore, be too cautious in this affair.

I am not going to condemn, or to try them, rejoins Newland, with some quickness; that is the judge's business. I shall only commit them to a gaol till the assizes, when I hope their innocence will appear to the gentlemen of the jury. Mr. Powel observed, however, that it would be a great hardship for innocent men to lie in gaol for three months upon so slight a suspicion. To which Newland answered, that the law did not consult the ease of in-

dividuals, but the good of the whole. Mr. Aldworth was going to reply, when a great bustle at the summer-house door interrupted him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The real highwayman produced. Tugwell escapes a gaol, and gets a dinner.

THE noise at the summer-house door was occasioned by another party of the hue-and-cry, who had gone a different way, that morning, in pursuit of the robber, and had actually taken the real culprit, who, having left his horse by the river's side, where Wildgoose and his friend found him, had escaped through the wood into a different road, where these people had seized him, from his guilty appearance; and had actually found upon him not only the exact sum of money, with two Portugal pieces, to which the farmer immediately swore, but also an old pocket book, containing a regular account between the farmer and his landlord; which, with other circumstances, appeared so evident, that the justices had nothing more to do, but to commit him without further examination.

Mr. Aldworth, having now turned over the rest of this ragamuffin assembly to the care of his butler (who never suffered any one that came about business, to leave the house without some refreshment,) desired Mr. Powel to conduct his two countrymen into a little breakfast-room, as he thought it in vain to ask Wildgoose, in his present trim, to go into the parlour where his company had dined. But Mr. Aldworth himself, after making an apology to his

other friends, returned, attended by a servant with a napkin and tray, and some remains of a plentiful treat, which was no unsavoury prospect to people in Wildgoose's and Tugwell's situation.

When the two pilgrims had now refreshed themselves, and Mr. Powel had recounted most of the occurrences in the neighbourhood during their absence, he began to persuade them, with all the rhetoric in his power, to return to their respective homes. Tugwell listened with great complacency to this exhortation; but Wildgoose, with a religious obstinacy, persisted in his first resolution; said he was not at his own disposal, but should fulfil the engagements he was under to his friends; though he did not think fit to explain to Mr. Powel the particulars.

Mr. Aldworth, when he found that Wildgoose's elopement was contrary to his mother's approbation, shook his head with a melancholy air, and said he heartily sympathized with every parent in that situation; and that he could not but join with Mr. Powel in advising Mr. Wildgoose to return to his mother. As I have suffered myself by the imprudence of an only son, I would endeavour to rescue any parent from the like distress; and I flatter myself, that on my late journey to town, I was instrumental in restoring a young lady to her friends, who from some unaccountable whim had eloped, entirely alone, in the stage-coach to London, and by my earnest persuasions prevailed on her to return the very next day, in the same stage, to her father: and I cannot but entreat you, sir, though a stranger, to restore your distressed mother to her tranquillity, by accompanying Mr. Powel to your native place.

As the imprudence which Mr. Aldworth lamented in his son was the pursuing his own inclinations,

and marrying a young woman with less fortune than Mr. Aldworth had destined him for; so the reader will probably guess, that the young lady whom he had rescued from destruction, was no other than Miss Townsend; in whose story Mr. Wildgoose was so much interested.

Wildgoose's colour came immediately into his cheeks, and he could hardly forbear discovering the acquaintance he had with that young lady, and also informing Mr. Aldworth of the accident that had frustrated his benevolent intentions; which, if Miss Townsend had been indifferent to him, he would most certainly have done; but, as the delicacy of his passion made him reserved in speaking of her, so his surprise passed off without being remarked by the company.

As the afternoon was now far advanced, Mr. Aldworth invited Wildgoose (with his fellow-traveller) to take a bed there; and told Wildgoose, that his butler should finish what the barber had been prevented from doing by the insolence of the hue-and-cry. Wildgoose thanked the old 'squire for his civility; but, not feeling himself quite happy in Mr. Powel's company, and finding a stronger attachment towards Gloucester the nearer he approached to it, he chose to proceed on his journey.

Wildgoose, however, sent his dutiful respects to his mother; and Tugwell took an opportunity of whispering to Mr. Powel, that he did not half like this vagabond way of life; and wished the Spirit would give Mr. Wildgoose leave to return home again. But, master, say he, tell our Dorothy we shall be no losers by it: and here, master, please to give her this crooked sixpence, for a token. Mr. Powel smiled at Jerry's instance of generosity; but advised him to carry it himself.

The young magistrate, Mr. Newland, on his re-

turn to the company, had acquainted them with all the particulars of Wildgoose's story, which raised the curiosity of the ladies; and, when they were informed of their marching off, they all ran to the window which looked towards the lawn, where the two pilgrims passed in review before them.

Tugwell's spirits being quite elevated by his good cheer, he took the lead, in his short jerkin, his jelly-bag cap, which he had kept on since the morning, and his wallet on his shoulder; which, by a kind of instinct, he secured amidst all adventures; and which, like

> His oaken staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
> Hung half before, and half behind his back.

Mr. Wildgoose, however, exhibiting only that side of his face which had undergone the barber's operation, made no despicable appearance; but raised a concern in the ladies, that so handsome a young man should have taken so odd a turn, and travel about the country like a Scotch pedlar.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Man of Ross.

When the two friends were got clear of Mr. Aldworth's premises, and were now alone in the road to Gloucester; whilst Mr. Wildgoose was wrapped in meditation, Tugwell interrupted him, by commenting upon the adventures of the day, and observed what a narrow escape they had had from being sent to gaol. He said he would take care how he got on horse-back again, especially upon other folk's horses. What a fine story our parson will

have to carry home! that I and your worship were taken up for horse-stealing!—Ah! Jerry, replies Wildgoose; how often must I remind thee of the blessing promised to those who are unjustly persecuted? Happy are ye, when men shall say all manner of evil of you, falsely, for my name's sake. —Yes, yes, that is true, says Jerry; but a man does not like to be counted a thief for all that, when a body does not deserve it. One's good name is one's livelihood; and I never was counted a night-walker, or a sheep-stealer, before I kept company with your worship (as I may say); and I had rather have been ducked in a horse-pond, or pelted with cow-turd, than have had the disgrace of such a scandalous thing.

But come, hang it! we did get a good dinner at the 'squire's *howsomever*, and I believe he is a very honest gentleman.

Thus Tugwell went on, grumbling and consoling himself alternately without much conversation from his master, till they came, towards the evening, to a tolerable public-house, where they thought it best to repose themselves, after the fatigues and distresses of the past day.

The first thing Wildgoose did was, by Tugwell's admonition, to finish what the barber had begun; after which, according to his usual custom, he went to impart some spiritual exhortation to the family that received him. There was in the kitchen an old gentleman-farmer, with locks as white as wool, and a face as red as a red-streak: he was smoking his pipe, and drinking cider with my landlord. Wildgoose, perceiving by his discourse that he came from the neighbourhood of Ross, in Herefordshire, took that opportunity of making some inquiries after the famous Man of Ross, so justly celebrated by Mr. Pope, for his public spirit and unbounded

generosity. What! old Kyrle! says the farmer; yes, I knew him well: he was an honest old cock, and loved his pipe and a tankard of cider as well as the best of us.—Well, says Mr. Wildgoose, if he used them with moderation, there was no great harm in either of them; and though a man may endow hospitals without charity, and build churches without religion; and though I am afraid the Man of Ross relied too much upon his good works; yet he was certainly a very useful man, and a great benefactor to your country.

Yes, says the old farmer; he certainly made good roads, and raised causeways, and brought conduits of water to the town; but it was not *all* at his own expense; he made the country pay for it, by pretty handsome levies, and a tax upon the public.

Wildgoose was not a little shocked at the malignity of the vulgar part of mankind, in detracting from the merit of the most heroic characters, and bringing every one down, as near as possible, to their own level; which seemed to be the principle on which this jolly old fellow proceeded in his character of the benevolent and worthy Man of Ross.

CHAPTER XXV.

Forest of Dean. Equality of mankind.

As Wildgoose was impatient to proceed on his journey to Gloucester, he had gone early to bed, and awoke early in the morning: but Tugwell having been thoroughly harassed and fatigued the preced-

ing day, it was not in his master's power to rouse him from his bed till near eight o'clock: when, as soon as Jerry had taken a short breakfast (which he made a conscience of not omitting), they set forwards on their journey.

Their road lay through the romantic Forest of Dean; and the very name of a forest filled Tugwell's imagination with ideas of wild beasts, robbers, and out-laws; and though Jerry had no great matter to lose, all the stories which he had ever heard in the chimney-corner, or read in his penny-farthing histories, now occurred to his memory. But, upon Wildgoose's assuring him, there was no danger to be apprehended now-a-days, either from wild beasts, giants, or out-laws, they jogged on pretty peaceably all the fore-part of the day; and about dinner-time, coming to a fine tuft of oaks, upon a bank by the side of a chrystal brook, the coolness of the scene invited them to rest a little in the heat of the day, and to regale themselves with the contents of Jerry's wallet, which Mr. Aldworth's butler had liberally furnished with provisions the preceding day.

While they were thus employed, Jerry began to make comparisons between the different situation of some poor fellows whom they had just passed by, (who in the dog-days, were sweating at the forge belonging to a great iron-work in the forest), and the company which they had seen the day before at Mr. Aldworth's. Jerry observed, how hard it was that some people should be forced to toil like slaves, whilst others lived in ease and plenty, and the fat of the land!—Ah! Jerry, says Wildgoose; true happiness does not consist in meat and drink, but in peace and joy in the Holy Ghost; and I am convinced, there is not that difference in the real enjoyment of men, which you imagine. You only see the outside of the wealthier part of mankind; and

know nothing of the care and anxiety they suffer, which is frequently more insupportable than any bodily labour which poor people undergo.

Odsbobs! says Tugwell, if I had but as good a dinner every day as I had yesterday at the justice's, I would not value of a straw all the care and *hang-ciety* in the world.

Well, replies Wildgoose; but these distinctions amongst mankind are absolutely necessary; and whilst men have the liberty of doing as they please, it cannot be otherwise.

I suppose, continues Wildgoose, you would have every body provided for alike; so that no one should be either very rich or very poor.—Why, says Jerry, methinks it is very hard that one man should have five or six hundred pounds a-year, when another, mayhap, has not fifty.

Well, then, replies Wildgoose, we will suppose that you and I, Jerry, and all the people of our parish, and in the next parish, and in the next market-town, and so on, had each a hundred pounds a-year, and no more.—Aye, that I should like now well enough.—Well, then, but where should I get my shoes made? says Mr. Wildgoose.—Troth, master, you must even make them yourself; for I should work for nobody but for myself and our Dorothy.—Well, says Wildgoose, and where would you buy your leather?—Why of Mr. Jones, the currier, at Evesham.—Where would you get awls, hammers, and cutting-knives?—Why from Birmingham.—Very well; and where would you get your clothes made?—O, Isaac, our tailor, should work for me; he is a very honest fellow.

Ah, Jerry, says Mr. Wildgoose, thou dost not consider, that all these people would be fully employed in working for themselves; so that, for all thy hundred a-year, thou must not only make thy own

clothes, but raise thy own corn, build thy own house, make thy own chairs and tables, thy own linen, stockings, shoes, and buckles; and, in short, either every man must work ten times harder than the poorest man now does, or if he were idle or extravagant, those that were more frugal and industrious would again grow rich, and the others poor; which shows the unavoidable necessity of that inequality amongst mankind, with which your complaint began.

Odzookers, master! why, I do not know but it may be true enough, as you say; and, perhaps, I may be as happy as 'Squire Pelican himself, though we brew nothing but small-beer: for though the 'squire can afford to get drunk every day in the week, yet he is laid up with the gout half the year; and, thank God! I have seldom any thing the matter with me, except the cramp now and then; and that I can cure by a cramp ring, made of hinge of old coffins.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Perils amongst false brethren.

The two pilgrims having reposed themselves for a considerable time in the heat of the day, it grew almost dark before they approached the city of Gloucester. Tugwell again began to renew the subject of thieves and robbers; but as his master had before rallied him for his cowardly apprehensions, Jerry affected to talk of highwaymen in a jocular strain. He said the cleverest book he ever met with was, The Exploits of Captain James Hind,

who lived in Oliver's days; and though, to Jerry's surprise, his master had never heard of him, he was born, he said, at Chipping Norton. Did you never hear how he served the parson? continues Jerry.—Not I, indeed, says Wildgoose.—It is a comical fancy enough, says Tugwell. Captain Hind had just robbed a gentleman of two hundred pounds; but more company being just behind, he thought they would pursue him; and so, meeting a poor parson, who was a little pot-valiant, the captain pretended he himself was pursued by some highwaymen, and desired the parson to take one of his pistols, and fire it in the face of the first man he met, whilst Hind rode down to the next village to get more help: and so, in short, the parson did, and was taken by the gentleman, and had like to be hanged for it.

Another time the captain was enchanted for three years by an old hag. But the cleverest trick is what he served the old miser.—Well, well, says Wildgoose, I shall listen no longer to thy stories: I do not wonder that such foolish tales delighted thee in thy unregenerate state; but I am afraid, this sort of nonsensical books have brought many a poor wretch to the gallows, as they always interest one in favour of their heroes, and represent vice in too agreeable a light.

The road now lay through a dark lane, shaded with elms; and Wildgoose, being equally happy in the thoughts of seeing Miss Townsend, and in beholding the flourishing state of his little church, which he had planted under the care of the barber and Mrs. Sarsenet, they moved along with profound silence, when out leaps a man from the edge, and, with a thundering oath, snapped a pistol full in the face of Tugwell, who happened to be foremost; which, however, only flashed in the pan. Tugwell,

though not deficient in courage, as we have observed, yet was extremely terrified at the sight of fire-arms, to which he had not been accustomed. He, therefore, bawled out, Murder! murder! and running back, knocked Wildgoose down, and himself tumbled, a-se-over-head, souse upon him. The footpad, holding the pistol to Tugwell's head, bad him and his master deliver their money, or they were dead men.—Wildgoose, who had more presence of mind, begged him to take away the pistol, and he would give him money enough to relieve his present *necessity;* as nothing, he observed, but the *utmost necessity*, could possibly drive a man to such desperate acts of violence.

As Wildgoose was proceeding in his unseasonable exhortation, the robber, who knew his voice, cries out, God forgive me! Master Wildgoose! Is it possible that I should be so unfortunate as to make my very first attack upon you! Do not you know me? proceeds he.—Who are you, then? says Wildgoose. —Ah, sir! I am Tom Keen the barber, where your worship lodged at Gloucester.—The two pilgrims now recovered from their fright, but not from their surprise; and enquiring what could possibly tempt him to hazard both his life and his soul, by robbing upon the highway?—Oh! sir, says the barber, nothing but the most urgent necessity, as you rightly observe. You, yourself, however, (without intending it) have been the principal cause of bringing me to this distress. My neighbour Fillpot, at the public-house, out of spite, paid off a year and a half's rent, which I owed my landlord, seized upon my goods, turned me out of my house; and now my wife, who has just lain-in, is destitute of the necessaries for a woman in her condition; and my children are, at this instant, crying for bread.

Well, says Tugwell, I pity any one that wants a

meal of victuals. But, 'sblood! that is no reason why you should take away my life, and fire a pistol in my face.—Ah! cries the barber, you were in no danger of your life from my pistol; for you may see, if it were light enough, that it is nothing but a pistol tinder-box, which I took out of Mr. Pasty's, the fat prebend's, bed-room, who has made no use of it these ten years.

Wildgoose then said, he was sorry to find that any degree of necessity could suggest to him this method of relieving his distress; but, as his first attempt had been providentially made upon himself, Wildgoose observed, it would be attended with no ill consequences; and, as he had been the cause of his calamity, he hoped it would be in his power, some time or other, to make him some amends for his temporal sufferings; but he hoped no distress would ever prevail upon the barber to be guilty of such another desperate attempt to relieve it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Gloucester.

As this worthy triumvirate were now travelling amicably towards Gloucester, Wildgoose inquired how Mrs. Sarsenet went on? The barber replied, he did not know that her business declined at all; and Mrs. Sarsenet was a very good woman. But, says he, charity begins at home. She has got an old infirm mother, and a lame sister to support; and yet she has of late so many spiritual bargemen and pious colliers, that come up from Bristol, whom she entertains at breakfast, with tea and coffee, and

buttered rolls, that I am afraid it is more than she can well afford.

And then the young woman that lodged with her is gone away; and I suppose she paid handsomely for her board (for I find her father is a rich 'squire), and she was a clever notable young body, and of great use to her in her business.

This piece of news was a great disappointment to Mr. Wildgoose; which, with the shock he received from hearing the ill consequences of his preaching (to the temporal interests of his disciples), threw him into a fit of musing, and put a stop to their conversation till they arrived at Gloucester.

It was near ten o'clock when Wildgoose and his fellow-travellers reached the town. Having, however, supplied the poor barber with half a guinea for his immediate necessities, which was full as much as he could prudently spare out of his present stock, he and Tugwell went to Mrs. Sarsenet's, whom they found at supper, with her mother and sister, upon a bunch of radishes and some dry bread.

Mrs. Sarsenet was greatly rejoiced to see Mr. Wildgoose, to whom she was a most sincere convert. She offered to get the travellers something for supper: and also told Wildgoose, that as he was deprived of his old lodging, he should be welcome to the bed in which Miss Townsend had lain. Wildgoose, though he probably thought, what David said of Goliah's sword, that there was none like it; yet Mrs. Whitfield, after she became acquainted with his merit when last at Gloucester, having pressed him to leave his lodgings at the barber's, and come to the Bell, he now thought it would be very convenient, at least for that night, to accept of her kindness, and improve the favourable opinion which she seemed now to entertain of him.

Having made all proper inquiries, therefore, after Miss Townsend, and being informed of all the particulars—that Mr. Townsend had sent a carriage, and conveyed her to a relation's in Warwickshire; and having read three or four times over a direction written with her own hand, to Miss Julia Townsend, at Dr. Greville's at ———, near Warwick, he sighed, and took his leave of Mrs. Sarsenet for that evening, and went to Mrs. Whitfield's, at the Bell, to the no small joy of Tugwell, who infinitely preferred the smoke and savoury smell of a greasy kitchen, to the meagre neatness of Mrs. Sarsenet's parlour, notwithstanding it was adorned with a glass door, to peep into the shop, and the Ten Commandments, worked at the boarding-school, in a gilt frame; with King William and Queen Mary, and several other mezzotintos, painted on glass, which had been in the family ever since the Revolution.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The pilgrims kindly treated by Mrs. Whitfield.

Mrs. Whitfield received Mr. Wildgoose with great cordiality, notwithstanding he brought no letters of recommendation from her brother-in-law, as the reader may suppose, on account of his precipitate departure from Bristol. Mrs. Whitfield's husband, being fatigued with *too close attention* to the *proper business* of his calling, was retired to rest; so that she was at supper alone, upon a brace of partridges, with a large China *bason* of warm punch, which was no disagreeable contrast to the mortified repast of poor Mrs. Sarsenet: and, as the relation she stood

in to Mr. Whitfield sanctified whatever she did, in the eyes of Mr. Wildgoose, he made no scruple in partaking with her of the good things which were set before him. Mrs. Whitfield laid Wildgoose in one of her bettermost rooms, the only good bed he had met with since he came from home; and Tugwell also shared the same kindness, which made ample amends for the contumelious reception they had met with on their first arrival at Gloucester.

Though the little church which Wildgoose had planted, was partly dissolved by the poor barber's calamity; yet, the next morning he collected as many of the brethren together as could be suddenly assembled, and gave the word of exhortation to them in a field belonging to Mr. Whitfield at the Bell.

Before he departed, he recommended to them the barber's distressed condition; and, by consulting also with Mrs. Sarsenet and Mrs. Whitfield, they put him in a method of recovering part of his old customers; and Mrs. Whitfield promised to get him the occasional custom at the Bell, as the barber who used to attend was going to settle at Bath.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Set out for the North.

THE two pilgrims being now within a day's journey, or a little more, of their native place, Tugwell was impatient to return home, partly to see his good wife Dorothy, and partly to recount his adventures, amongst his neighbours, and exhibit the fancied im-

provements he had made in his travels. Wildgoose, indeed, was principally bent on pursuing the great object which had taken possession of his imagination; yet the impression which Miss Townsend had made on his heart, a little distracted his thoughts, and made him deliberate whether he should go the nearest way into Stafford and Shropshire (which was through Worcester), or go round by Warwick, where he had some prospect of seeing Miss Townsend. As in the latter case, however, he could not well avoid passing through his own village, where he might meet with some obstruction to his project from Mrs. Wildgoose, he determined upon the former. Accordingly, after taking leave of his friends at Gloucester, and writing a tender epistle to Miss Townsend, and exhorting Mrs. Sarsenet to join a little of the prudence of the serpent with the innocence of the dove, Mr. Wildgoose and his friend Tugwell set out for Worcester.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

BOOK THE NINTH.

CHAPTER I.

Good effects of Mr. Wildgoose's labours.

Both Wildgoose and his friend Jeremiah, having each of them been somewhat disappointed (the former in his expectation of meeting Miss Townsend at Gloucester, and the latter in his hopes of returning home to his Dame Dorothy), travelled on for some time with a kind of sullen taciturnity. Tugwell, at length, ventured first to break silence, by observing, that they might now have got home in one day's time, if so be *as how* his worship had been so disposed. Wildgoose replied, with some degree of peevishness, Why, Jerry, to be sure, you are not my hired servant; and I cannot oblige you to attend me against your will; but how can you think so meanly of me, as to imagine I will desert my post, and not execute the commission which Mr. Whitfield has given me: especially as Heaven has inclined the hearts of such numbers to listen to my instrucsions, and I have so fair a prospect of *converting* so many poor souls from the error of their ways?

Convart them! says Tugwell. Odhang it! master, why, to be sure, your worship does preach main

well, that is certain; but, as for *convarting*, methinks some of them are only *convarted* from bad to worse. There is the barber now; he was poor enough, I believe, when we first went to his house; but he is now *convarted* from a poor honest shaver, to a wicked robber, and from *scarifying* men's faces, to *terrifying* folks upon the highway. Wildgoose was not pleased with being reminded of this unlucky instance; but said, the barber's was a particular case; that he was persecuted by his neighbours, and driven by necessity to one wicked attempt; and that he made no doubt the barber was still in a state of grace, though appearances were against him.

Then there is Madam Sarsenet, says Tugwell; to my thinking, she was a very good sort of woman before she was *convarted*, and maintained her mother and her sister; and I saw them at dinner upon some good roast mutton and baked pudding; and now, since she has been *convarted*, it seems to be but poor with them, or else, methinks, they would have had a bit of soft cheese or butter, with their bunch of radishes last night.

Wildgoose not thinking it worth while to make any answer to his friend's observation, silence again ensued for some time; and, in short, nothing material befel the two travellers before they reached Tewksbury, about twelve o'clock; where they halted for an hour or two, to refresh themselves in the heat of the day.

CHAPTER II.

The hotel at Tewksbury.

MR. WILDGOOSE, inquiring of my landlord where they stopped, what he could have to eat, was answered, Whatever you please, sir; but, continues mine host, you may dine with us, if you choose it. We have a fine leg of veal, an excellent gammon of bacon, and a couple of charming fowls roasted; and only two very civil gentlemen and a lady, that quarter in the house, dine with us. Though Wildgoose was not very hungry, yet the bill of fare, and my landlord's account of the company inclined him to accept of his invitation.

When dinner came in, there appeared, beside my landlord and his wife, an old lady about fifty, one gentleman about the same age, and the other seemed to be about twenty-five.

The leg of veal, which my landlord had mentioned, was only the knuckle, cut pretty close; and the bacon, the most bony part of the fore-gammon; the veal was *red;* and the bacon *white*, the lean part I mean; for the fat, being thoroughly tinged with smoke, was of a different complexion.

As Wildgoose was not very fond of boiled veal, he would not rob the company of this part of their short commons, but reserved himself for the second course.

When the fowls appeared, they were full-grown, nicely roasted, and frothed up, and looked tempting enough; but, when they were to be carved, my landlord laid hold on one leg and his wife of the other, and with some difficulty dismembered them. As the rest of the company were less complaisant

than Wildgoose, the wings were soon disposed of; so that he and my landlord took each of them a drum-stick, which Wildgoose said, he always chose; —and my landlord said, it was the best part of the fowl.

But now came the difficult part of the achievement. The muscles of the leg were so hard, that no human jaw could possibly make any impression upon them. The gentlemen, indeed, observed, that even the wings were a little tough.—Yes, says my landlord, the flesh is *firm;* they were well fed; Jemmy Cockspur is one of the best feeders in the country.

And now the secret was out. They had had a cock-fighting the day before; and these fine plump fowls had died in the field of battle, after having triumphed victoriously for five or six years successively. In short, poor Wildgoose, after sucking the drum-stick, and licking up his parsley and butter, concluded his dinner with a good slice of Gloucestershire cheese and a crust of bread.

Tugwell, however, who regarded more the quantity than the quality of his food, fared better in the kitchen, where was a good pan-full of cow-heel fried with onions; on which Jerry made a very comfortable meal.

CHAPTER III.

The life of a stroller. Criticisms on Shakespeare.

As Wildgoose had leisure enough, during his repast, to make observations upon the company, he was studying their several characters, in order to

suit his spiritual advice accordingly. He was at first a little puzzled to guess at their several professions. There was a sort of shabby smartness in their dress, that suited neither with the rank of a gentleman, nor that of a tradesman. The young man had on a faded green cloth, which discovered the marks of a gold lace, that had probably been ripped off, to answer some particular exigency. Wildgoose observed that his companion called him —your highness. The elderly man had a black crape about his neck, a ramillie wig, and a pair of half-jack boots, with the tops of some old thread stockings pinned on: which riding-dress seemed to be no otherwise necessary, than to supply the want of shoes and stockings. The old lady had a long black cardinal, and something like a cambric handkerchief pinned round her head.

The old man happened to assert some trifling matter upon his *honour:* to which the young man replied, in heroics,

> Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings:
> It is not to be sported with.——
> Syphax! thou art a false old traitor.

This speech convinced Wildgoose (of what he had before suspected), that they were part of a company of strollers. The company were on their route from the West of England to Birmingham; and were to perform Cato that night in a barn, to defray their expenses upon the road.

The old man was to play Syphax; and was the very character he intended to act. He had a most villanous physiognomy, and seemed, by his conversation, to have been a street-robber. The old lady was to appear in the character of Marcia, though she had lost one eye; and instead of an even twofold *hedge* of teeth, as Homer expresses it, her bro-

ken snags were more like park-pales, or what school-boys in Latin verse call a dactyl, that is, a foot of three syllables, the first long, and the two last short; yet the old lady resembled Marcia in one respect;

The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex;

for she was near six feet high, and (I will answer for it) had lived a most *virtuous* life for many years.

Juba had a swelled face, yet was really a genteel young fellow, and had had a good education; but, as he confessed to Wildgoose, had been ruined by his vanity, and a humour for spouting tragedy, which he had learned at school; for he had spent near two thousand pounds, which his father left him; and, though bred to a genteel profession, could never settle to business.

Then I was quite an idolater of Shakespeare, quoth the player; and having seen Mr. Garrick play Hamlet and Othello two or three times (he acts with so much *ease* as well as propriety, that) I imagined it no difficult matter to succeed in the same parts; which determined me to go upon the stage.

Why, says Wildgoose, I have seen a few plays some years ago; and must own, Mr. Garrick is almost the only actor I have met with, who keeps sight of nature in his action, and has brought her back upon the stage, whence, by all account, indiscriminate rant and unmeaning rhodomontade had banished all truth and propriety time out of mind. But, sir, I profess myself an enemy to all theatrical entertainments; and even to Shakespeare himself, in some respects.

Oh! sir, cries the young player, stretching out his hand, I must not hear a word against our ve-

nerable patriarch, and great founder of the English drama.

I will allow every objection that you can imagine against him. I will forgive Ben Jonson his malignant wish, that instead of one line, he had blotted out a thousand. I will not pull Voltaire by the nose (though he deserves it), for calling his Tragedies *monstrous farces*. I will grant the Frenchman, he has offended against the laws of Aristotle and Boileau, and slighted the unities of action, time, and place; that, upon some occasions, he abounds in mixed metaphors, and uses some harsh expressions, which the age he lived in might *tolerate*, and which are become venerable only by their antiquity. But read one act, or even one scene, in Hamlet, Othello, or Macbeth, and all these trifling criticisms disperse like mists before the orient sun.

Wildgoose began to explain himself, and to give the conversation a spiritual turn. In order to which, he first observed to the players, that their situation was very unfavourable to the practice of religion. Religion, cries the Prince of Mauritania, I only wish we had any morality, or even common honesty, amongst us. No, we are heroes, kings, or sultanas, upon the stage; but beggars, sots, or prostitutes, in our private lodgings. There is the lovely Marcia, says he, whispering to Wildgoose, would drink you two quarts of ale now, if you would give it her; and, if she had six-pence in her pocket, Cato's daughter would get drunk with gin, before she came upon the stage. In short, continues the young player, I intend to take my leave of them very soon.

Old Syphax, hearing part of this declamation against the life of a stroller, said, there was one agreeable circumstance attending it, that they frequently

fell into company with some gentleman of fortune, who would treat them with a bottle of wine, or a bowl of punch.—This the wily African said in consequence of the intelligence he had gained from Tugwell in the kitchen, that his master had four or five hundred pounds a-year. But Wildgoose not taking the hint, and my landlord perceiving there was no more liquor called for, began to grudge such company the use of his parlour. He, therefore, bad the waiter bring a bill; and Wildgoose soon after took his leave, and with his trusty 'squire set out for Worcester.

CHAPTER IV.

State of religion at Worcester.

MR. WILDGOOSE, impatient to execute the commission which Mr. Whitfield had given him, traversed with hasty strides the spacious streets of Tewksbury; and, getting clear of the town, the two pilgrims now ascended a little hill; when Wildgoose looking round him, I wonder, says he, how many miles it is to Warwick.—Then, without waiting for Jerry's reply, he trudged on again at a round rate.

Tugwell's inclinations still pointing homewards, he likewise made a soliloquy in his turn. Odzookers! one might almost see our steeple, now, from this hill, and the smoke of my cottage. I wonder what our Dorothy is doing at home: and our poor dog!

The travellers now proceeded without any interruption, and arrived at Worcester about eight o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Wildgoose made immediate inquiry, whether there was any religious society in that city; and found that only a few of the lower sort of people met once a week at a private house, whose zeal was kept alive by now and then an occasional preacher that came amongst them; that a considerable part of the town had their attention taken up by their china-work, lately established there under the auspices of the ingenious and excellent Dr. Wall; that the learned prebends were immersed in profound studies, or engaged in the care of their health; as their wives and daughters were at whist or quadrille. The two pilgrims, therefore, set out again early in the morning, and took the road towards Wednesbury, Dudley, and Walsal; which are the chief collieries and manufactories in that part of the country.

CHAPTER V.

An unexpected rencounter.

Towards the middle of the day, our travellers came into the gravelly bottom of a deep valley, through which a silver stream ran winding along, shaded with alders, and invited them to repose a little in so cool a retreat. Wildgoose, according to custom, pulled out a little godly manual, and began to read; as Tugwell, by a kind of instinct, began to rummage his wallet, for something to eat; whose example having stronger attractions for the former, than his amusement had for the latter, Tugwell soon brought over Wildgoose to his party; and they took a comfortable noonchine together.

Whilst they were thus employed, two more tra-

vellers came, the contrary road, to the same spot; and without much ceremony, sat down to partake of so agreeable a shade. One of them looked like some mechanical handicraft; but the other (though his long hair was somewhat in the style of Ralpho in Hudibras) had a gentleman-like appearance, both in his dress and his address.

Wildgoose making some overtures by a few general topics and introductory preludes, they soon entered into further conversation.

Two or three small birds coming to drink and bathe themselves, with great boldness and security, as the travellers were sitting in a calm repose; Wildgoose said, that he could never sufficiently admire the beauty, elegance, and harmless innocence of those little animals of the winged creation; and that he had often thought the familiar, friendly, and almost conversible air, with which some birds and other animals approached mankind, till they were alarmed and frightened away by some violent motion or menacing attitude, seemed to give credit to the doctrine of transmigration, as if some of our own species were doing penance in those animals, and wanted to express their sufferings or complaints, or to renew their intimacy with some old friend, or former acquaintance. At least, continued Wildgoose, one is puzzled, without some supposition of this kind, to account for the *final* cause of their creation; many animals being frequently persecuted and tortured in such a manner, as to make their being rather a curse than a blessing.

The stranger replied, that, when we come to talk of final causes, or the ends proposed by Providence in any part of the creation, we soon get out of the depth of our shallow understandings; though I am convinced, says he, that God has formed all his

creatures with a capacity of being happy, if they do not forfeit it by their own fault.

This discourse on pre-existence, brought on the subject of predestination, election, and reprobation; which his puritanical library, and his conversing with Mr. Whitfield had taught Wildgoose to maintain in its strictest sense.

The stranger opposed his opinions with great vehemence; and said, he would sooner renounce his Bible, than believe those doctrines, as Calvin of old, or Mr. Whitfield had of late, taught them.—Sir, says Wildgoose, I suppose, then, you are a follower of John Wesley. No, replies the stranger; I am John Wesley himself.

Wildgoose started up with the utmost surprise, and accosted him with the most profound reverence and respect; and by way of apology, said, that although he had lately become personally acquainted with Mr. Whitfield, and confessed himself a convert to most of his opinions, yet he had so great a regard for all those who embarked in the same general cause, that he was extremely happy in this opportunity of conversing with a man, whose character he had so long admired. He then acquainted Mr. Wesley who he himself was; when he found Mr. Wesley was no stranger to his character or conversion. Mr. Wesley returned the compliment with a pious wish, that he might be able to give him any spiritual assistance. After which, Wildgoose let him know his present situation, and his intentions of visiting the poor colliers at Wednesbury, Walsal, and so forth. But Mr. Wesley began immediately to dissuade him from pursuing his scheme at present; for that he himself was, at this instant, escaped from a most violent persecution; that a large and enraged mob, stirred up by some interested people,

were now in arms, and in search of every preacher of their denomination; and that it would be tempting Providence to run into the very jaws of that many-headed monster, a drunken multitude, who knew not what they did.

An enthusiast, like a man of courage, is so far from being dismayed by an appearance of danger, that he generally becomes more resolute. Wildgoose, therefore, was still more inclined to try the strength of his eloquence, and to proceed to Wednesbury, till Mr. Wesley assured him it would be injuring the cause, to attempt to convince them, whilst their passions and prejudices were so strongly engaged on the other side.—Wildgoose, therefore, stood corrected: and a man now coming up with Mr. Wesley's horses, which he had been obliged to leave behind, Wildgoose took his leave; and, instead of pursuing the intended road, turned off towards Birmingham, in order to make the best of his way to the Lead-mines in the Peak of Derbyshire.

CHAPTER VI.

A just character of Lady L———n, from a discarded servant.

Our two pilgrims being a little fatigued with travelling in so hot a day, they halted in the afternoon at a public-house in the neighbourhood of Hagley. Wildgoose seeing a number of people drinking under a tree at the door, observed to my landlord, that *his* seemed to be a well-accustomed house.—Yes, says mine host, with an air of piety (taking Wildgoose for a clergyman), blessed be God! I have my share of custom at this time of the year,

please God to send fine weather, as every body comes to see Hagley Park here.—Wildgoose replied, that his house seemed to stand well for the refreshment of travellers; but that he did not understand how he could bless God for some of his idle customers, who spent the money, which ought to support their families, in getting drunk, and making brutes of themselves —Mine host replied, that, to be sure, poor men that worked hard, and had no beer at home, would now and then have a little good drink; but then, says he, I never suffer them to have more at my house, than they have money to pay for.

Wildgoose then said, he supposed sir George L———n's house was worth seeing, as so many people came thither for that purpose.—Yes, says a young man in a livery frock, Hagley is a noble seat, and *abundance* of *quality resort* thither at this time of the year.—Ah! says my landlord, and Sir George has something at Hagley better worth seeing than his fine seat. He has for his wife the finest woman, and the best Christian, in England. But, says he, my son here knows all about it; he was under-butler at Sir George's; and, sir, as you seem to be a gentleman, please to step into this parlour, and I will tell you more (coming, sir; coming). My landlord then showed Wildgoose into a little nook, divided from the kitchen by a partition of deal boards, which prevented you from being seen, but not from being overheard by any one that was disposed to listen. Now, says my landlord, as I was telling you, sir, my son was under-butler at Hagley. But, sir, betwixt you and I, the house-keeper is the d—ndest b-tch in England.—Well, well, says Wildgoose, I do not want to be let into family secrets. But my lady, you say, is a very good woman.—That she is, says mine host; and, if she had had

her way, my son would never have lost his place. Though my landlord was very full of this subject, he and his son did great justice to Lady L———n's character: that there was not a poor person, a sick person, or a wicked person within five miles of the place, but she found them out, and gave them money, physic, or good advice; and, what is more, says he, there is not an *idle* person, but she contrives to employ them, and keep them out of harm's way; and they mind what my lady says more than all the parson preaches, or the doctor can say to them when they are sick. Then, continues he, my son says, my lady has wit at will, and will *hold discourse* with any lord or bishop that comes to Sir George's table; and knows every thing that happened in former days,* or in foreign parts,* as well as the best of them.

Mr. Wildgoose said, he did not in the least doubt the justness of my landlord's panegyric; for that he had known Lady L———n from a child (she being his country-woman); though he had not seen her for some years. He was then going to give mine host some spiritual instructions, when Tugwell came to the door, to remind his master that it was very dusty travelling, and that he seemed to have forgotten their intention of calling at a public-house. My landlord then asked what they would please to drink? But there being no great variety of liquors or provisions at this hotel, they refreshed themselves with some fresh ale, and some new cheese; and then proceeded in their journey towards Birmingham.

* The vulgar definition of history and geography.

CHAPTER VII.

A sketch of the Leasowes, and of the character of the worthy possessor of that place.

THE sun was now far upon the decline towards the west, when the two pilgrims had passed a little market-town on the Birmingham road, called Hales-Owen. As they walked on they saw an object amidst the woods, on the edge of the hill, which, upon inquiry, they were told was called Shenstone's Folly. This is a name, which, with some sort of propriety, the common people give to any work of taste, the utility of which exceeds the level of their comprehension.

As they ascended the hill, through a shady lane, they observed a gentleman, in his own hair, giving directions to some labourers who were working beyond the usual hour, in order to finish a receptacle for a cataract of water, a glimpse of which appeared through the trees on the side of the road. As Wildgoose and his friend, partly out of curiosity, and partly to take breath, made a little pause, the gentleman turned his face towards them, when Wildgoose immediately discovered him to be no other than his old acquaintance, the now celebrated Mr. Shenstone, whose place began to be frequented by people of distinction from all parts of England, on account of its natural beauties, which, by the mere force of genius and good taste, Mr. Shenstone had improved and exhibited to so much advantage: and this had discovered to the world his own fine poetical talents and polite learning, which, from his modesty, would otherwise probably have been buried in solitude and obscurity.

Mr. Shenstone soon recollected his old academi-

cal friend and associate; and, with that warmth of benevolence for which he is distinguished amongst those that know him, insisted upon his staying that night at least with him at the Leasowes; which invitation Mr. Wildgoose was sufficiently inclined to accept of, though he had not been prompted to it by his fellow-traveller, who never was so cynical as to slight the least overture towards a hospitable reception.

As they passed towards the house, Mr. Shenstone pointed out to his friend many of the beauties of his place. He showed him his cascades, which are so deservedly admired, and the reservoirs that supplied them: the prospects of the country from various points of view; his grove, dedicated to Virgil; his urns, statues, and his admirable inscriptions. He mentioned several people of the first quality, and, what Mr. Shenstone valued more, of the first taste, who had done him the honour to visit his place: and particularly he informed him, that he expected Lord D—tm—h, and some other company the very next day, on which account he had been inspecting his reservoirs, got his walks cleaned out, and made the men work so late, in order to finish the cataract, where his friend had first seen him.

As Wildgoose knew the elegance of Mr. Shenstone's taste, he could not but add his suffrage to those of the rest of the world, in admiring his place, and observed, that doubtless the pleasures we receive from gardens, woods, and lawns, and other rural embellishments were the most innocent of any *amusements;* but then we should consider them as *amusements* only, and not let them engross too much of our attention; that we ought to spiritualize our ideas as much as possible; and that it was worth while to inquire, how far too violent a fondness for these merely inanimate beauties might interfere

with our love of God, and attach us too strongly to the things of this world.

This gave Mr. Shenstone an opportunity, in his turn, of combating his friend's enthusiastic notions; who, he found by his own account, had deserted the station in which his own choice and his mother's approbation had fixed him, to sally forth and preach the Gospel, without any other call to that office than what a warm imagination had suggested, and which a romantic view of converting sinners *at large* had prompted him to undertake.

The two friends, however, supped together very amicably; and, after drinking a cool tankard, and spending a pretty late evening in talking over the incidents of their youth, which they had spent together in the University, Mr. Shenstone showed his friend into an elegant bed-chamber, fitted up in a Gothic taste; to which the bed itself, the rest of the furniture, and the painted glass in the window, all corresponded. Contiguous to this he lodged Tugwell, his trusty 'squire and fellow-traveller, and wished them a good night.

CHAPTER VIII.

A practical lecture against the vanities of this world.

As soon as Mr. Shenstone rose in the morning (which was not always at a very early hour), he went up to his friend's apartment, to summon him to breakfast, when, to his surprise, he found both him and his companion departed, without taking leave of him; and upon Wildgoose's table was left the following letter:

"My good friend,

"I am called hence by the Spirit: in the visions of the night it was revealed unto me. I must own, that, like the good Publius, you have received and lodged us courteously, and my bowels yearn for your salvation. But, my dear friend, I am afraid you have set up idols in your heart. You seem to pay a greater regard to Pan and Sylvanus, than to Paul or Silas. You have forsaken the fountains of the living Lord, and hewn you out cisterns, broken cisterns, that will hold no water: but my conscience beareth testimony against this idolatry. Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth. I have delivered my own soul, and will pray for your conversion. I am

"Your brother in the Lord,

"GEOFFRY WILDGOOSE."

This extraordinary letter, and his friend's abrupt departure, greatly alarmed Mr. Shenstone; but, going out to view his principal cascade, he soon discovered the mystery; that his friend, imagining he was too much affected with the applauses which were bestowed on his good taste in laying out his place, had forced open his sluices, and emptied his reservoirs; so that, in a literal sense, his *cisterns could hold no water*, nor his cascades make any great figure that day: and what was more distressful, he had thrown down a leaden statue of the Piping Fawn from its pedestal, which was a damage that could not easily be repaired before the arrival of his illustrious guests.

Mr. Shenstone was a little provoked at the first discovery of this incident; but, upon reflection, could not forbear laughing at his old friend's frantic proceedings; and thought the singularity of the adventure would afford his guests as much entertainment, as a greater flash from his cascades, or as viewing his place in more exact order.

CHAPTER IX.

A discourse on idolatry.

WHEN the travellers were got into the Birmingham road again, Tugwell, who did not rightly comprehend nor approve of his master's conduct on this occasion, nor understand what he meant by saying, that Mr. Shenstone quite idolized or worshipped those lifeless objects; Jerry, I say, began now to express his apprehensions of the consequences of what they had done. Odzooks! says he, it is well if the gentleman does not get a warrant for us, and *trouble* us, for robbing his fish-ponds (as he may think we have), or for damaging his images.—He observed, moreover, that as he seemed to be a sensible gentleman, he could not think he would be so foolish as to *worship* images, as the *Papishes* do. Why, continues Jerry, there is our 'squire has got a naked *thing-em-bob* stands up in the middle of the grove (it is either the Virgin Mary, or fair Rosamond, or Dinah,* that was ravished by the Jacobites), and yet I never heard that the 'squire, or any of the family, ever said their prayers to it, or worshipped it.

Why, Jerry, says Wildgoose, a person may be guilty of idolatry by setting his affections too much upon any thing, upon riches or pleasures, a fine house or a fine child, and in those cases it is an act of friendship in any one to take some method (as I have done with Mr. Shenstone) to wean them from those objects: and Providence, out of mere kind-

* It was most probably Diana, that Jerry meant by this confused account.

ness, often deprives us of those things which we have so entirely fixed our hearts upon.

Why, to be sure, says Tugwell, God Almighty may do what he pleases for that matter; but then, if one *man* was at liberty to take away from another whatever he had *set his heart* upon, they might take away one's wife, or one's cow, or one's dog, or one's cat; and then there would be no living at peace in the world. Now there is my dog Snap; I *loves* him almost as well as I do my wife, and if the best man in Gloucestershire were to steal my dog, I would *take law on him*, if there was any law to be had in the kingdom.

Wildgoose did not think it material to continue the dispute; but it occurred to him in the course of this conversation, how much his affections were attached to Miss Townsend. This, however, he considered as a spiritual attachment, he intending only the good of Miss Townsend's soul by a union which, from the little encouragement she seemed to have given him, he had some slight hopes of effecting. This project engaged his thoughts in an agreeable reverie, which prevented any further conversation till they arrived, about eight o'clock in the morning, at Birmingham.

CHAPTER X.

Slight persecutions.

As Mr. Wildgoose intended, if nothing very extraordinary prevented it, to visit the colliers at Wednesbury on his return, he made no longer stay in Birmingham than whilst he himself took some slight refreshment, and Tugwell a hearty breakfast,

at the first inn they came to, and then proceeded towards Litchfield, in their way to the Peak of Derbyshire.

As they walked through Birmingham-streets, they heard two or three fellows in a workshop, up two pair of stairs, quarrelling, swearing, and cursing, in a most tremendous manner. Wildgoose, thinking it incumbent upon him to reprove their profaneness, made a halt, and beckoning with his hand, called out to the vociferous garreteers, to hold their blasphemous tongues. The litigants observing a man of a tolerable appearance addressing himself to them, were silent for a moment; but when they heard Wildgoose, with an air of authority, charging them, in the name of the King of kings, not to take the name of God in vain, with a mixture of mirth, indignation, and contempt, they redoubled their oaths and imprecations upon the preacher; and one of them emptied the stale contents of an unscoured piss-pot full upon the heads of him and his companion. As Mr. Wildgoose was got almost into the middle of the street, in order to direct his voice to them more commodiously, he received only a slight sprinkling of their intended kindness; but as Tugwell stood just under the window, with his mouth open, waiting the event of his master's exhortation, he received a more liberal portion, part of which came full into his mouth, and penetrated pretty deeply into the cavity of his throat.

Wildgoose, observing the inefficacy of his rebuke, cried out in the apostolical style, Well, my brethren, I have delivered my own soul, look you to it; your *blood* be upon your own heads.

Tugwell, being less patient (at this ill return of their intended favour), spitting and rubbing his face, and shaking his clothes, exclaimed with some indignation against his master for this unseasonable

interposition; Pock-i-cat take it! for me; the *blood* and guts, and the devil and all, I think, is upon *our* heads; and it was no otherwise likely: what the *dickins* had we to do with folks that were quarrelling up in a garret, and never troubled their heads about us?

Well, quoth Wildgoose, as the Roman emperor said, when he laid a tax upon urine, the smell of money is sweet, whencesoever it comes, so I can say, persecution is sweet and wholesome in any shape whatsoever.—Yes, says Tugwell, even in the shape of a piss-pot, I suppose. The smell of money may be sweet; but I am sure neither the smell nor the taste of what was thrown upon our heads was either sweet or wholesome; at least I had rather your worship should have it than I, if you think it so very sweet and so wholesome.

The hapless pilgrims now passed on through Birmingham, Wildgoose leading the way, and Tugwell at some little distance behind him. Wildgoose, reflecting upon what had just happened, said he began to wonder what they had done that the world was so civil to them.

Odsbobs! cries Jerry, looking up to the window of a little shop, there is a fine plumb-pudding!

The friendship of the world is enmity with God, continues Wildgoose.

It is smoking hot, just out of the oven, says Tugwell.

My zeal began to cool, and I grew quite remiss in my duty, proceeds the master.

I have a great mind to have a pennyworth of it, says the man.

But, come, let us make the best of our way, to rescue the poor miners from the power of Satan, says Wildgoose.

I must and will go back, and have a slice of that pudding, says Tugwell.

Thus the master and man proceeded in a kind of soliloquy, entirely inattentive to each other: but, when Wildgoose discovered his fellow-traveller's gluttonous intention, and saw him return with a good slice of pudding in his hand, Ah! Jerry, Jerry, cries he, swallow thy spittle, and subdue thy appetite. I thought thou hadst just satisfied the demands of nature with a hearty breakfast; and now thou art at it again: if thou hadst but a grain of true faith, thy mind would not be thus continually hankering after these carnal indulgences.

Odsbodikins! cries Tugwell, as soon as he could empty his mouth, cannot a man have true faith that loves plumb-pudding? Why, master, I was very hungry to day; and then I wanted to get the taste of the *persecution* out of my mouth, which, your worship says, was so sweet and wholesome. Wildgoose smiled to himself, but made no reply, and trudged on.

CHAPTER XI.

A glimpse of Miss Townsend.

Being now got clear of the town, the two travellers came to a direction-post, where the road divided. On one of the hands was written, the road to Litchfield; on the other to Warwick.—As Wildgoose had as strong a hankering after the place of Miss Townsend's residence, as Tugwell had after his own fire-side, they kept their eyes for some time fixed on the hand which pointed towards the ob-

ject of their respective inclinations; and, as a string of Coventry pack-horses had raised a cloud of dust, they did not perceive a chariot and pair, bowling along on a brisk trot, till it had almost passed by them.

There seemed to be in it an elderly gentleman and his wife; and a young lady sat side-ways on the stool, with a very white arm resting upon the window of the chariot. The young lady, with a female curiosity, thrusting herself out to have a view of the travellers, dropped a cambric handkerchief (probably without perceiving it), which Wildgoose immediately picked up; and was going to return it, when casting his eyes upon the mark, he instantly knew it to be Miss Townsend's cipher. This occasioned such a surprise, as fixed him motionless for a moment, and would have prevented him from overtaking the chariot, if, upon recollection, he had thought it either prudent or advisable to endeavour it. Though Wildgoose had hardly a glance of Miss Townsend's face, yet, as imagination magnifies every object beyond its real dimensions, this incident, and the initial letters of Julia Townsend, contributed more perhaps to keep alive Mr. Wildgoose's passion, than the most tender epistle, or a complete view of her might have done.

Wildgoose was deliberating with himself, whether he should not return to Birmingham, and find out Miss Townsend, especially when he had so good a pretence as that of returning her handkerchief, when Tugwell came up to him, with his jaws yet in motion from masticating his baked pudding, and cries out Well, master, as God sends good luck, let us be thankful, and spend it at the next public-house. This white handkerchief will buy us a quart of best drink, I will warrant you, though, mayhap, it is only cut out of the tail of an old smock.

Wildgoose was so provoked at Jerry's gross ideas, that he could hardly forbear striking him.—Best drink! cries Wildgoose, pressing the handkerchief, which breathed the fragrance of lavender and *eau-de-luce*, with rapture to his breast, I would not part with it for the richest wines of Canary or Cyprus, nor for all the wealth of the Indies.

Odsbobs! master, says Tugwell, you seem to be as fond of the young woman's handkerchief, as I am of plum pudding. One would think it was a love-toy, and that it was given you by your sweet-heart; and, for that matter, it seemed to be a good plump young woman that dropped it out of the coach, and drest like a queen. I suppose, she was daughter to some 'squire, or some topping button-maker here in Birmingham, at least.

Ah! Jerry, replies Wildgoose, I value this handkerchief, because it belongs to a very good girl. That young lady in the chariot was no other than the Miss Townsend, whom we saw at Mrs. Sarsenet's at Gloucester.

What! the young woman that came after us to Bristol, says Jerry, and was taken with *compulsion* fits at the Tabernacle? I thought I had seen her face before, continues he; but then she is got fatter than she was. I suppose she has her belly-full now; which, belike, she had not at poor Madam Sarsenet's, at Gloucester.

Wildgoose did not like to have the object of his affection treated with so much familiarity; and was also afraid of discovering to Jerry the situation of his heart. Neither was he yet determined, whether he should return to Birmingham or not, and endeavour to get an interview with Miss Townsend. But, recollecting that the races at Warwick would be within a fortnight, which being the nearest meeting to his own native place, and fancying he had a

particular call to bear his testimony against the lawfulness of those diversions, he was determined in himself (as soon as he had opened his commission in the Peak) to attend them. He, therefore, dropped the subject at present, and trudged on at a good rate towards Litchfield.

CHAPTER XII.

Meet with a seasonable invitation.

The two pilgrims having pursued their journey above three hours, and the turnpike road being very hot and dusty; Tugwell proposed, where they could commodiously do it, to walk through the fields within the hedge. This insensibly led them too far from the great road, and brought them where two foot-paths led different ways; and they were puzzled which to pursue. Tugwell, therefore, went to make inquiries of a fellow that was at plough, in the adjacent field. At the end of the furrow; they saw an odd figure of a man, standing upright, with his eyes shut, and his mouth open, his neck stretched out, and his hands hanging straight down, in the attitude of the Pierro in the pantomime. Though the sun was burning hot, he had a green surtout coat on, with the cape over his head, and buttoned round the neck.

Wildgoose, as his ideas ran constantly upon religious objects, thought immediately it was some poor soul under the agonies of the new birth, and waiting for the influx of the Spirit. He accosts him, therefore, in his own way, God comfort your soul! my good friend, says Wildgoose.—The gentleman, starting from his Swiss meditation or reverie, in which

he had been unexpectedly surprised, and throwing himself into a tolerably genteel attitude; sir, says he, I do not know you; but am obliged to you for your good wishes, though my body has more need of comfort than my soul, at present.—What is the matter, then, says Wildgoose, if I may make so free? What is your complaint, sir?—Ah! says the gentleman, if I could tell you that, I should tell you more than all the physicians in England have been able to tell me.—Where does your chief disorder lie, then? says Wildgoose.—Why, sir, I have a complication of disorders, replies the gentleman. I have the gout, the rheumatism, the scurvy, a dropsy, and an asthma, and what not; I have a *cachexy*, or bad habit of body, which has brought on a nervous *atrophy;* so that nothing I eat or drink will *nourish* me: and what plagues me more than all these is, a disorder which, perhaps, you never heard of.—Pray what is that? says Wildgoose.—Why, a short of convulsion, or hiccup in the ear. In sort, sir, I believe mine is a total decay of nature; and I do not expect to live a month to an end.

Ha! says Wildgoose, that is very surprising. Why, sir, you look extremely well in the face.—Ah, sir, says the stranger, shaking his head, that is the very thing that alarms me. I eat, drink, and sleep well: and so did a friend of mine look; and ate, drank, and slept well, to the very last, and yet died suddenly this last winter.

I have, as you see, sir, rather a ruddy complexion: but then, if you observe, there is an odd sort of bluish cast mixed with it, which is a sure sign of an apoplectic habit.

Come, sir, says Wildgoose; I fancy you are a little hippish, and I hope you fright yourself without any reason. But, pray, sir, what crop are you

ploughing for at this time of the year?—Why, says the gentleman, I have had no other crop, than what you see, from this field these five years, and yet these three acres pay me better than any land I have.—In what respect? replies Wildgoose.—In saving my doctor's fees, and apothecary's bills, answered the gentleman. You know, I suppose, continues he, that nothing is so wholesome as the smell of new-ploughed earth. I keep this little field, therefore, in my hands for no other purpose; and make my servant, every day before dinner, turn up two or three furrows, and follow the plough, as I have been now doing; which gives me an appetite to my dinner, and I am convinced, has kept me alive these five years.

Wildgoose thought this gentleman somewhat whimsical; but having listened with a more serious attention to the detail of his maladies than many people would have done, the gentleman was prepossessed in his favour; and when Tugwell came up with his intelligence, that it was still three miles to Litchfield, the gentleman said, as Wildgoose, he supposed, had not dined, he should be very welcome to take pot-luck with him; that his house was but at the end of that avenue of firs; and he was just going to dinner.—Why, yes, says Tugwell, before his master could speak, as Providence has directed us to so good a house, you had best accept of the gentleman's good-will.—As Wildgoose always flattered himself with the hopes of doing good, or, what he esteemed the same thing, of making converts to his opinions, he was easily prevailed upon to accompany the gentleman to his house, to which he was so hospitably invited.

CHAPTER XIII.

Some account of this stranger.

As they went along, Mr. Slicer (which was the gentleman's name) made some efforts towards gratifying his own curiosity, and discovering Wildgoose's profession, and what expedition he was bent upon. This Wildgoose evaded, by enquiring of Mr. Slicer what first brought him into this low-spirited way, or, as he called it, this indifferent state of health? to which Mr. Slicer answered, that he had formerly been in considerable practice as a solicitor in London, where he underwent great fatigue, yet never knew what it was to be sick; but a relation leaving him an estate in that country, and having no family, he retired from business, in hopes of finding in retirement a more complete felicity than what he enjoyed in the hurry of business, and in the noise and smoke of the town. However, I was soon convinced, continued Mr. Slicer, that happiness is not the product of any particular place or way of life; much less is it to be found in a state of absolute inactivity; that some employment was necessary, to divert the mind from preying upon itself; and whereas I enjoyed good health, ate with an appetite, and slept soundly when fatigued with business; I now found every thing reversed; my sleep went from me, my appetite was palled, even venison lost its relish, and though by constant attention, and the use of several excellent medicines, I have a little recovered my strength and spirits, yet I am convinced it is all forced and unnatural; for, though I am not sensible of any particular complaint, yet, as I said before, I am daily apprehensive of a sudden dissolution.

Wildgoose was going to observe, that he had not yet found the true road to happiness; that there was no real cordial for the miseries of life, but an assurance that our sins are pardoned, and the witness of the Spirit in our souls, that we are the children of adoption; but they were now arrived at the door of the gentleman's house, which prevented any further conversation for the present.

CHAPTER XIV.

The life of a dying man.

THE moment they had entered the hall, Mr. Slicer's old housekeeper, Mrs. Quick, met him with consternation in her looks. Good-lack a-day, sir, says she, we have had a most terrible accident. You would not let the chimney be swept; I told you how it would be.—What! is the chimney on fire, then, says Mr. Slicer.—Oh, no! says she; but a whole heap of soot has fallen down into the fish-kettle, and entirely spoiled the carps. I very providentially caught up the loin of veal upon the spit, or else that would have been covered with dust and ashes.—Well, well, says Mr. Slicer, accidents will happen; it is well it is no worse; we must dine without the carp then.—But, lack-a-day, sir, continues Mrs. Quick, why did you stay so long? the fowls are boiled to a rag; and the veal is roasted to powder; and there is not a drop of gravy left; and the parson and Mr Selkirk have been here waiting for their dinner this half hour.—Well, well, says Slicer, if that be all, there is no great harm done. ——But—

Let me see; I took my Bostock's Cordial this

morning. Come, bring my Stomachic Tincture: I will just take a few drops of that, to strengthen my stomach; and a little Balsam of Life, and one or two of my Pilulæ Salutariæ; and then you may send up dinner as soon as you will.

But, says Mrs. Quick, if I had known you would have brought any strangers, I would have made a custard pudding. However, I can just beat up two or three eggs, and a spoonful of cream, and a little orange flower water, and make a little pudding, in the catching up of a saucepan.

Mr. Slicer said she might do as she would. Then bidding her shew Tugwell into the kitchen, he took Mr. Wildgoose into a handsome parlour where they found Mr. Slicer's niece, who was come on a visit, with her little boy and girl; Mr. Selkirk, above, mentioned, who was a schoolmaster in the village; and a little sleek divine, whose spruce wig, short cassock, japanned shoes, and silver buckles, (worn smooth with the daily strokes of the brush,) gave him rather the appearance of an archdeacon, than what he was, the parson of the parish.

After an apology for making his company wait, Mr. Slicer introduced Wildgoose to them, and then took his Stomachic Tincture, his Balsam of Life, and his *Pilulæ Salutariæ*, one after another; strongly recommending a dose of the Stomachic Tincture to Mr. Wildgoose, as an excellent medicine to fortify the stomach, and create an appetite. Wildgoose waved the offer, and said, he thanked God he had a very good appetite, without any assistance of that kind.

Slicer than bad the servant bring him Mrs. Stephens's Medicine for the Stone and Gravel, which he never omitted, he said since it was first discovered.—What! are you afflicted with the stone and gravel, then? says Mr. Selkirk.—*Afflicted!* says

Slicer; no, sir, God forbid! nor ever was *afflicted* with it; but I suppose I should have been *afflicted* with it before this time, if I had not taken this admirable medicine: and, as every one is subject more or less to gravel and sabulous concretions, it is madness to neglect so easy a precaution as this noble lithonthriptic, which Providence has permitted to be discovered, and for which the parliament has granted so handsome a reward.

The servant having brought the preparation, with a large bason of veal broth, Slicer swallowed the nauseous prescription with great alacrity; though the virtues, or even the safety of that medicine have justly been questioned, notwithstanding the decision of our wise legislators in its favour.

Wildgoose could not but express his astonishment at Mr. Slicer's credulity in this respect; and said, he was afraid he might injure his health, by mixing together too many of those *excellent* medicines, with which the world now abounded.

Sir, says Slicer, I despise the common quack medicines as much as you can do, and never take any but what perform their operations in a rational manner, and whose effects I can in some measure account for (for I know something of physic myself, by experience at least;) such I mean, as either *brace* up the *relaxed fibres* of the stomach, and assist the concoction, or such as *cut*, *divide*, and *attenuate* the *tough* and vicid *humours*, and prepare them to be thrown off by insensible *perspiration*, or such as *strengthen* the *nerves*, *comfort* the *brain*, and revive the spirits; or, as an ingenious writer expresses it, "such as, *ambitious* of *immortal fame*, fly *immediately* to the *part* affected, and *enter into contest* with the *peccant* humours, and either expel or subdue them."*

* All expressions taken from Advertisements.

Wildgoose and the rest of the company could with difficulty suppress their mirth, to hear poor Slicer thus retail the studied panegyrics of interested empirics in favour of their own nostrums. But the little fat rector of the parish, who was a good-natured and polite man, turned the conversation to some general topics; and dinner soon made its appearance.

CHAPTER XV.

A remedy for want of appetite.

When dinner came in, Wildgoose found that the old housekeeper's apology was only words of course, for there were three fine full-grown pullets, an excellent Yorkshire ham, a loin of veal, and the custard-pudding, which Mrs. Quick had tossed up, adorned with currant jelly, a gooseberry tart, with other ornamental expletives of the same kind.

Wildgoose observed, that although Mr. Slicer was careful enough about the *quality* of his food, yet he was less scrupulous about the *quantity* of what he ate. He would not touch a morsel of skin or fat, nor eat any butter with his veal, or his boiled fowl, because it *eluded* the *concoctive powers*, as he said; but he made shift to pick the very bones of a pretty large pullet, with two good large *vertebræ*, and half the kidney of the loin of veal; not to mention a good quantity of supplemental pudding, gooseberry-tart, and apple-custard; so that it appeared probable, Mr. Slicer palled his appetite by over-loading his stomach; that he destroyed his health by too great a quantity of *wholesome* food, and made work for the doctor, by an unnecessary

use of quack medicines; by infallible nostrums, restoratives, cordials, balsams of life, tinctures, elixirs, and the like; for he could never read an advertisement of that kind, but he longed to make the experiment; taking it for granted, that every medicine had all the virtues it pretended to, and really performed all that its vender engaged for in his feeling recommendation of it to the public.

CHAPTER XVI.

History of a long-liver, and other chit-chat.

After dinner Mr. Slicer put round the bottle of port, but bad the servant bring *him* his *Scorzonera*-water. Mr. Selkirk asked him what the virtues of that Scorzonera-water were, which he observed he drank every day after dinner.—I do not know what the particular virtues are, says Slicer; I only know, that it has contributed to prolong life to above a hundred years.

Did you never meet with the history of Francis Hongo, surnamed Hyppazoli, who died at an hundred and fourteen (the beginning of this century) at Smyrna, where he was consul for the Venetians?

Hongo never was sick; his sight, hearing, and intellectual faculties continued entire to the last. He would walk seven or eight miles every day. At a hundred his white hairs are said to have turned black again; and, what is equally surprising, having lost all his teeth, at a hundred and ten he cut two large ones in his upper jaw.

This gentleman drank no other liquor than a water distilled from scorzonera, or viper-grass; no wine, strong liquors, coffee, or tea; nor used to-

bacco. Towards the last he lived chiefly upon broths and ripe fruits, which he always ate with bread.

He was a man of great merit, wit, and honour; his only failing was too great an attachment to the fair sex. He had, by his wife and two or three concubines, nine and forty children.

As soon as Mr. Slicer had finished his little history, all on a sudden he bent down his body, and leaned his elbows upon his knees, distorting his face into a variety of wrinkles. Bless me, uncle, says the lady, what is the matter? I am afraid you are ill.—Oh! nothing at all, says Slicer, smiling; only a little touch of the cholic, which my pills have given me. I love to have the cholic sometimes; it is the best symptom in the world: it is a sign the peccant humours, instead of entering the mass of blood, are spending their force on the *primæ viæ*, or intestines, where they will soon find themselves a passage; and then the pleasure of being at ease again is greater than the pain one suffers from the complaint.

Slicer now fell into a musing posture for near a minute, with his eyes fixed upon the lady. Niece, says he, your husband's father lived to above ninety, merely by walking; and *I will walk*. He had no sooner formed his resolution, than forgetting for a moment that there was any company in the room, he started up, and put it in execution. After a turn round the garden, recollecting that some of the company were strangers, he returned to them again, with an apology, that he found, by experience, his dinner never began to digest till he had taken a little turn or two in the garden.

The little divine told him, with a smile, it was well he was not born at Sparta.—At Sparta! Why so? says Slicer.—Why the Spartans, you know,

were a military establishment, and spent most of their time in athletic exercises; they thought it an idle thing, therefore, to *walk* merely for walking's sake; and, being informed that the inhabitants of a certain city under their jurisdiction, used to take *evening walks* merely for recreation, instead of making a decree, with a long preamble like a modern act of parliament, the magistrates sent them this laconic message, Μὴ περιπατεῖτε, *Do not walk!** which immediately put a stop to that unnecessary consumption of time, as they esteemed it.

Well, says Slicer, I should be sorry, on account of my brethren of the quill, to have that *laconic* style introduced into our law proceedings. But you put me in mind of another instance of Spartan severity, not foreign to our purpose, on the subject of health.

Lysander going upon public business into Ionia, amongst other presents sent him upon his landing, there was some ox-beef and a large cheese-cake. He surveyed the latter with some curiosity; and, in the modern phrase, inquired, what the devil it was? Those that brought it told him it was a composition of honey, cheese, and other ingredients.—Oh, very well, says he, give that to my servants; for I am sure it is not fit for a gentleman to eat. He then ordered the beef to be dressed in the Spartan way, and on that made an excellent meal.†

Why, to be sure the only way to preserve health, is to eat plain food, says the Scotchman; and the only way to destroy it, is to cram in such mixtures as you do in England, since French cooks have been in vogue.

* Ælian. Var. Hist. † Ibid.

CHAPTER XVII.

Rules for health.

THE little rector observed, they had had a long dissertation upon the subject; and, doubtless a good state of health was an inestimable blessing, as it was the foundation of all other enjoyments. But, continues he, too great a solicitude on that account is not only unworthy a man of sense and a good Christian, but is really destructive of what we are so anxious to preserve. I know, with regard to myself, says he, that, having gone through a course of anatomy in the university, and observed how fearfully and wonderfully we are made, and having dabbled a little in books of physic, I brought myself, by my whims and apprehensions, and by tampering with my own constitution, into a very bad state of health. I have read a treatise upon sleep, that has kept me awake all night; and I studied Dr. Cheyne upon *Health* and *Long Life*, till I brought myself to the brink of *death*.

Why, says Wildgoose, I have heard of a young man at Oxford, who going through a course of anatomy, and hearing the doctor expatiate upon the beautiful contrivance of nature in guarding the *ductus thoracicus*, or the tube that conveys the whole chyle of the body into the arteries, by the ribs on one side, and the back-bone on the other, and being told that the least touch almost on that part would be immediate death, the young fellow was met the next day, leaning forwards, with one hand held up to guard his breast, or thorax, and the other stretched out, and desiring every one he saw to stand off; for, says he, if you do but touch my *ductus thoracicus* I am a dead man.

Yes; says Slicer, and I have heard an addition to that story, which I suppose you do not care to mention.—Sir John Shadwell, physician to George the First, was telling this very story at court to Lady D——, who laughed heartily at it; and meeting the doctor the next day, she put herself in the same attitude, and desired him to stand off; for, says she, if you do but touch my—*what do you call it?*—I am a dead woman.

Well, says the little rector, it is certainly better to be really ill sometimes, than to be so hippish, and perpetually anxious about one's health. A friend of mine, a jolly fellow, finding me in my room with Cheyne's book upon Health and Long Life before me, threw it into the fire, partly to cure me of my whims, and partly, I believe, for the sake of a distich, which he pretended to repeat extempore:

> I'd scorn the health such rigid rules must give;
> Nor sacrifice the ends of life to live.

As this observation seemed obliquely to glance at Mr. Slicer, Selkirk said, by way of countenancing his friend, Why, so be sure, my countryman might carry the matter too far, yet I think no man can be too careful of his health, nor be blamed for studying the rules which have been laid down by physicians for that purpose.—Why, says Wildgoose, as most diseases incident to the human body are generally allowed to proceed from indolence and repletion, I should think there can no rules be wanting to preserve or even to restore it, but exercise and temperance; and, in many cases, even *fasting*, or an entire abstinence from all kinds of food; this at least if made use of at the beginning of a disease, I have always found sufficient to check its progress, or put a stop to most complaints.

As you all seem to be proposing compendious

rules, or laconic precepts for health, says the little rector, I think there can be none better, or more comprehensive, than those which Dr. Scarborough, physician to Charles II. gave to the Duchess of Portsmouth; Madam, says he, you must either eat less, or use more exercise, or take physic, or—be sick.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A new system of education.

Mr. Slicer now, by way of shifting the conversation, asked Selkirk how his pupil went on? which was Slicer's little cousin Johnny, and who was in the room, with his black string and blue silk waistcoat.

Mr. Selkirk (as we have already observed) was the schoolmaster of the village. He had formerly been a travelling Scotchman; but marrying a farmer's daughter with four or five hundred pounds, had opened a shop, and set up a little school, and professed to teach not only reading, writing, and accompts, but Latin and Greek, algebra, logarithms, and trigonometry, and all the most abstruse parts of the mathematics. He had really had the rudiments of a learned education, and was intended for the university, and some learned profession; but, being of a rambling disposition, like many of his ingenious countrymen, chose to travel southwards, and carry a pack for his amusement, as he would sometimes humourously confess.

Mr. Slicer then informed the company of Selkirk's excellent plan of education; that, instead of the rigid severity of the usual method in our public

schools, he taught his boys all the rudiments of the Latin tongue, amidst their childish sports, by way of diversion.—What, in Locke's method, I suppose? says Wildgoose.—What, *Johnny Loke?* No, says Selkirk, I hope I have improved upon *Johnny Loke*, and Milton too.—In what manner, sir, says Wildgoose.—Here, *Jockey*, replies Selkirk, let the gentlemen see you decline the pronoun article, *hic, hæc, hoc.*—Master Jacky immediately began hopping round the room, repeating *hic, hæc, hoc;* gen. *hujus;* dat. *huic;* acc. *hunc, hanc, hoc;* voc. caret; abl. *hoc, hac, hoc,* &c.

There now, says Selkirk, in this manner I teach them the whole grammar, I make eight boys represent the eight parts of speech. The noun substantive stands by himself; the adjective has another boy to support him; the nominative case carries a little wand before the verb; the accusative case walks after, and supports his train: I let the four conjugations make a party at whist, and the three concords dance the hay together, and so on.

The company laughed at Selkirk's project; but the little fat doctor, who had been bred at a public school, observed, that it was very pretty in theory, and so was Milton's and Locke's method, and might please fond mothers; but, he imagined, the great men in Queen Elizabeth's time had studied this affair more deeply than has been ever done since; yet they thought some *coercive* power in the teacher was very necessary; and, if boys were suffered to lay by the pursuit of dead languages as soon as it ceased to be *agreeable* to them, he was of opinion they would make but a very slender progress in Greek and Latin.

Instead of continuing the dispute, Mr. Slicer observed, that Mr. Selkirk, though a Scotchman, taught the true pronunciation of the English lan-

guage much better than the generality of schoolmasters; and, as a proof of his assertion, took up a common prayer-book that lay in the parlour-window, and made little Johnny give a specimen of his abilities in that respect.—Mamma, says Jacky, I am to have a new hat next Sunday.—Yes, my Jacky, mind your book and you shall.

Jacky then, by Selkirk's direction, began to read with an audible voice the exhortation in the Morning service, where the words *humble* and *acknowledge* come two or three times over. He pronounced the *h* in *humble* very strong, and *ac-know-ledge* as it is written. There doctor, says Mr. Slicer, you gentlemen of the clergy never read that right. You leave out the asper in *humble*, and pronounce *knowledge* as if it were written *knolledge*, which is absurd.

Why, says the doctor, as languages were not originally formed by a committee of philosophers, but arrived gradually at perfection, and were established by *custom*, I think *custom* * ought to regulate the pronunciation; and I cannot but think it a good rule in this case, as well as the rest of our conversation, to think with the wise, but to talk and pronounce with the vulgar. The rules of grammar cannot, in any language, be reduced to a strict analogy; but all general rules have some exceptions.—True, sir, says Selkirk; but we ought to come as near to perfection in every thing as possible —According to that rule, says the doctor, why do not you pronounce the *h* in *honest* and *honour*? why do not you pronounce the word people *pe-ople*, as it is written? and why does not every body say *bu-rial*, as my clerk, and the grave-diggers in Ham-

* Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi.
HOR.

let do? In short, says the doctor, there is something so disagreeable to me in pronouncing the word *humble* with an aspirate, that I could as soon chew tobacco (which I mortally hate) as bring myself to pronounce it so.

CHAPTER XIX.

Further account of the little fat rector.

THE company smiled at the little rector's delicacy on that point, and Mr. Slicer said, that to be sure there was some truth in what Mr. *Griskin* observed. —Upon hearing the little doctor called Griskin, for the first time, Wildgoose looked at him with some attention; and inquired whether he had not a near relation, one Mr. Rivers, near Bath, in Somersetshire? After a few questions, Wildgoose was soon convinced, that this was no other than Mr. Gregory Griskin, whom he had so often heard of, kinsman to the Mr. Rivers, whose adventures were related in the former part of this history.

Mr. Griskin lamented the disappointment he had met with in Rivers's imprudent match; that he had flattered himself with the hopes of his nephew's making some figure in life, and even distinguishing himself in the learned world; and had intended to have done something handsome for him at his death, and the like.

Wildgoose began to make some excuse for his friend's imprudent conduct, by encomiums on Mrs. Rivers's personal accomplishments and behaviour; to which Griskin (looking down with a reserved air) made no reply.

When Mr. Griskin found, however, by several cir-

cumstances, that Wildgoose had been intimate with his nephew in the university; and also that he had only come accidentally to Mr. Slicer's house for refreshment on his journey, he said he should be glad to have more conversation with him upon the subject; and invited him to go and drink coffee at his house, and even to take a bed there, if consistent with his engagements.

As Wildgoose was in hopes of doing his old friend Rivers some service, and also knew the little doctor to be piously disposed, he accepted of his invitation, having first provided for the reception also of his fellow-traveller; and, taking leave of his benevolent host, Mr. Slicer and his company, went to the rectory with Mr. Griskin.

The parsonage house was a modern building, and neatly furnished; and the gardens, instead of being laid out, in the present taste, with sun burnt lawns, and barren shrubs, were comfortably enclosed with fruit-walls, filberd hedges, and codlin-trees; with a good pigeon-house, poultry-yard, and fish-ponds; and, in short, with every thing that could contribute to the comfort and convenience of this life.

Griskin was a man of the old-fashioned piety, that showed his faith by his good works. He gave much in charity, prayed often, and fasted now and then. Having the tithes in his own hands, it enabled him to keep a plentiful table, to which every sober honest man was welcome. He every Sunday invited by turns some of his parishioners to dine with him; one or two of the most substantial in the parlour, and as many of the oldest and poorest in the kitchen. This made them pay their tithes and dues cheerfully, which Griskin exacted of them punctually, but not with *rigour*. If a farmer had any loss, or remarkably bad year, he made him some little allowance; and if a cottager paid him a groat at Easter,

which he could ill spare, perhaps he would give his family a sixpenny loaf the Sunday following. By this means he kept up his dignity, and secured his right and the love of his parish at the same time.

CHAPTER XX.

Further account of the little fat Rector.

When Mr. Griskin was alone with Wildgoose, he told him, that he should not have been so much displeased with his nephew Rivers, for pleasing himself in marrying, if he had staid till he had finished his studies, and had married a prudent woman; but that he found his wife was a proud minx, who regarded nothing but dressing, visiting, and going to the public rooms and balls at Bath; and that by what he had heard of her extravagance, his nephew would soon be in a gaol.

Wildgoose was very much surprised at this complaint of Mr. Griskin, and said, he would venture to assure him he had been misinformed with regard to Mrs. Rivers's character and turn of mind; for, from what he himself had seen of her, he was certain the very contrary was the truth of the case, and that she had not the least taste for that sort of gaieties; and from the unreserved friendship which had subsisted between himself and Mr. Rivers, he could depend upon the account he had given him of Mrs. Rivers's conduct, and their retired way of life, especially as he had given him that account as a matter of course, to satisfy his friend's curiosity, when there was not the least probability that he could ever have the present opportunity of doing

that justice to their character which he now was favoured with.

Mr. Griskin replied that he had very good authority for what he had asserted; which Wildgoose found was that of a splenetic old dowager, who went sometimes to Bath, and who had seen Mrs. Rivers at the only ball she had appeared at, when they first went into the country; and that she had picked up two or three malicious gossiping stories, with which Bath as much abounds as any country town in the three kingdoms.

Wildgoose then proceeded to describe the amiable qualities of Mrs. Rivers, and the manner in which she seemed to pass her time, in the care of her children and family, which, though it did not immediately convince, yet it gave great satisfaction to Mr. Griskin, and he seemed to wish it might be true.

The conversation then took a different turn, and Mr. Griskin (as his nephew had informed Wildgoose) being very piously disposed, Wildgoose made no scruple of letting him into the secret of his present undertaking; and they soon fell upon the subject of religion. Their sentiments did not correspond, indeed, with regard to some speculative points; but Griskin was much pleased with Wildgoose's zeal for the conversion of sinners. He lamented the great decay of Christian piety; and informed Wildgoose of the methods he himself had taken to revive it in his own parish, by reading prayers publicly every Wednesday and Friday, and privately every morning and evening in his own family.

He told him likewise, that having a public-house belonging to him in Litchfield, in order to sanctify in some measure the unrighteous mammon, he had endowed a little charity school with the annual rents of it.

Though Wildgoose had rather a contempt of these formal devotions and good works, he was too polite to shock his kind host with any reflection of that kind; and, in short, by his simplicity and sincerity, he gained so much upon the good opinion of Mr. Griskin, that he insisted upon keeping him and his fellow-traveller all night; and the next morning, before they parted, he gave Wildgoose a commission to write to his old friend Rivers, that a visit from him and Mrs. Rivers would be no ways disagreeable to their relation, Mr. Griskin. This commission Wildgoose executed immediately; and it was attended with the desired effects on both sides.

Wildgoose now took his leave of Mr. Griskin, being rejoined by his friend Tugwell, who had spent the evening as much to his satisfaction in the kitchen, as his master had done in the parlour.

CHAPTER XXI.

Set out for Ashbourn, near the Peak.

When the two friends were now alone in the Litchfield road again, Tugwell began to express his approbation of the hospitable way of life which Mr. Griskin lived in; and that he thought him a true Christian; and that if any body went to heaven, Mr. Griskin certainly would.

Wildgoose, without mentioning Mr. Griskin's name, endeavoured to regulate Jerry's opinions by his own standard; and said, a man might fast and pray, and give all his goods to feed the poor, and yet not have true Christian *charity*, or what Saint Paul calls faith working by love.—Tugwell clinched his observation by echoing back some of

his own expressions; yet still remained a convert in his heart to Griskin's more comfortable system of Christianity.

Having made a hearty breakfast at Mr. Griskin's, our travellers staid no longer in Litchfield, than whilst Wildgoose found out the post-office, and put in his letter to his friend Rivers, and then trudged on with great alacrity, without halting, till they came to Uttoxeter, in their way to Ashbourn, the first town of any note in Derbyshire.

There was a nearer way through the Forest of Nedwood, but more difficult to find; and Tugwell could not yet separate the ideas of robbers, outlaws, and wild beasts, from that of a forest, notwithstanding his master assured him there were no wild beasts to be found, except herds of deer, in any of our royal forests; nor so many robbers as there were upon the great roads, or in the streets of London.

They kept the great road, however, and, without any damage to their persons or property, and without any adventure worth recording, arrived at Ashbourn-in-the-Peak, as it is usually called, about six o'clock in the evening.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

BOOK THE TENTH.

CHAPTER I.

A Phænomenon.

THE town of Ashbourn being a great thoroughfare to Buxton Wells, to the High-peak, and many parts of the North; and being inhabited by many substantial people concerned in the mines; and having also three or four of the greatest horse fairs in that part of England, every year, is a very populous town.

There had appeared at Ashbourn, for some market-days past, a very extraordinary person, in a character, and with an equipage somewhat singular and paradoxical: This was one Dr. Stubbs, a *physician* of the itinerant kind. The doctor came to town on horse-back, yet dressed in a plaid night-gown and red velvet cap. He had a small reading-desk fixed upon the pummel of his saddle, that supported a large folio, in which, by the help of a monstrous pair of spectacles, the doctor seemed to read, as the horse moved slowly on, with a profound attention. A portmanteau behind him contained his cargo of sovereign medicines, which, as brick-dust was pro-

bably the principal ingredient, must be no small burden to his lean steed.

The 'squire, or assistant, led the doctor's horse slowly along, in a dress less solemn, but not less remarkable, than that of his master.

The doctor, from his Rosinante, attended by his merry-andrew (mounted on a horse-block before the principal inn), had just begun to harangue the multitude, when Mr. Wildgoose and his fellow-traveller arrived; and the speech with which he introduced himself each market-day was to this effect.

CHAPTER II.

A modest plea.

My friends and countrymen! you have frequently been imposed upon, no doubt, by quacks and ignorant pretenders to the noble art of physic; who, in order to gain your attention, have boasted of their many years' travels into foreign parts, and even the most remote regions of the habitable globe. One has been physician to the sophi of Persia, to the great mogul, or the empress of Russia; and displayed his skill at Moscow, Constantinople, Delhi, or Ispahan. Another, perhaps, has been tooth-drawer to the king of Morocco, or corn-cutter to the sultan of Egypt, or to the grand Turk; or has administered a clyster to the queen of Trebisond, or to Prester John, or the Lord knows who—as if the wandering about from place to place (supposing it to be true) could make a man a jot the wiser. No, gentlemen, don't be imposed upon by pompous words and magnificent pretensions. He that goes abroad a fool will come home a coxcomb.

Gentlemen! I am no high-German or unborn doctor—But here I am—your own countryman—your fellow subject—your neighbour as I may say. —Why, gentlemen, eminent as I am now become, I was born but at Coventry, where my mother now lives—Mary Stubbs by name.

One thing, indeed, I *must* boast of, without which I would not presume to practise the sublime art and mystery of physic. I am the *seventh son* of a *seventh son*. *Seven* days was I before I sucked the breast. *Seven* months before I was seen to laugh or cry. *Seven* years before I was heard to utter *seven* words; and twice *seven* years have I studied night and day for the benefit of you, my friends and countrymen: and now here I am—ready to assist the afflicted, and to cure all manner of diseases, past, present, and to come; and that out of *pure love* to my country and fellow-creatures, without fee or reward—except a trifling gratuity, the prime cost of my medicines; or what you may choose voluntarily to contribute hereafter, out of gratitude for the great benefit, which, I am convinced, you will receive from the use of them.

But come, gentlemen, here is my famous* Antifebri-fuge Tincture; that cures all internal disorders whatsoever; the whole bottle for one poor shilling.

Here's my *Cataplasma Diabolicum*, or my Diabolical Cataplasm: that will cure all external disorders, cuts, bruises, contusions, excoriations, and dislocations; and all for sixpence.

But here, gentlemen, here's my famous *Balsamum Stubbianum*, or Dr. Stubb's Sovereign Balsam; renowned over the whole Christian world, as

* A celebrated quack made this blunder; that is, in plain English, a tincture that will *bring on* a fever.

a universal remedy, which no family ought to be without: it will keep seven years, and—be as good as it is now. Here's this large bottle, gentlemen, for the trifling sum of eighteen-pence.

I am aware, that your physical gentlemen here have called me quack, and ignorant pretender, and the like. But here I am.—Let Dr. Pestle or Dr. Clyster come forth. I challenge the whole faculty of the town of Ashbourn, to appear before this good company, and dispute with me in *seven* languages, ancient or modern: in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew—in High-Dutch, French, Italian, or Portuguese—Let them ask me any question in Hebrew or Arabic, and then it will appear who are men of solid learning, and who are quacks and ignorant pretenders.

You see, gentlemen, I challenge them to a fair trial of skill; but not one of them dares show his face: they confess their ignorance by their silence.

But come, gentlemen: who buys my *Elixir Cephalicum, Asthmaticum, Arthriticum, Diureticum, Emeticum, Diaphoriticum, Nephriticum, Catharticum.* —Come, gentlemen sieze the golden opportunity, whilst health is so cheaply to be purchased!

CHAPTER III.

The generosity of a quack.

AFTER having disposed of a few packets, the doctor told the company, that as this was the last time of his appearing at Ashbourn (other parts of the kingdom claiming a part in his patriotic labours), he was determined to make a present, to all those who had been his patients of a shilling a-piece. He

therefore called upon all those who could produce any one of Dr. Stubb's bottles, pill-boxes, plaisters, or even his hand-bills, to make their appearance, and partake of his generosity.

This produced no small degree of expectation amongst those that had been the doctor's customers, who gathered round him, with their hands stretched out, and with wishful looks. Here, gentlemen! says the doctor, Stand forth! hold up your hands, I promised to give you a shilling a-piece. I will immediately perform my promise. Here's my *Balsamum Stubbianum;* which I have hitherto sold at *eighteen-pence* the bottle. You shall now have it for *six-pence.*

Come! *gemmen,* says the merry-andrew, where are you? Be quick! Don't stand in your own light. You'll never have such another opportunity—as long as you live.

The people looked upon each other with an air of disappointment. Some shook their heads, some grinned at the conceit, and others uttered their execrations—some few, however, who had been unwilling to throw away *eighteen-pence* upon the experiment, ventured to give a single *six-pence;* and the doctor picked up eight or nine shillings more by this stratagem, which was more than the intrinsic value of his horse-load of medicines. He then took his leave; and was retiring to his inn, to enjoy the fruits of his public-spirited labours; when Wildgoose, seeing an audience ready to his hands, immediately mounted the horse-block, which the merry-andrew had quitted; and in order to draw their attention, bade Tugwell give out the hundredth Psalm. Many of the people were greatly surprised, but two or three itinerant preachers having of late passed through the town, some of the company un-

derstood the signal, and even joined the two pilgrims in their oddly-timed melody.

CHAPTER IV.

Ecce autem alterum!

AFTER singing a couple of stanzas, Wildgoose began his address to the mob, by observing how anxious they were about the health of their *bodies*, when they could listen with patience to every itinerant pretender to the art of physic; who, without any previous instruction or experience, boasted of that complete knowledge of diseases, which physicians of a regular education, after many years' study, find it so difficult to obtain; and without any regard to different cases or constitutions, often sell the same remedies for contradictory complaints.

Wildgoose then (by an easy transition) proceeded to direct them to the true Physician of their *souls*: and recommended *faith alone*, as the infallible catholicon for all their maladies.

Yes, yes, cries Tugwell; here is the true spiritual mountebank, gentlemen: here is the quack-doctor of your souls.

Yes, says the merry-andrew, and thou art the true spiritual tom fool.

Doctor Stubbs himself (also having stopped on his horse at the gate-way of the inn, to hear and see the event of Wildgoose's mounting the rostrum), observing the obvious parallel between Wildgoose's irregular practices in the theological way, and that of a mountebank in the medical, could not forbear appealing to the mob, whether an itinerant preacher, (such as these methodists) were not more of the

quack than he was, who pretended to have discovered a more compendious way to heaven; and to prescribe *faith* alone, as the universal cure for all diseases. Let the parson keep to his church; the farmer to his plough; and the cobbler to his stall,—says the doctor.

Tugwell, thinking the doctor had discovered something of their profession, now took up the cudgel: and said, he was no cobbler; but *made* shoes, as well as *mended* them: that his master was no *farmer;* but as good a gentleman as the doctor for all his red-cap! and kept as good a horse, if he had a mind to make use of him.

The merry-andrew, hearing his master treated with such familiarity by a fellow of Tugwell's mean appearance, laid hold on his wallet, which hung over his shoulder, and almost pulled him backwards, telling him, at the same time, that he supposed it was filled with old shoes. Tugwell, who was afraid of nothing but ghosts and fire-arms, began to retort upon Pil-garlic with the arm of flesh; but he having more wit and agility than courage, gave Jerry a swinging blow on the face with his sword of lath; then made his escape amongst the crowd. This raised Tugwell's choler, together with a loud laugh and a hubbub; and, the mob being by this time pretty well tired, the assembly was soon dissolved: each party, the doctor with his merry-andrew, and Mr. Wildgoose with Tugwell, retiring to their respective apartments, in the same hotel.

CHAPTER V.

An affecting scene. Tugwell in jeopardy.

Mr. Wildgoose, before he went to rest, having made proper inquiries which was the most unfrequented part of the Peak, yet abounded with the greatest number of mines, arose pretty early; and having, at Tugwell's request, taken a slight breakfast, he was preparing to sally forth; when a woman, who (as she returned from the doctor) had heard Wildgoose hold forth the preceding night, came and entreated him to go and pray with her husband; who, she said, had been in a languishing condition for some time, and was now, she feared, near his end.

Wildgoose was pleased with the opportunity of doing a charitable action, as well as with the compliment paid to his eloquence and his piety. He, therefore, immediately complied with the woman's request.

When he came, he saw a very affecting, though, at the same time, a somewhat ridiculous scene. The poor man had one son, who was a great *schollard;* that is, he could read without spelling; and, by way of comforting his father, the young man had got an old folio Common Prayer-book; and was reading the *act of uniformity* to the sick man, with a very *audible* voice: to which the poor man listened with great attention; and said, it was very comfortable doctrine. Wildgoose asked him, as he seemed so well disposed, why he had not sent for the minister of his parish? The sick man said, he had done so, when he was first taken ill; but that the minister had given him no comfort: for, the poor man con-

fessed;' he had lived a very wicked life, and had gained a livelihood by very dishonest means; and had it not in his power, if he were inclined to do it, to make restitution, as the minister would have him do. Wildgoose bad him not despair; for that he and all mankind were equally sinners! and that he had nothing to do but to lay *hold* upon Christ by faith; and all would be well. The poor man *said*, he did so, and trusted only to *his* mercy. Wildgoose then assured him, his sins were forgiven; and they parted entirely satisfied with each other.

When Wildgoose returned to the inn, he found, to his great surprise, his friend Tugwell taken into custody by a constable, who was hurrying him away before a justice of the quorum that lived very near the town; for Jerry, though far advanced in life, had had but little experience of the ways of men. Being, therefore, in his political principles, as we have already observed, rather attached to the Stuart family; and the town of Ashbourn, since the late march of the rebels through that place, being divided into two parties (who persecuted each other with great violence); Tugwell, it seems, had somewhat imprudently taken the part of an honest barber; who, as he was drinking his morning cup in the kitchen, had fallen into a dispute about the rebellion, with a dissenting baker, who was very zealous for the government, and, upon Jerry's interfering had charged the constable with him as a disaffected subject.

Upon Mr. Wildgoose's interposing in his friend's behalf, Doctor Stubbs, who had joined the crowd assembled in the gate-way of the inn, whispered the constable, that, to his knowledge, Wildgoose was a Jesuit in disguise; that he had seen him in York gaol during the rebellion; that he had let his hair grow to conceal the clerical tonsure; and that seve-

ral Jesuits had of late appeared, in the character of Methodist preachers, in several parts of the kingdom. The constable, therefore, charged some of the company, in the king's name, to assist him in carrying them both before a magistrate; and the doctor pretended to follow them, and make good his allegations.

CHAPTER VI.

A judicious magistrate.

When they came before the justice, all that could be proved against Tugwell was, that he *seemed* to *favour* the rebels; that he said, he loved to read about battles and massacres, and that he should have been very *glad* to have seen the young Pretender. The justice, who was a sensible man, and endeavoured, as much as possible, to restore and preserve the peace amongst his neighbours, observed, if that were all, he could find nothing treasonable in what the prisoner had said; especially as he spoke of the *Pretender* as such, and not as having the least shadow of right to the crown of England. In short, it appeared to him, that all he had said, seemed to proceed from *curiosity*, rather than from *disloyalty* to King George.

The justice then asked, what they had to say against the other prisoner, Mr. Geoffry Wildgoose by name? The constable said, there was a gentleman present, who knew him to be a Jesuit, and had seen him in York gaol during the rebellion; and would take his oath of it. Doctor Stubbs was then called upon to make good his charge. But the

doctor; who only owed Wildgoose a grudge for speaking disrespectfully of his profession, and was conscious all he had said was an impudent lie, had given them the slip; and had taken this opportunity of marching out of town, without being pelted by the mob, as he richly deserved.

An old man, however, whose wife was a favourer of the Methodists, said, such fellows as Wildgoose and his companion ought to be punished, for making a disturbance, and hindering people from their work; that they had *convarted* his wife in particular, who used to mind her knitting, and bustle about, and *scold* at him all the day long: but, since these Methodists had come about and *convarted* her, she minded nothing but reading and praying, and singing psalms, from morning to night. The good justice said, if the *convarting* his wife was all the mischief they had done, he wished they would *convart* all the *scolds* in the parish. And so, after asking Wildgoose a few questions, he ordered the constables to release them, and dismissed the company from his presence.

The Jacobite barber, whose cause, as we observed, Tugwell had espoused, as soon as his worship was out of sight, clapped Jerry on the shoulder, by way of triumph, and said, as he himself was acquainted with the butler, and Tugwell, he found, was a curious man, he would show him a curiosity.—The *Prince* is in this house now, says he, whispering in Tugwell's ear. Jerry starting with surprise, the barber got his friend the butler to take him up the back stairs, into a long gallery, which led to the principal bed-chambers; on the doors of which had been written by the quarter-master with chalk (and afterwards traced over with white lead by way of curiosity) the names of *the Prince*, Lord Ogilvy, Pitsligo, and other rebel chiefs, who, in their way

to Derby, having halted one night in Ashbourn, had been quartered in this gentleman's house.

Tugwell expressed great surprise at seeing the very place where so renowned a personage had lately lodged; whose name he had often heard read in the Gloucester Journal; which Mrs. Wildgoose had lent the vicar, the vicar had smuggled to his clerk, who had frequently retailed it to the whole parish, under the great elm at Tugwell's cottage gate.

Wildgoose returning to the inn before his fellow-traveller, and finding a number of people, who had been assembled on the report of Tugwell's being taken into custody, still loitering about, took the opportunity of mounting the *suggestum*, or horse-block, once more, though without much effect; people's passions being rather calm in a morning, and not so well disposed to catch the fire of enthusiasm in open day-light, as amidst the dazzling lustre of sconces and chandeliers at the evening tabernacle. Some of those who had taken a cup in the morning were a little riotous; some few, however, seemed affected, and consulted with Wildgoose what further was to be done towards their conversion; and also informed him which were the most uncultivated parts of the Peak, and stood most in need of the labours of his mission.

CHAPTER VII.

They set forth towards the High Peak.

Our Spiritual Quixote was now impatient to sally forth, in quest of more spiritual adventures: but Tugwell, hearing so romantic an account of the mountainous country they were going to traverse,

entreated his master not to do any thing rashly, nor set out upon an empty stomach; and, it being now past the middle of the day, they made a pretty hearty meal upon some cold mutton-pie; a good segment of which, for fear of accidents, Jerry stowed in his wallet; and about three o'clock they set out on the Buxton road for the High Peak.

After travelling about an hour and a half, our two pilgrims imagined they had climbed to the summit of the mountains; but they still found "Alps on Alps arise." At length, however, they came upon an extensive plain, to the extremity of which their sight could not reach. Jerry, after reading so many books of travels, and having been near two months on foot, now lifting up his hands with astonishment, cried out, he did not think the world had been half so wide.

As the sun had now journeyed far towards the west, and they could see neither village, hut, nor even a single tree to shelter them from the dews of the night, Jerry's heart began to fail him; and he could not forbear again to wish himself at home with Dorothy, in his own chimney-corner, or at least at the inn at Ashbourn, which they had quitted so late in the day.

As the road led them by degrees towards the extremity of the moor, they heard, at a distance on the left-hand, the sound of a French-horn, which a little revived Tugwell's spirits, though it revived at the same time the jeopardy he had been in amongst the stag-hunters, as related in the beginning of this history.

Jerry, however, entreated his master (as the evening was coming on) to turn aside, and try whether they could find any place to lodge at, especially as there was nothing to preach to, but a few sheep and

some black cattle, which were feeding amongst the rocks.

Though Wildgoose was unwilling to listen to any overtures of indulgence, he thought it prudent enough to comply with his friend's proposal. Proceeding, therefore, towards the edge of the plain, they came to a precipice of an astonishing height, from which was a stupendous view into a deep valley; the hill rising on the opposite side, covered with woods, near half a mile perpendicularly. The river Dove ran winding at the bottom, amidst pyramidical rocks, that rise detached from the hill, with shrubs growing from their tops, and the roots hanging down in a grotesque manner. In some places they almost meet, and intercept the view; in others they open, and discover rocks beyond rocks, in long perspective up the valley, in a most beautiful profusion.

CHAPTER VIII.

Fall in with a musical party.

THE French-horns which were blown by two servants, placed in the opposite woods, now ceased; and upon their approaching, out of curiosity, to the edge of the precipice, the two pilgrims were surprised to hear (seemingly about half way down the hill) an angelic voice, accompanied by two German flutes, singing a song from the masque of Comus.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream;
Dear, conscious scenes of former love!
I moan and Damon is my theme.

"The hills, the groves, the rocks remain;
But Damon there I seek in vain.

Wildgoose was filled with rapture at the sound: and, when the song was finished, could not forbear repeating to himself (yet loud enough for his fellow-traveller to hear) these beautiful lines from Shakespeare, with whom, as we observed, he had formerly been conversant:

I thought that all things had been savage here;
——— But, whate'er you are,
That, in this desert inaccessible,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time:
If ever you have lived in better days;
If ever been where bells have knolled to church—

Ah! says Tugwell, I wish I could hear our *bells knoll to church* this very moment; I would soon be at home again in my own stall. I am quite tired with this *vaggibond* life. But come, master, let us go and inquire our way to the next town, and not wander about this wilderness country all night.

Jerry then looked about and found a sheep-track, that led winding down the hill; but they were forced to descend above a quarter of a mile, before they could discover the place from whence the music proceeded; when they beheld a lofty arch, or natural cavity in the side of the rocks, to which there was an artificial ascent by near a hundred steps, guarded by a slight rail: at the mouth of this grotto there was a broad space like a balcony; from which there appeared a genteel party of nine or ten people well dressed; some with musical instruments, others with books in their hands, and one or two with bottles and glasses before them, amusing themselves as was most suitable to their several tastes and inclinations.

Upon Tugwell's appearing in sight, a servant came to him, and in a surly tone, demanded what

he wanted there?—Jerry answered, that they did not come to beg or to steal; that, he thanked God his wallet was well stored, and his master had money in his purse: but that they had lost their way upon the moors, and desired him to direct them to the nearest town, or place of entertainment for travellers.

The servant asked him, who, and what the devil he and his master were?—Why, says he, my master is a gentleman of four or five hundred pounds a-year (but no matter for that); he is a good Christian, and travels about the country to *convart* people from their wicked ways, and *sich* like.

Well, says the servant, I can tell thee, for thy comfort, there is no town, nor hardly a house within these five miles, except the village which we live at; but if thou wilt stay till we go home, which will not be long, I will direct thee to a public-house, where there is good quarters and good liquor; and what wouldst have more?

When the servant had given Jerry his answer, and was returning, a young lady (whose curiosity was very impetuous) ran down a few steps, to inquire what those men wanted? and, having satisfied herself, ran and told the company, that there were two droll *creachers*, who had lost their way; and one of them pretended to be a gentleman of fortune; but, she supposed, by the servant's account, was a Methodist preacher.

This company consisted of Sir William and Lady Forester, who lived in the neighbourhood, and some friends that were with them in the house, who came to enjoy a fine evening in this romantic scene, which Sir William had a little decorated, as above described.

CHAPTER IX.

Characters of Sir William and Lady Forester.

Sir Wm. Forester was a gentleman of fine sense; and (what is not always a consequence) of fine taste, not only in the polite arts, music, painting, architecture, and the like; but in life and manners. He had the art of making every company happy; and the greater art of making himself happy in every company. Some of his wise neighbours, indeed, were a little scandalized at his admitting people of inferior rank so frequently to his table; but Sir William, like Swift's virtuoso, who could extract sun-beams from cucumbers, had the skill of extracting entertainment from the most insipid companions; of discovering humour in the most phlegmatic divine, or solid sense in (the most trifling of all characters) a country dancing-master.

Lady Forester was a woman of uncommon merit, considering the peculiar circumstances attending her education. She was the daughter of Lord ——, who was a professed infidel, and absolutely forbad those who were about his children to instil any religious prejudices (as he called them) into their tender minds, by teaching them their catechism, or by suffering them to read any books on religious subjects. Nay, he severely punished his favourite child, of ten years old, for presuming to look into a Bible.

He was of Lord Shaftesbury's opinion, that there is no necessary connection between religion and virtue; and even that people may be good moral men and good members of society, without the belief of a God. And he considered himself as an instance of his assertions, as he lived a tolerably sober life, and performed several generous and charitable actions,

without the pretence of any religious motive; though it is well known, that, for want of a uniform principle, he was frequently guilty of the most flagrant instances of vice and immorality.

Lady Forester's mother, however, who was a very pious and a very sensible woman, had taken care to instil some short principles of religion into her daughter; but, dying whilst Lady Forester was very young, she underwent a trial of a different kind from the capricious indulgence of her father, who settled her, when she was just sixteen, in a house in town, with an equipage, and suitable domestics and attendants, entirely at her own command. Her ladyship's good sense, however, supported her without the least censure, in this critical situation; and the utmost indiscretion which the severest critic could ever charge her with, was of a romantic kind, the rambling once or twice into Hyde-Park, at a distance from her equipage and attendants, and reading under a tree, accompanied only with a female friend, with all the security of rural innocence.

Lady Forester was now, however, the mother of several children, whom she bred up in the strictest principles of religion and virtue, which will probably make them ornaments to the rising generation, though her ladyship herself was a little inclined to the mystic, or rather the seraphic theology, being a great admirer of Fenelon's, Norris's, and other works of the same kind. — But to return to our story.

CHAPTER X.

Character of Colonel Rappee.

Miss Kitty Forester (who, though much younger, was sister to Sir William, and the lady whose

voice they had heard), having made her report, that the travellers had lost their way, the company voted, by way of fun, to send for them up to *Reynard's-hall*, which was the name given to this natural grotto, or cavity in the rock, where the company was sitting.

As Wildgoose, though in his travelling dishabille, had a gentleman-like appearance, he was desired to sit down amidst this *belle assemblée*, and Tugwell, with his wallet, was turned over to the care of the servants. After some little conversation with Wildgoose upon his journey, and the like, the company sat down to (what in romance would be called) a cold collation, which in plain English was a good quantity of cold ham and fowls, cold tongue, orange cheese-cakes, and other portable provisions of the best kinds.

Wildgoose, having made a hearty meal at Ashbourn, ate little; but drank two or three glasses of Rhenish wine. The evening was now extremely fine, the heat of the day being succeeded by an agreeable *fraicheur;* the parting sun gilded the summit of the mountains, and the river Dove ran murmuring at their base. The French-horns, at proper intervals, enlivened the scene; and, in short, by the politeness of Sir William and Lady Forester, Wildgoose found himself much at ease, and very happy, notwithstanding the sneers and stifled titterings of some of the company.

Among the rest there was a Colonel Rappee, an officer in the guards, who was upon a visit at Sir William Forester's. The Colonel had made a very *shining* figure in the army, during a thirty years' peace, and had behaved with the greatest courage and magnanimity in above twenty engagements and reviews — on Hounslow-Heath, or Hyde-park.— But, at the battle of Preston-pans, in the year forty-

five, he was one of those gentlemen who retreated with so much precipitation, as to outride the express, and bring to London the first news of their own defeat.

The colonel, however, appeared by no means deficient in personal valour, for though he had never fought any duel in form, he had frequently given the look of defiance, and kicked two or three impertinent fellows, who were dismayed at the ferocity of his countenance, and his military dress.

The colonel's person, indeed, gave him the advantage over any common antagonist, and also recommended him to the notice of people of rank, for he was near six feet high: and, though

Lambent dullness played about his head,

he had an air of sagacity and importance which commanded respect from the less discerning part of mankind; nay, and having "a little kind of an odd sort of a small wit," as Congreve says, and uttering now and then a tolerable thing with a decisive air, he even passed for a man of sense; and by a discreet management, was received upon a decent footing in many families of distinction.

From being much in company also, the colonel had picked up a few common-place maxims, and topics of ridicule, upon matrimony, religion, Scotchmen, parsons, and old maids, which he applied indiscriminately upon all occasions; but frequently with so little propriety, as could not but shock the delicacy of Sir William and Lady Forester, who accordingly rather *endured* than *enjoyed* his company; and considered his *visits*, or rather his *visitations*, as afflictions from heaven, to which they were in duty obliged patiently to submit.

CHAPTER XI.

A conversation on religion and other subjects.

THE colonel then looked a little sour upon Mr. Wildgoose, and having too much pride, or rather too little penetration to discover what was really valuable in his character, considered him as a common stroller, and was quite affronted at Sir William's presuming to introduce such company to a man of his consequence. He began, therefore, to say rude things upon impostors and hypocrites, and to give hints how much Sir William was the dupe of parsons and buffoons.

Lady Forester, however, contrived to change the discourse, and to introduce some religious topic; upon which she gave Wildgoose an opportunity of displaying his knowledge of the subject in such a manner, that Rappee was afraid to interpose, for fear of discovering his own ignorance.

By way of venting his spleen, however, the colonel began throwing out common-place invectives against religion in general, and Christianity in particular, from the constant feuds and animosities it had accidentally occasioned amongst the different sects, and the like; and said, if people would but live according to nature and reason, it would be better if there were no such thing as religion in the world.

Sir William said he was glad that was only Rappee's private opinion unsupported by any reasons; but begged the colonel, if he had discovered any new arguments against religion, which he thought of any force, he would keep them a secret from his wife, his children, and his servants, as he was convinced it was for the good of mankind, that they

should not be undeceived in that particular, supposing religion to be all a cheat, or a political invention.

But, colonel, continues he, you are frequently uttering complaints of this kind; notwithstanding the king, your master, is the defender of the faith, and Christianity is at present the religion of your country, by law established. If you find yourself aggrieved by it, why do not you, or some of your wise associates, draw up the heads of a bill, and join in a petition to the parliament? and I will undertake to present it to the house, for the redress of those grievances which this oppressive institution has brought upon mankind.

The colonel saw the absurdity of his usual complaints against religion, when set in so strong a light, and was struck silent for a few minutes: but soon rallying his spirits, he shifted the discourse in his turn; and, with a more placid air, contrived to bring another subject upon the carpet, and at the same time to display his own importance, by mentioning a magnificent entertainment to which he had lately been invited by a noble lord.

Bob Tench, a sporting companion of Sir William's, and a near relation of the famous Will Wimble, who was waiting till the first sickle was put into the corn, in order to go a partridge-shooting—Bob said, he never desired to be entertained better than he was this morning at Sir Harry Hotspur's, where was a cold venison-pasty, and some excellent strong beer, which he was sorry to see banished, to make way for tea and chocolate, and other hot liquors, unknown to our sporting ancestors.

The conversation now turned upon genteel, or on magnificent entertainments in general, which any of the company had either been present at, or had read of in history.

Miss Forester said she could never sufficiently admire Cleopatra's gallantry in her entertainment of Mark Antony; and was particularly pleased with her dissolving a pearl of immense value, and presenting it in a golden cup of rich wine. Colonel Rappee ridiculed this, by mentioning some modern wh-re, who had been suffered by her fond keeper to swallow a hundred pound bank note between two slices of bread and butter, at breakfast. Somebody mentioned the Roman emperor, I think, who presented each of his guests with the gold cup which they drank out of.

But Sir William Forester said, he never read of a more polite reception, than what Vokeèr, the rich Augsburgh merchant, gave the Emperor Charles V. He had lent the emperor a very considerable sum of money, for which his majesty had given him a promissory note, or order upon his exchequer, or some written security of that kind. Soon after the emperor, on his march (by way of doing honour to his friend), lay at his house in Augsburgh. The merchant gave him a most magnificent supper, and when the emperor retired to his chamber, there was a fire laid of cinnamon-wood, which Vokeèr himself set alight, with the emperor's note of hand, or order for the money; and then wished his majesty a good night.

Well, Sir William, says a young Templar*, who was of the party, you have told us how a subject entertained an emperor of Germany. I will tell you of an entertainment, or rather a family dinner, that was given by the emperor of Morocco to an English subject, Dr. Shaw, who has lately published his travels into Africa and Egypt.

At the top there was a dish of fish, consisting of

* Now at the top of his profession.

a young whale boiled, and a few sturgeons and porpuses fried round it. At the bottom was the hind quarter of an elephant. On one side a brace of lions, fricasseed; on the other the neck of a camel, made *kabab* (as the doctor calls it), or, in plain English, *cabob'd*.

The second course, a brace of ostriches roasted, at the upper end, with the ropes on a toast: at the lower end, a griffin: on one side a dish of cranes and storks; on the other, a potted crocodile.

There was no butcher's meat but a roasted buffalo at the side-table.

The doctor says, he only picked the short ribs of a lion, which to use his own expression, was *a delicious morsel.*

His majesty asked the doctor, whether he should help him to the *leg* or to the *wing* of the griffin? which being half bird and half beast, his majesty thought facetious.

You must observe, griffins are looked upon as great rarities, even in Africa.

I suppose, says Sir William, this is some piece of humour upon the *marvellous* in the doctor's Travels, though I have heard them spoken of as very learned, as well as entertaining; and that the doctor has rectified several errors in the geography of the countries which he passed through.

I have heard, says the young Templar, when the doctor was introduced to the king, on his return from his travels, that he told his majesty, amongst other things, he had really eat the short ribs of a lion, and that it was a *delicious morsel.*

Well, says, Wildgoose, smiling, and looking round upon the prospect, and pointing to the French-horns, which were placed in the woods at some distance from them, I have no idea of a more

agreeable entertainment than that to which Sir William has done me the honour to admit me.

The company having finished their collation, Miss Forester was desired to favour them with another song; which Sir William and the young gentleman from the Temple again accompanied with their German flutes. After which, the sun being now setting, the ladies were taken up in a carriage, which came to the edge of the hill; and the gentlemen walked to Sir William Forester's, which was not above a mile across the plain; only the noble colonel thought it beneath his dignity to march with the infantry; he had, therefore, ordered his servant to bring his horses, and mounting his iron-grey, with his *demi-pique* and furniture, flanked the coach upon the *grand pas;* and Wildgoose, with his fellow-traveller, at Sir William's request, joined the cavalcade.

CHAPTER XII.

A scene in the nursery.

Sir William had by this time fully discovered Mr. Wildgoose's intention of preaching to the subterraneous race of lead-miners in the High Peak; and, as he was sensible, from their situation and constant employment, they could have but slender means of instruction, either in the principles of religion or morality, he by no means discouraged Wildgoose from pursuing so disinterested a project. He desired him, however, to halt a day or two at his house, and he would make some proper inquiries where his instructions might be applied to the best advantage. He told Wildgoose, moreover, that Lady Forester was herself very religiously disposed,

and would be pleased to have him talk to her children and her domestics upon that subject.

When they came to Sir William's house, which was a venerable pile of Gothic building, fitted up in an elegant modern taste, Lady Forester, who paid great attention to Wildgoose, told him she always went into the nursery as soon as she came home, especially in an evening, to visit her little folks, and hear them their prayers. She likewise invited Wildgoose to attend her thither. At the nursery door, Mrs. Molly, her ladyship's maid, met her, with a little boy of about a year old in her arms, as the most agreeable service she could perform to her lady; for, he being the least, and the most helpless, possessed of course the largest share in Lady Forester's affection. She clasped him in her arms, kissed him, and gave him her blessing; and then went round to three or four more, heard them their prayers, and made them ask a blessing; and then, wishing them a good night, returned to the company.

Wildgoose was struck with Lady Forester's affectionate care of her amiable progeny, which she observing; You see, sir, said she, where my treasure is, there will my heart be also. I am afraid, indeed, continues her ladyship, you will think these dear children engross too much of my affection: but I assure you, sir, they are the most infallible pledges of my devotion to heaven. Their health is so dear to me, and I have so constant a sense of their depending for every pulse of life upon the good-will of Providence, that my whole life almost is one continued prayer for their preservation.

Wildgoose answered, nothing could be more amiable than the tenderness her ladyship expressed for the welfare of her offspring. He only wished, in his way, that she did not love that little child in the

nurse's arms more than the *holy child* Jesus, through whose meditation alone, says he, we are entitled to the favour and protection of Providence.

CHAPTER XIII.

Family prayers, followed by repartees.

THEY now came into the great hall, and Wildgoose was not a little surprised to find the whole company, except the colonel, assembled; and Sir William waiting for Lady Forester, with a large quarto Common Prayer Book on the table, in order to read prayers to the family.

This would have appeared more extraordinary, if he had known, that Sir William, before his marriage, had lived a remarkably gay life, and had even been tainted with many of the fashionable opinions of the age; but his regard for Lady Forester, and a sense of the importance of religious principles to every individual of society, had made Sir William so much a domestic man, as, even when in town, to read prayers every evening, unless any thing very extraordinary prevented it; and a sermon every Sunday night, to his family.

As soon as prayers were ended, Colonel Rappee again made his appearance; but was rallied by Miss Sainthill, (a very sensible maiden lady, a friend and companion of Lady Forester's), on his fondness for private meditation, and the care he took to avoid all appearance of hypocrisy.—Rappee said, he knew no reason why a man could not say his prayers as well in private as in public, in a walk upon the terrace as well as in a closet; that religion was a mere personal affair, and the like. He hinted, however,

that he might have as much true devotion as those who were always canting about religion, and pretended to set up for reformers.

Miss Sainthill replied, that, to be sure, people might say their prayers in any place, or in any posture, and even in a warm bed; but she could not but think there was a natural decency of behaviour due to the Supreme Being, as well as to our fellow-creatures; and she was afraid, she said, those who deferred their prayers till they lay down upon their pillows (as she fancied the colonel did), very frequently fell asleep without saying them at all.

Well, says, the colonel, there is one part of my devotions which I never forget, and that is thanksgiving; I have always thanked God for three things. —Pray let me hear those curious particulars, says Miss Sainthill. I suppose the first is that you are not an old maid.—No, says Rappee; the first is, that I was not born in Russia.—What, because you are afraid of the cold, I suppose, says Miss Sainthill.—No, says the colonel, because I am afraid of the knout, and do not like arbitrary governments. —Well, and what is the second particular?—Why, that I was not bred a cheesemonger.—What, because you do not love the smell of cheese? says Miss Sainthill; but, for a like reason, you should not have been bred a soldier, continued she.—Why so? says the colonel.—Why? because you do not love the smell of gun-powder.

Rappee bowed, and smiled; but said, he was most thankful for the third particular.—And pray what may that be? says Miss Sainthill.—Why, that I have not a very *long nose*, cries the colonel.—Miss Sainthill curtsied, and took a long pinch of snuff, being conscious how liberal nature had been to *her* in that respect; and being willing to give Rappee a short triumph, by inviting a laugh in his favour, at

her own expence, of which he was not a little conceited.—Miss Sainthill, however, retorted, and said, a long nose would certainly be very inconvenient to the colonel in the day of battle, especially if he should ever *face* the Highlanders again; as it would be more exposed to the stroke of a broad-sword.—Well fought, Miss Sainthill, says Sir William. Colonel leave off, whilst you are well. *Cedant arma togæ:* "Let heroes to the gown give place."

There was now a side-board laid, with some anchovies, olives, and a few trifling things for those that chose to eat again, after their collation amongst the rocks in Dove-dale.

The company now appearing disposed to retire to their several apartments, candles were brought in by the butler, attended by Mrs. Molly with a wax-light for her lady. Molly was a very pretty girl, and had a pair of eyes most perniciously piercing, which she played off upon Mr. Wildgoose, as thinking him a guest not much above her own level. As the eyes are known to have a fascinating power, Wildgoose could hardly avoid returning Mrs. Molly's amorous glances, which was perceived by the jealous eyes of Mr. George, the butler, who was her admirer.

Mr. George was ordered to wait on Mr. Wildgoose to his apartment; which office he performed with tolerable civility. But Mrs. Molly officiously inquiring, whether there was a bottle and bason carried into the gentleman's room, Mr. George, with a surly air, bad her mind her own business. He then proceeded with his charge up the grand staircase, and wished him a good night.

CHAPTER XIV.

A morning conversation on the back stairs.

It was now eight o'clock in the morning, when Betty the house-maid was sweeping the back stairs; but suspended the motion of her brush, and leaned against the rails, to make way for Mrs. Molly, who now made her first appearance, with a ruffle half hemmed in one hand, and a volume of Pamela in the other.

So, Mrs. Molly, you were up late again last night, I suppose.—Yes, pretty late, says Mrs. Molly.—Ah, Mrs. Molly, cries Betty, *I wou'dn't not* do it; no, not for the best mistress that ever trod upon shoe-leather.—Why, Betty, replies she, to be sure my lady is a very good lady; and we are so fond of each other's company, that we never know when to part. We were talking till after twelve o'clock about this strange gentleman. To be sure the gentleman is very much of a gentleman, for that matter, if he did not travel about on foot like a Scotch pedlar.—Why, what trade is the gentleman, then?—What trade, you fool! Why, he is a gentleman, I tell you; and has got a good estate of his own; but he is going to preach to the poor miners in the High Peak.—Why, I thought nobody could preach but parsons, quoth Betty.—No more they could in former times, says Mrs. Molly; but people are more *cute* and *cleverer* now-a-days, than they were formerly. Why, there is our George, the butler, can read a play or a sermon better than our curate.—Oh, says Betty, I thought you and George would have *fit* last night about this gentleman.—George, indeed! says Molly, a jealous-headed *cretur!* if *any body* does but speak to *a body*,

a body must be called to an account by him, forsooth! What is the gentleman to me? The gentleman never spoke a word to me, nor I to him; only wished me a good-night.—Well, says Betty, Mr. George swears he will be a match for him and the cobbler, his fellow-traveller, if my mistress keeps them here another night.

Here the lady's bell rang, and put a stop to the dialogue; and Mrs. Molly and Betty hastened to their several departments.

CHAPTER XV.

On the necessity of a regular ordination.

THOUGH Mr. Wildgoose had of late been very negligent of his person, yet, being now in a genteel family, by the time the bell rung for breakfast, he had got himself shaved, his hair rubbed up with pomatum, and had supplied himself with clean linen from Tugwell's wallet; so that when he joined the company in the bow-window, he made no despicable appearance.

After the usual compliments of the morning, Lady Forester again introduced the subject of Wildgoose's preaching to the miners, and said, his intention was certainly very laudable; but wondered, as she found he had had a university education, that he did not get into regular orders, before he engaged in an undertaking of that kind.—Yes, says the colonel; Don Quixote himself, mad as he was, would not enter the lists, nor undertake any achievement of consequence, before he was dubbed a knight; and, though I hate all preaching, I am for a proper subordination, and would have people

keep to their *ranks* in life. A commissary, or a quarter-master might as well pretend to rule an army, or to give the word of command in an engagement as a layman to interpose in the parson's trade, and mount the rostrum. Why, says Wildgoose, if the commanding officers neglected their duty, it were better, sure, that a quarter-master, or any body else, should give the word of command, than that a whole army should be cut to pieces.

I should think, says Sir William, interposing, the cases are by no means similar; for, though the life of a Christian be justly compared to that of a soldier, yet, to make the cases parallel in the present view, you must suppose that the officers neglect their duty, not merely in a single engagement, but during a whole campaign; in which case, there would be room for complaint to be made to the superior powers, and get them punished or removed from their commands. So, if a clergyman is negligent of his duty, not in one or two single instances, but in the general conduct of his life, the officers of a parish are bound, by oath, to present, and make complaint of him to the bishop of the diocese; but the churchwarden, for that reason, has no *right*, supposing he had *abilities*, to exercise the sacerdotal function, mount the pulpit, and harangue the people. Such a conduct would necessarily be productive of disorder and confusion.

Wildgoose replied, that in a political view, those regulations might be of some consequence; and that, in general, he did not think it right to break through the restraints of society; but that, upon extraordinary occasions, those formalities were to be dispensed with: and I cannot but think, continues he, that Providence approves of the proceedings of Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitfield, by the extraordinary success he has given to their labours.

That is a very fallacious way of arguing, cries the young Templar, because Providence often brings about good ends by very bad means.

Well, says Sir William, if such irregular proceedings can be proper upon any occasion, they are so in the present instance, which Mr. Wildgoose has determined upon, that of preaching to our poor miners in the Peak, who are properly as sheep without a shepherd. Sir William then said, they intended, the next day, to go upon a scheme of pleasure to Matlock, and to show some young people the wonders of the Peak, as they are called; and that, if he chose it, Mr. Wildgoose might accompany them in their expedition. Wildgoose promised to attend them; but it proved otherwise in the event.

CHAPTER XVI.

A lecture in the servants' hall.

After breakfast the company began to separate, and amuse themselves as suited their inclinations. As Bob Tench and his party proposed to angle upon the river Dove, they asked Wildgoose to accompany them. But Lady Forester said, she would be glad of his company to attend her and Miss Saint-hill in their walk into the park, after she had visited her young people in the nursery, and dispatched some domestic affairs which required her attendance.

Whilst his master was thus entertained in the parlour, Tugwell was entertaining the second-rate gentry in the servants' hall. The butler had given Jerry a horn of strong beer with his breakfast, which

opened his heart and loosened his tongue. Jerry, therefore, diverted the company with the adventures they had met with in their travels: how well they had fared at Alderman Culpepper's, Justice Aldworth's, and Parson Griskin's; and also what perils they had gone through by land and by sea. He gave them likewise a sketch of his master's private life; the credit he had lived in at home, and the converts he had made in his travels; but gave hints, at the same time, that he thought him a little crack-brained sometimes; and that he himself was fool enough to leave his wife and a good trade, and ramble about the country upon such a *wildgoose* chase.

Whilst Tugwell was yet speaking, Mr. Wildgoose was come, at Lady Forester's request, to the servants' hall, to examine and instruct her domestics in the principles of religion; and, hearing Tugwell prating full-speed about himself and his adventures, he shook his head: Ah, Jerry, says he, I was in hopes you were edifying these good people with some religious discourse, instead of entertaining them with your carnal buffooneries. I find thou hast not yet put off *the old man*, with his affections and lusts.—Well, well, master, says Jerry, being a little pot-valiant, if I am an *old man*, that is my misfortune, rather than my fault; we shall all be old men, or old women, if it please God we live long enough.

Mr. Wildgoose then addressed himself to the servants, who had not quite finished their breakfast, and said, he was sure they had a very good master and mistress.—That we have, cried all of them with one voice, the best in England.—The butler, however, said, he had one complaint against Sir William; that if he should dismiss him from his service, he had spoiled him for any other place, as he could never submit to the arbitrary and capricious

treatment which servants met with from too many masters. Mrs. Molly, who stood at the door, with her work in her hand, said, she had a complaint of the same kind against her lady. Wildgoose replied, if that was all their complaint, he hoped they would not, like too many servants, make it their whole business, when they got together in their hall, to abuse their master and mistress, to waste their victuals, damage the furniture, notch the tables, and do all the little mischief in their power.

But, continued Wildgoose, we have all one great Master, of whose favour we ought to be more ambitious, and with a view to whose approbation we ought to serve our earthly masters with fidelity and care.

Wildgoose then proceeded to ask each of them some questions about the principles of religion; and found Lady Forester had taken great pains in instructing them; but as he thought them yet ignorant of the true faith, and the doctrine of the new birth (as he and Mr. Whitfield understood it), he began to talk to them a little mysteriously on that subject; when some of his expressions being necessarily capable of a *double* meaning, Mrs. Molly cast down her eyes, but gave Mr. George a side look, with a wanton archness; who, being apprehensive that the same tender glances might be directed where he would not wish them to be, told her, with a jealous surliness, that she had better go to her lady's dressing-room, or to the nursery, which was her proper sphere.

Lady Forester, indeed, now rang the bell; on which the servants all dispersed to their several stations; and, after her ladyship had given the housekeeper her necessary orders, she summoned Mr. Wildgoose to attend her and Miss Sainthill in their morning walk.

CHAPTER XVII.

Lady Forester's morning engagement.

LADY FORESTER always made it a rule to answer every demand of *duty*, before she indulged herself in any kind of amusement; and accordingly went her circuit almost every morning, amongst the poor people in the village, however she might be engaged the remaining part of the day. Having made up some linen for a poor woman that was near her time, her ladyship's first visit was made to *her*, to whom she delivered the bundle. As the woman had generally a child every year, Lady Forester had got the linen made of a strong new cloth, that it might serve for more than one child. The poor woman turned it about, and surveyed it with some attention; and, upon Lady Forester's asking her how she liked it? she said it was pretty coarse, but she believed it *might* do.

Miss Sainthill asked the woman, if she did not thank her ladyship for her trouble? The woman replied, Ah! my lady has so many maidens to work for her, it is no great trouble to *she*.

Wildgoose shook his head, and Lady Forester smiled, and proceeded to another cottage, where lived a poor woman, with seven or eight small children, almost naked, and who appeared to be half-starved.

Lady Forester inquired, why she had not sent for some broth for her children, as she used to do?—The woman replied, Why, to tell you the truth, my lady, the broth is not so good as it used to be, since this new cook came.—I am sorry for that, says my lady; but what is the matter with it now?—Ah! cries the woman, Mrs. Filch, the old cook,

used to give a poor body a bit of meat now and then with one's broth. Mrs. Filch had some charity, and was very good to the poor.

I am afraid not, says my lady; she was good to some of them when she was in the humour for it, and bad to others: she would give what was very improper to those that were her favourites, and send others away with reproaches and empty pitchers, just as the whim seized her; and that was a principal reason for my parting with her.

In the next house which they came to lived a poor man that had had an ague for some time; to whom Lady Forester had sent a cordial infusion of the bark. She inquired, how it agreed with him, and whether he had yet got rid of his ague?—The man replied, the stuff had done him no good at all.—Perhaps you did not take it regularly? says my lady.—Ah, no, replies the man; it was so *bitter*, I could not bear the taste of it. Lady Forester told him, all the virtue of it consisted in its bitterness; and, if he would not take that, there was no other remedy for an ague. The man said, then it must be as it pleased God; for he could not take *doctor's stuff*, if he died for it. And so they left him.

They now met a poor miserable-looking old fellow, who seemed to be just slipped out of an ale-house, which stood by the road side, near the end of the village. Well, John, cried Lady Forester, I am glad to see you abroad again; I thought your lameness had still confined you. How do you like the book which I sent you to read in your confinement?—I don't know, my lady: to be sure it is a very good book; but I have been so busy, I have not had time to read a word of it.

Wildgoose could not but observe, that her ladyship had been rather unsuccessful in her endeavours

to do good amongst her poor neighbours; but added, that she would not lose her reward.

Lady Forester replied, she was sufficiently rewarded, in the consciousness of having discharged her duty. Wildgoose added, if her ladyship could but bring them to have a true faith, she would see the effects of it in bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit, meekness, humility, sobriety, and every Christian virtue.

Well, replied Lady Forester, that you may not think all my efforts entirely fruitless, I will take you to one of my more promising institutions.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A scene more agreeable than the last.

Lady Forester now took Wildgoose to a more neat, or rather an elegant habitation, on a little eminence near the park wall. There was a small court before it, planted with sweet herbs, shrubs, and flowers. On their approach the door immediately opened to them, and discovered near twenty little girls and boys, working or reading; and a genteel elderly woman in the midst of them instructing them in their needle-work or in their books.

The moment Lady Forester entered, one of the little girls threw herself upon her knees before her and begged her ladyship not to send her home, and she would never be guilty of stubbornness any more. This, it seems, was a piece of discipline observed by the matron of the school, that when any of the children were refractory, and a slight punishment proved ineffectual, she turned them over to her ladyship's visitatorial authority, which kept them

more in awe, than the severest corporeal chastisement would probably have done.

The children were all clean and neat; and their dress was reduced to a kind of uniform, by a sort of band, or handkerchief, with which they were presented when they came to the school: and, as the children were employed part of the day in weeding the garden, or other necessary business about the house, several useful servants had been sent out from this seminary, within the nine or ten years that Lady Forester had been in the neighbourhood.

Wildgoose asked the school-mistress, what religious books she taught the children; and whether she had met with any of Mr. Wesley's excellent tracts for that purpose?—She replied, that she had taught them the Church Catechism, and a short Exposition of it; and endeavoured, from thence, to inculcate into them their duty to God, their neighbour, and themselves; but did not think children of that age capable of any speculative notions, or any of the mysterious doctrines of Christianity.

Wildgoose replied, that there had been of late many instances of children at five or six, nay, even at three years old, who had had great *experiences*, and had *assurance* of their sins being pardoned; and had also been favoured with visions and revelations of an extraordinary nature;* and that we had no reason to doubt, that even now, as well as in times of old, God could make even babes and sucklings instruments of his glory.

The school-mistress expressed some surprise at this discourse, as being ignorant of Wildgoose's peculiar character; but Lady Forester said, they were going to take a walk in the park; and so put a stop to the dialogue.

* Mr. Wesley's Journals, *passim*.

CHAPTER XIX.

A slight alarm.

THEY were now come to one of the park gates, to which Lady Forester had a key. The park had a fine sylvan appearance, and they were beginning to admire the prospect, when they heard at some distance a most dismal outcry, of Help! help! Murder! murder! I shall be murdered. Wildgoose desired Lady Forester and Miss Sainthill to retreat back again to the park gate, and ran full speed to the assistance of the person in distress. Passing round a thicket of oaks, he saw, with astonishment, his friend Tugwell lying upon the ground, rolled up as round as a wood-louse, with his head between his knees, and guarding himself with his elbows; but could discover no visible cause of this terrible vociferation. At the same instant Mr. Bob Tench, who, not getting any body to angle with him, had been poaching about the park with his gun, was running also to Jerry's assistance. Upon their calling to him once or twice, Jerry ventured to look up, and began to give an account of what had befallen him.

The case was, Tugwell being so little versed in the natural history of animals, as not to distinguish a stag from a jack-ass (which sufficiently appeared at his first setting out on his travels) he had rambled into the park, to see the deer; where, meeting with a large herd, one of them, which had been bred up as a tame fawn, advanced before the rest, and offered his forehead to be scratched; with which instance of familiarity Tugwell was at first highly delighted: but the young deer, who was now above a year old, waxing wanton, began by degrees to be

more familiar than Jerry approved of; who, therefore, poking him off with his staff, the deer began to be in earnest, and drawing himself up, attacked Tugwell in front with great vehemence, and soon overset him; and when down, battered him with his young horns so furiously, that Jerry had good reason to cry out for assistance. The young pricket, however, at sight of Bob Tench, had made off, and joined the herd; so that Wildgoose thought his friend had again been alarmed, as he was at Cardiff, by the vain terrors of imagination.

Wildgoose now returned to find out the ladies, and acquaint them with the cause of the outcry they had heard; but they were so terrified, that they had run home, and alarmed the whole family, many of whom were by this time come to the park gate; and, being informed of the truth of the affair, were greatly diverted with the bastinado Jerry had received from the tame deer; and only lamented, that they had not come soon enough to be witness to the ludicrous operation.

But though Tugwell was not much damaged in his person by this accident, Sir William, for fear of the stag's becoming more mischievous, as his horns became more capable of doing mischief, ordered the poor animal to be shot the first opportunity.

CHAPTER XX.

The lawfulness of eating a good dinner.

It being now dinner-time, most of the company were assembled in the dining parlour, where (as Sir William kept a constant table) the cloth was laid, and the side-board set out with some degree

of splendour. Wildgoose could not forbear making a comparison between the elegance with which Sir William lived, and the scenes of misery which they had just been viewing amongst the poor people in the village; and addressing himself to Lady Forester, said, he ought not to indulge himself in *faring sumptuously*, whilst the poor miners were perishing for want of that spiritual food with which he had undertaken to supply them. Well, says Lady Forester, but there is a time for all things: we will not detain you when you have fixed upon a plan of operation.—Why, I think, says the young Templar, it would be a proper act of mortification for the gentleman to set out upon his mission immediately, now dinner is coming upon the table; as I have heard Mr. Wesley and his friends (when they first set up this scheme of reformation in the university) used frequently to bespeak a handsome dinner, and as soon as it was brought in, send it immediately to the prisoners in the Castle; and dined themselves upon dry bread and green tea.—Yes, says the colonel, but they know better, I believe, by this time; and are not often guilty of those popish austerities. They love feasting, as far as I can see, as well as other people.

Why, says Sir William, I do not apprehend it at all unlawful for the best Christian to frequent occasionally, the festival entertainments of their friends and acquaintance. If that were the case, our Saviour, instead of giving us prudential rules for our behaviour on those occasions ("when thou art bidden to a wedding, go and sit down in the lowest room,") would probably have said, when thou art bidden to a wedding, do not go.

Pray, says Lady Forester, now you are talking divinity, what is become of our chaplain to-day, the parson of the parish?—Oh! says Mr. Tench, I

can tell your ladyship; he is gone to the Bowling-green club. I promised to attend the doctor thither; but forgot it till it was too late.—Ah! Mr. Wildgoose, says Lady Forester, those are things that I disapprove of as well as you.—Madam, replies Wildgoose, I disapprove of those things, because I really have no relish for them; and it would be as great a penance to me, if I were obliged to play a whole afternoon at bowls, cards, or back-gammon, as it was to the primitive saint,* to stand all night upon a pillar forty feet high; and I suppose your chaplain has no more taste for books or spiritual joys, than I have for those carnal amusements.

Sir, says Bob Tench, the doctor is a very learned man, and *publishes* something almost every month.—In the magazine, I presume? says Wildgoose.—No, in the church, replies Mr. Tench; he *publishes* the banns of marriage between the lads and lasses, who want to be joined together in holy matrimony.

As dinner was now upon table, all conversation began to grow insipid. Wildgoose, indeed, still kept harping upon the same string for some time, and said, that no one who had *tasted* the pleasures of a divine life, could any longer relish such trash as the amusements of this world generally were.—Mr. Wildgoose, says Lady Forester, let me help you to some of this hashed calve's head. The savoury smell of this dish soon put to flight Mr. Wildgoose's spiritual ideas. He accepted the calve's head; and began to fancy himself in the land of promise; and, with a true patriarchal appetite, he feasted most devoutly.

* Simon Stylites.

CHAPTER XXI.

Protestant nunneries. The disconsolate widow.

DINNER being ended, Lady Forester's favourite topic, religion, was again brought upon the carpet; upon which subject, she and Miss Sainthill talked with pleasure. The colonel, however, could not bear with patience the compliment which he thought was paid to a mere vagabond in this respect; and at last said with some wrath, that he was of the same opinion, in regard to the Methodists, which Charles the Second was in regard to the Presbyterians—that there never was a *gentleman* of that religion since the first propagation of it.

Sir William Forester replied, that he had always considered that observation of King Charles, if he really made it, as a compliment to the dissenters of that reign, when the *gentleman* meant a fellow of a *genteel* address, perhaps, and polite accomplishments; but who would drink, whore, or debauch the wife of his friend or companion; and, when called to an account for it, run him through the body without any more ceremony.

Miss Sainthill, out of opposition to the colonel, took the part of the Methodists with some spirit—to all which the man of war only replied in the words of Hamlet—

"Get thee to a nunnery, Ophelia; get thee to a nunnery!"

So I would, says Miss Sainthill, if there were in England any such thing as a Protestant nunnery; and I could spend my life, in such a situation, with great satisfaction.

Why, says Rappee, I should think it a very proper way of disposing of some part of your sex—of

the old and the ugly; of old maids, and of young women who were too homely to get themselves husbands.—And, I assure you, says Miss Sainthill, I should think it a very happy refuge from the impertinence of fools and coxcombs, with which the world abounds.

Why, says Lady Forester, jesting apart, Miss Sainthill and I have often been laying a plan for an asylum of this kind; and I cannot think, if there were such an institution, in every country, under proper regulations, it would be attended with any bad effects. I do not mean to draw in young thoughtless creatures upon every disappointment in love; or young women, who might be useful in the world, as servants, milliners, or mantua-makers, and other necessary employments; but as a refuge for young ladies of good families and small fortune, who are now forced to live in a dependent state, or, perhaps, to take up with matches of mere convenience, which make them miserable their whole lives.

There should be a proper succession of working, reading, and amusement. They should enter voluntarily into them, and not before a certain age, as thirty or forty, suppose; yet to guard against the caprice and inconstancy of human nature, they should be under some little restraint, and not be released from their engagement, without some considerable forfeit for the good of society. The number should be limited; and, to make it an honourable situation, the queen, perhaps, for the time being, or some of the royal family, would vouchsafe to patronise these institutions; who should also have a power of visiting them, and be the judges of the qualifications of persons to be admitted, and of the causes for which they might plead to be released.

Well, says the young Templar; but, by a statute of the 27th year of Harry the Eighth, all monasteries, nunneries, and religious houses, are for ever dissolved; and I do not imagine any thing of this kind could be established without an act of Parliament.

Ah! says the colonel, in his common-place way, and besides,

> Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
> Too oft they're broke, tho' in a *convent* made.

There was a widow in ——shire, the other day, who was so disconsolate upon the loss of her good man, that she made a *vow*, not only to live single, but absolutely to renounce the world, and never to behold the face of a man again.

To sooth her melancholy she sat constantly in her dressing-room, with her curtains half-drawn: and, with folded hands, kept contemplating a miniature picture of her husband, fixed in the pedestal of a little pyramid, or mausoleum, formed of her jewels; which she had gotten worked up into that form, and placed upon her toilette, from morning to night.

After carrying on this farce for near three months, some affairs respecting her jointure, which was very large, made it absolutely necessary for her to go to London. When she took coach for that purpose, her men servants were ordered to be out of sight; and she was handed in, veiled, by her own maid.

A friend of mine in the guards, who though not personally known to her, was (by means of a servant who had lived in the family) acquainted with every circumstance of her fortune and the present state of her mind (by a few half-crowns properly applied,) got intelligence of her intended journey, and of all her motions. My friend, therefore, contrived to meet

her equipage at the first stage: and taking his station in the bar, as soon as the dowager's maid stepped out of the coach, he flies to the step; thrusts the Abigail aside; and, with a gallant yet submissive air, seized the lady's hand, and offered to conduct her to the parlour.

At the sight of a man, even through her veil, she gave a faint scream, and affected to be extremely angry with her maid for deserting her in such a manner. She felt something contagious, however, in the touch of a handsome young fellow in his regimentals; and, though she charged her servant to be more careful for the future, her curiosity prompted her to inquire, whether she knew who the gentleman was? then repeated her charge, to make sure that the coast was clear, at the next inn they came to, before she got out of the coach.

My friend staid and dined at the inn as the lady also did; and suffered the carriage to set out before him; but ordered his servant (by means of a bowl of punch with which he treated the lady's coachman) to get strict information, where and at what inn they were to lie that evening.

Nay, as her servants had no idea of the lady's delicate distress on the loss of her spouse, they considered her behaviour as mere affectation; and as that sort of gentry are always pleased with such cheerful events as promote feasting and jollity, they were much inclined to facilitate a good understanding between their lady and so generous a lover.—They contrived, therefore, a stratagem to overcome the dowager's reserve, and to lay her under a necessity of another interview with the captain, by loosening some of the traces of the carriage, and when my friend overtook them, by alarming the poor lady with an outcry of danger; which forced her to get out of the coach, whilst they pretended

to set matters to rights. At this instant the captain made his appearance, leaped off his horse, and again handed the lady out of her carriage. She could not avoid admitting him to converse with her, whilst they stood waiting for her equipage in the public road. The captain made the best use of his time; ogled, sighed, and played all the artillery of love so effectually, that the lady condescended at length to thank him for his civilities; and added, if he *happened* to go to the same inn, she would be glad of his company to sup with her.

In short, there was so close an intimacy commenced from that evening, that when the poor dowager came to town, she found her affairs so perplexed, and herself (a poor helpless woman) so little able to conduct them, that she began to consult with her maid, whom she had best call into her assistance. Mrs. Abigail had seen too much of the rapid progress of her lady's passion, to hesitate on the choice, and immediately determined, that the captain was the only man in the world for her purpose.

In short, the exigence of her affairs was such, and her *distress* so urgent, that she thought any longer delay would be quite imprudent. So that, in less than six months, she laid aside her weeds, had her *jewels new set*, married the captain, and was as fond of her second spouse as she had been of her first.

CHAPTER XXII.

Frailty not confined to females.

WELL, says Lady Forester, and what do you infer from this gossiping tale? That women are poor

frail creatures, and do not thoroughly know their own hearts; but frequently act contrary to their best-formed resolutions?

Yes, says Wildgoose, and we are all equally frail and impotent, without the assistance of the Divine Spirit. This lady, indeed, seemed sensible of her own weakness, by her first resolution to avoid the very sight of a man for the future: for there is no security, but by guarding every avenue of the soul against the approach of our spiritual adversary.

I am afraid, however, says Sir William, there are as many instances of frailty to be met with in ours, as in that which is called the *softer* sex. The lady whom the colonel has mentioned, was guilty of a very common, and, I suppose, a very innocent frailty. She buried one husband, and married another. But there has lately happened a very shocking instance of frailty, or rather of an irregular indulgence of the passions, in one of our sex; the particulars of which (as I believe it was in his neighbourhood) Mr Wildgoose, perhaps may be able to inform us of: I mean, the dreadful story of Sir W. Keyte, who in a fit of jealousy (as I have heard) burnt himself and a magnificent house, which he had built to please the fancy of an imperious mistress, whom he kept; though he had really been as fond of his own lady, as the dowager (Colonel Rappee talks of) was of her husband.

Wildgoose replied, that the particulars of that affair were known to all the neighbourhood in which *he* lived: but the catastrophe was too tragical to entertain so cheerful a company. Yet, says he, if Sir William desires it, I will take some opportunity of relating the whole progress of that affair.

The ladies, according to a laudable custom, now leaving the gentlemen at liberty to enjoy a more licentious conversation, and to drink bumpers; and

neither Sir William nor his company being disposed to make use of that indulgence; they also soon after dispersed; and Sir William invited Mr. Wildgoose to accompany them to a very romantic place (which he was going to shew to the young Templar,) being the seat * of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, where the river Manifold, after running three or four miles under ground, bursts forth from a hollow rock in the garden, which is laid out with grottoes and cascades, suitable to so grotesque a scene.

Wildgoose would have declined this gratification of his curiosity, but for the sake of a small lead-mine, which Sir William told him they should pass near in their walk thither; where he thought, he might reconnoitre the ground, in order to begin his operations the first opportunity.

The colonel, conscious of the advantageous figure he made on horseback, chose to ride, attended only by his servant. But Bob Tench accompanied them, for the sake of throwing his fly by the way, and angling for trout in the river Dove: and one or two of the servants took Tugwell as far as the lead-work, notwithstanding his bruises from the tame deer in the morning, in hopes of having some sport with him when they came thither.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Wonders of the Peak.

One of the servants that attended Tugwell in his walk was the old gardener, who was a man of some

* Ilam, the seat of Mr. Porter, now well known to people of taste in most parts of the kingdom.

humour; and had read many books of travels and of natural history, as well as those which more immediately related to his own profession. He entertained Jerry, as they went along, with some account of the wonders of the Peak; which, he said, they would see, if he and his master went with the company to morrow, as he found his lady intended they should.

The gardener told him, there was a hill called Mam-torre (as big as any of the Welsh mountains which he had been talking of,) that was continually mouldering and shivering down earth and parts of the rock; and yet neither was the hill visibly diminished, nor the valley beneath raised up, in the memory of man.

There is also a perpendicular chasm, or opening into the very bowels of the earth, called Elden-hole, above fifty feet wide; and which has been fathomed above eight hundred yards, and no bottom discovered.

Then there is Chatsworth, the finest house in England, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. The frames of the windows are all gilded with gold; and the gardens are the most beautiful that can be conceived.

Well! but where is the D-vil's A-se o'Peak, which they talk so much of? says Tugwell. Why that is the greatest curiosity of all, says the gardener. It is a monstrous cavern, as high as the inside of a cathedral church, at the bottom of a prodigious mountain. In the mouth of the cavern are several cottages, where the poor people make pack-thread, &c and across it run three different streams, which are lost under ground. Two of them you may pass over in a flat-bottomed boat: but the rock closes almost entirely over the third; so that it is generally thought to be impassable. This, however, a man of

great curiosity once ventured to pass over; laying himself flat on his face in the boat, and being shoved over by his companions; but he was near a whole day before he returned.

And what, *the dickens!* did he see, says Tugwell, when he got thither?

Why, says the gardener, as soon as he landed, he came into a fine *green* meadow not covered with grass, but paved with green emeralds; at the extremity of which was a large city, inhabited by people about a span long. Upon inquiring the name of the country, he found they understood his language, and did not seem much surprised at his appearance; having often seen and conversed with the inhabitants of this outward surface of the globe, in the remoter parts of their dominions: for, you must know, the place where he landed was the mineral kingdom, and the town which he saw, the capital city of the King of Diamonds. They are a race of fairies, that preside over the different productions of the mines: not only gold, silver, copper, lead, and all the useful metallic ores; but also the precious stones which mortals are so fond of, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and the like; which they crystallize, ripen, purify, and refine, by incessant chemical operations in the bowels of the earth. Their city was surrounded with walls of common agate or cornelian; the gates were either brass or iron; their houses were built of different-coloured precious stones; regard being chiefly had to their several ranks or professions. The royal palace was of rubies and garnets, the doors of gold and silver. The bishops' houses were of purple amethysts, those of the inferior clergy of blue or sapphires, and so on; though most of them were lined with cornelian, or some stone that was not transparent, to keep out the scorching rays of the sun, and to prevent the in-

spection of their impertinent neighbours. They set no great value upon diamonds, on account of their want of colour; but prepared them chiefly for traffic. They had plenty of the finest liquors; their conduits ran with a liquor called nectar, honey-water, and eau-de-luce; and their springs with the most spirited mineral waters, such as Spa or Pyrmont produce. But, it being very hot weather, our poor adventurer would rather have had one quart of small beer, than all the gold and precious stones in the universe.

Well, says Tugwell, but how the deuce did he get back again?

You shall hear, says the gardener. He was going to pocket a few loose diamonds, with which the highways were mended, and to pluck up an old silver gate-post, when he found himself pinched all over his body, and received a great blow upon his back, with a stone; and the boat was driven down the stream to a good landing-place, where he returned to his companions; being uncertain whether he had not fallen asleep in his passage, and whether what he saw was a dream or a reality.

This strange description put Jerry in mind of the Utopia of school-boys; he said, he had rather have gone into the country which he had heard of, where the houses are built with plumb-cake, or gingerbread, and thatched with pan-cakes; the streets paved with apple-dumplings; and where the roasted pigs ran about with knives and forks stuck in their buttocks, crying, Come, eat me! Come, eat me! Though I should like to see the *mineral kingdom* too, says Jerry, if I could see it without crossing the water.

CHAPTER XXIV.

View of a lead mine.

THEY were now come to the lead-mine, at the bottom of a high hill; where they saw only three miners, who were winding up a basket of ore; but the gardener told Jerry, there were probably twenty more under ground; and that he had better go down and preach to them, or at least prepare them a little for what his master had to say to them when he came; and then you will see something of the mineral kingdom into the bargain.

As Jerry had heard Wildgoose harangue so often on the same subject, he was a little conceited in his own proficiency, and really fancied he could almost equal his master; and seemed at first well enough pleased with the compliment that was paid him. But when he approached the shaft or mouth of the mines, he was greatly terrified at the appearance; and said, for his part, he did not pretend to preach; that God had not bestowed upon him the gift of utterance, and of understanding hard words; but that he only went with Mr. Wildgoose for company's sake, who, he did not doubt, would some time or other pay him for his trouble.

Well, says the old gardener, but as your master may not come in time, you would not suffer so many poor souls to perish, for want, perhaps, of what little instruction you can give them.—Tugwell replied, he was nothing but a poor cobbler; and it was not his business to *save souls*.—That's true, says the gardener, as you are a cobbler; but, as you pretend to be a Methodist, you ought to preach "in season and out of season," above ground or under ground, wherever you have an opportunity.

'Sblood! cries Jerry, with a licentious air, I am no Methodist, I tell you; and would not go down into such a hole as this, to save all the souls in purgatory.

The servants, however, as soon as the miners had emptied their load, winked upon them, and made signs to put Tugwell in the basket, which two of them very dexterously performed, notwithstanding Jerry laid about him, and made great resistance; and the third got into the basket with him, and held him fast, whilst the other two, by means of the windlass, let them several fathoms down the shaft; Tugwell roaring out, like a mad bull, as he descended into the horrid chasm.

Just at that instant Mr. Wildgoose, attended by Bob Tench (having left the company as soon as they had taken a slight view of the romantic gardens at Ilam), came to the lead-mine, and hearing the outcry, inquired with some eagerness what was the matter? The gardener told them, that they had persuaded Mr. Tugwell to go down and preach to the miners; but that now he was got into the shaft, he seemed a little frightened at the manner of going down.

Wildgoose, being no stranger to Jerry's want of courage in adventures of that unusual kind, was apprehensive of some bad consequences; he, therefore, desired them to wind him up again; which, upon Bob Tench's likewise insisting upon it, they immediately performed: so that Jerry saw but little of the mineral kingdom.

As soon as Tugwell was safely landed again, he began rubbing his fists and spitting in his hands, and challenged to fight any two of the miners who had treated him in that treacherous manner; when, perceiving his master (who attempted to moderate his resentment,) Jerry fell foul upon him with bitter

complaints; and said, if Mr. Wildgoose had a mind to preach to the miners, he should go by himself; for he would not be buried alive upon other people's business; and I am sure, adds Jerry, if I had gone much lower, the cold damps would have taken away my breath.—Well, says Wildgoose, I don't desire you to run any risque; but I myself will immediately go down amongst these poor people, and open my commission; and they shall not remain one night longer under the dominion of Satan.

Wildgoose then desired the miners, to let him down the shaft, as he understood there were several more of their fellow-labourers under ground. But the miners then told him, that there were no more than themselves there, and that the mine had been under water for this week past; and that they had been employed to bring away some ore, that was left in a cavity about half way down the shaft; and that they only took the other honest man, (meaning Tugwell,) to frighten him a little, by way of diversion. Wildgoose, therefore, having asked them some few questions more, he, Mr. Tench, and the rest of the company, returned towards Sir William Forester's.

Tugwell, by not submitting to his fate with Christian patience, had got a broken head in the scuffle; which, though he did not perceive it at first, bled pretty freely. But, as Bob Tench was never at a loss for expedients, and had always a little phial of Friar's Balsam in his pocket, some gold-beater's skin and court-plaister, as well as his cork-screw and mohock, he soon set Jerry's scull to rights, and stopped the bleeding.

Upon Wildgoose's lamenting his disappointment in not finding any number of people at the lead-mine, the old gardener told him how precarious

those operations were; that a great copper-mine in that neighbourhood, which had brought in six thousand pounds a year, was now under water, and would probably be the ruin of a very worthy family: that one gentleman had spent eight or nine hundred pounds in quest of a vein of ore, and was then obliged, for want of money, to desist: another gentleman pursues the same work, and within two feet of the spot where the former adventurer had left off, discovers a rich vein, and makes a fortune of ten thousand pounds.—Ay, says Wildgoose, I wish people would seek after righteousness, as they do after silver; and search after true religion as they do after hidden treasures.—Troth, says Tugwell, I had rather work for eight-pence a-day above ground than venture down into a mine for all the hidden treasure in the world.

As they went along, Bob Tench left them for an hour, to angle upon the Dove for trout; and it being a fine calm evening, he soon caught a brace and a half, which he brought home in triumph; and said, that was the finest prospect he had seen today.

CHAPTER XXV.

Beauties of nature.

SIR WILLIAM and the young Templar, and the other parties, all came to the rendezvous pretty near the same time. When they were come into the parlour and sat down, Mr. Wildgoose appearing rather more serious than usual, Lady Forester said, he seemed tired with his walk, and asked him how he liked Ilam? Wildgoose answered, it was certainly

a most romantic place, and he enjoyed prospects of that kind as much as any one formerly. But—But what? says Miss Sainthill, with some quickness. Why, to be sure, replies Wildgoose, the natural man cannot but be delighted with these terrestrial beauties; yet, considered in a religious light, these stupendous rocks and mountains appear to me as the ruins of a noble palace, designed for man in a state of innocence; and I own it makes me serious, when I reflect on the fallen state of mankind; and that the whole creation suffers for our guilt, and groaneth for redemption.

Well, says Lady Forester, all this may be true; but you don't think it any sin to be charmed with the beauties of nature? You say, the *natural man* is delighted with them; that is, every thing great, beautiful, or uncommon, is *naturally* agreeable to the imagination; and I can never think it unlawful to enjoy, under proper restrictions, what Providence has formed us for enjoying.

No, says Miss Sainthill, if it were, David must have been a very wicked man, who always speaks with rapture of the beauty of nature, of the magnificence of the heavenly bodies, the moon and stars, which thou hast created, the variety of seasons thou hast made, summer and winter; the sweet approach of even and morn! Thou that makest the out-goings of the morning and evening to praise thee. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works!" says he, "in wisdom hast thou made them all."

Well prayed, Miss Sainthill, cries the colonel. Why, Lady Forester has no occasion for a chaplain; you quote chapter and verse as well as the best divine in Christendom.

Supper now appeared, and the *natural man* again resuming his place in Mr. Wildgoose, he ate as heartily as the best of them. After supper, when

they had taken a glass or two round, Sir William put Mr. Wildgoose in mind of the promise he had made, to give them the particulars of Sir William Keyte's unhappy affair.

Wildgoose replied, that he could not, without some reluctance, recollect so tragical a story, which concerned a family for whom he had a great regard. But, says he, as the thing is public, and shows in a striking light the dreadful consequences of irregular indulgences, and also how corrupt the *natural man* is when destitute of divine grace, I will relate the particulars with as much brevity as I can.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Narrative of a licentious amour.

Sir William Keyte was a baronet of very considerable fortune, and of an ancient family; and on his return from his travels, had so amiable a character, and was reckoned what the world calls so fine a gentleman, that he was thought a very desirable match for a worthy nobleman's daughter in the neighbourhood, of great beauty, merit, and a suitable fortune.

Sir W. and his lady lived very happily together for some years, and had four or five fine children; when he was unfortunately nominated, at a contested election, to represent the borough of W-r—k, in which county the bulk of his estate lay, and where he at that time resided. After the election, as some sort of recompense to a zealous partisan of Sir W.'s, Lady Keyte took an inn-keeper's daughter for her own maid. She was a tall, genteel girl, with

a fine complexion, and an appearance of great modesty and innocence.

Molly I——n (which was her name) had waited on Lady Keyte for some time, before Sir W. appeared to take the least notice of her; though Lady Keyte (perhaps from some sparks of jealousy, and to try how Sir W. stood affected) would frequently observe, what a fine girl Molly I——n was grown: to which Sir W.'s usual reply was, that he saw nothing extraordinary in the girl; and even affected to speak slightingly of her person, and to censure her awkwardness and her vanity; for which, as there was not the least foundation, Sir W. probably intended it to conceal his real sentiments.

After some time, however, the servants in the family began to entertain some suspicions, that Molly I——n was too highly in her master's favour. The housekeeper in particular (who in the course of forty years had been actually engaged in at least forty intrigues) soon perceived there was too much foundation for these suspicions. Knowing, therefore, that the butler had himself made overtures to Molly, she set him to work, whose jealousy made him so vigilant, that he soon discovered the whole of the affair; and that it had proceeded much further than was at first apprehended. The housekeeper (as that sort of gentry are apt to triumph in the indiscretions of young people) made use of the butler's *name*, as well as his intelligence, to her lady; and this threw every thing into confusion.

Lady Keyte's passion soon got the better of her discretion. For if, instead of reproaching Sir W. with his infidelity, she had dissembled her resentment, till his first fondness for their new object had abated (which, for her own sake, as well as that of her children, she ought to have done,) she might probably have reclaimed her husband; who, not-

withstanding this temporary defection, was known to have a sincere regard and esteem for his lady.

The butler's officious sedulity, however, had like to have been fatal to the poor fellow. For his name being mentioned as having made the discovery, and Molly I——n having told Sir W. that he was only piqued at her rejecting his addresses, Sir W. went up into the servants' apartment the very next night, and ran his sword several times through the bed where the butler used to lie; who had, for some reason or other, changed his lodging, and happily escaped his destruction. And this rash proceeding of Sir W. shows how true it is, that whoever offends against the laws of God in one point, is often, in a literal sense, guilty of violating the whole law.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The narrative continued.

THE affair being now publicly known in the family, and all restraints of shame, or fear of discovery, being quite removed, things were soon carried to extremity between Sir W. and his lady, and a separation became unavoidable. Sir W. left Lady Keyte, with the two younger children, in possession of the mansion-house in W—-shire, and retired himself, with his mistress, and his two eldest sons, to a large farm-house on the side of the Cotswold-hills. The situation was fine, with plenty of wood and water, and commanded an extensive view of the vale of Evesham. This tempted him to build a handsome box there, with very extensive gardens, planted and laid out in the expensive taste of the age: and, not

content with this, before the body of the house was quite finished, Sir W. added two large side-fronts (if I may so express it) for no better a reason, as I could hear, but that his mistress happened to say, "What is a kite without wings?"

I mention these particulars, because I believe the expense of finishing this place (which was at least ten thousand pounds) was the first cause of Sir W.'s encumbering his estate; and the difficulties in which he was involved making him uneasy, he, as is too natural, had recourse to the bottle for relief. Sir W. kept, what is called, a hospitable house, and too many people being fond of the freedom and jollity which is usually found at a table where no lady presides,* he was seldom without company, which brought on a constant course of dissipation and want of economy; by which means Sir W.'s affairs, in a few years, became almost desperate: though, it must be confessed, Mrs. I——n, in her situation, behaved with great care and frugality.

Well; Sir W. was now turned of fifty, and his eldest son (the present Sir J—s) being grown up and returned from the university, Sir W. instead of sending him abroad, or giving him the advantages which a young man of his rank might have expected, kept him at home, and made him a witness, and, in some measure, a partaker of his debaucheries; and, what is most to be lamented, in a temporal view, drew him in, by some plausible pretence, or wrong indulgence, to part with his reversionary right to his mother's jointure, which was very considerable, and almost the only part of the estate which had not been already mortgaged for its full value.

* It was a point of decency at this time, not to bring a mistress amongst strangers. I believe the custom is now altered.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Its fatal event.

BUT to hasten to the catastrophe of my tale. There was taken into the family about this time, a fresh-coloured country girl, in the capacity of a dairy-maid, with no other beauty than what arises from the bloom of youth: and, as people who once give way to their passions, and are unrestrained by grace, know no bounds, Sir W. in the decline of life, conceived an amorous regard for this girl, who was scarce twenty. This event produced still further confusion in the family. Mrs. I——n soon observed this growing passion; and, either from resentment, or from the apprehension, or, perhaps, the real experience, of ill usage, thought proper to retire to a little market-town in the neighbourhood; where she was reduced to keep a little sewing-school for bread.—Aye, and good enough too for such hussies, cried some of the ladies.

Well, continued Wildgoose, young Mr. Keyte, whether shocked at this unparalleled infatuation of his father, or, as was commonly said, finding himself considered as a rival in the affections of this poor creature, sought an asylum, and spent most of his time with Lord L———, a friend of his, in W—shire.

Sir W. though he had now a prospect of being successful in this humble amour, and of indulging it without molestation; yet began at length to see the delusive nature of all vicious pursuits; and, though he endeavoured to keep up his spirits, or rather to drown all thought by constant intoxication, yet in his sober intervals he became a victim to gloomy reflections. He had injured a valuable

wife, which he could not even now reflect upon without some remorse: he had wronged his innocent children, whom he could not think upon without the tenderest sentiments of compassion. His son, who had been a sort of companion to him for some years, had now left him, through his ill usage. And, as she had been for some time useful to him, he was shocked at being deserted even by the woman for whose sake he had brought this distress upon his family; and he found himself almost alone in that magnificent but fatal mansion, the erecting and adorning of which had been the principal cause of ruining his fortune.

Tormented by these contending passions, he had, for a week past, raised himself, by constant inebriation, to a degree of phrenzy; and had behaved in so frantic a manner, that even his new favourite, the poor Blowselinda, could bear it no longer, and had eloped from him.

On the morning of the day on which he executed his fatal resolution, Sir W. sent for his son and for his new mistress; with what intention can only be conjectured; but luckily, neither of them obeyed the summons. Early in the evening (it being in the month of October, I think) the butler had lighted two candles (as usual), and set them upon the marble table in the hall. Sir W. came down and took them up himself, as he frequently did. After some time, however, one of the house-maids ran down stairs in a great fright, and said, the lobby was all in a cloud of smoke. The servants, and a tradesman that was in the house upon business, ran immediately up, and, forcing open the door, whence the smoke seemed to proceed, they found Sir W. had set fire to a large heap of fine linen, piled up in the middle of the room, which had been given by some old lady, a relation, as a legacy to his eldest son.

Whilst the attention of the servants was entirely taken up with extinguishing the flames in this room, Sir W. had made his escape into an adjoining chamber, where was a cotton bed, and which was wainscoted with deal, as most finished rooms then were. When they had broken open this door, the flames burst out upon them with such fury, that they were all glad to make their escape out of the house; the principal part of which sumptuous pile was, in a few hours, burnt to the ground; and no other remains of Sir W. were found the next morning, than the hip-bone, and the *vertebræ*, or bones of the back; with two or three keys, and a gold watch, which he had in his pocket.

This was the dreadful consequence of a licentious passion, not checked in its infancy; or rather, thus may every unregenerate man expect to be drawn on from one degree of wickedness to another, when deserted by the Spirit, and given up to his own imaginations.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A remedy against suicide.

Well, says Colonel Rappee, we are obliged to the gentleman for his story—and for a sermon into the bargain.—Why, it is a very serious affair, says Sir William, for a man to destroy himself, and rush into the presence of his offended Judge, with all his sins and follies unrepented of about him.—The colonel replied, if life was given as a blessing; when it ceased to be such, he thought a man might resign it again, without offence to any one.—Yes, yes, says Sir William, if he were under no obligations to any

law, either of nature, or reason, or society; not to mention the revealed will of God, by which all murder is forbidden. But I would desire no other argument against self-murder, continues Sir William, than its being contrary to the very first law of nature, self-preservation, and its shocking the natural feelings and common apprehensions of all mankind.

The young Templar said, that as suicide was the most horrid of all murders, a friend of his proposed to have it punished as other heinous murders are. —How is that? says the colonel.—Why, by being hanged in chains, says the Templar.—O, says Sir William, but that would be rather a punishment to his surviving family, than to the deceased offender. —Yes, says the Templar, and that is the very thing proposed; as the thoughts of bringing such a reproach upon his innocent wife and children would probably restrain many a man from so rash an action, who was deaf to every other consideration.—Well, says Miss Sainthill, but this penalty would be no restraint upon you and me, colonel—upon old maids and old bachelors.

The colonel was going to make some reply, when the attention of the company was attracted by a burst of loud laughter from the servants' hall; and a sort of riotous mirth not usual in Sir William's family. Miss Forester, attended by Mr. Bob Tench, took upon her to go and inquire into the cause of this boisterous merriment. When they came to the door of the servants' apartment, they found it was Tugwell who had "set the table in a roar," by getting upon the end of it, and holding forth in imitation of his master and Mr. Whitfield.

The truth was, Jerry being pretty thirsty after his long walk, and the numerous perils he had undergone that day, the butler plied him with strong beer,

till he began to wax mellow; in which state of things, Jerry thought proper to mount the table, and harangue in praise of *temperance;* and, in short, proceeded so long in recommending *sobriety*, and in tossing off horns of ale, that he became as drunk as a piper. This inconsistency of conduct exposed our orator (as it has done more respectable characters) to the ridicule of his audience; so that the cook had made so free with the preacher, as to pin a dish-clout to his rump; and the other servants, in their different ways, had offered Jerry many indignities. Nay, they proceeded so far at last, as to give him the strappado, or ancient discipline of the boot, with no feeble arm upon his posteriors; and then conveyed him hand and foot, like a dead pig, decently to bed.

When Miss Forester returned into the parlour, she laughed to herself, and whispered Lady Forester in the ear. Sir William asked Bob Tench what was the cause of all that noise below stairs? Bob cast a sneering look at Wildgoose, as if he were answerable for the absurdities of his comrade, and said, Mr. Wildgoose's friend was entertaining the company with a dissertation upon *sobriety;* but his long walk, and a horn or two of ale, were a little too much for him.

Wildgoose could not forbear blushing at the indiscretion of his fellow-traveller; being sensible that he must rather injure the cause than promote it, as his zeal was probably much greater than his knowledge or his abilities.

CHAPTER XXX.

Love triumphant over sensuality.

It being now bed-time, Mrs. Molly brought candles for the ladies; and in allusion to what had passed in the servants' hall, simpered upon Wildgoose. But there was something so lascivious in her smiles, that he considered it as almost an act of sensuality to return them, which yet it was almost impossible to avoid.

The gentlemen sat talking near half an hour after the ladies were gone, and then retired to their several apartments. When Wildgoose was got to his chamber, had shut the door, and was going to his devotions by the bed-side, he was surprised with the sight of a pink petticoat, a cotton gown, a pair of white stockings, and some green stuff shoes, thrown carelessly upon the floor; and, upon looking within the curtains, saw a girl, as he thought, in a laced night-cap, her face turned from him, and, as he supposed, fast asleep. Wildgoose was struck silent with astonishment at first; but imagining that Mrs. Molly, who had ogled him so frequently since he came, had laid this snare for his virtue, he broke out into this kind of soliloquy:—Ah! wretch that I am; I have brought this poor creature to the very brink of destruction, by my own carnal concupiscence. I have encouraged her amorous wishes, by returning her wanton glances, instead of nipping her hopes in the bud, by a severity of countenance, as I ought to have done. But how shall I resist such a temptation! The spirit is willing; but the flesh is weak. I can renounce the world, and defy the devil. But the flesh—O, the flesh is weak! Heaven protect me! Whilst he was uttering this

rhapsody, he, by an almost involuntary motion, pulled Miss Townsend's cambric handkerchief out of his pocket; the ambrosial scent of which immediately revived her agreeable idea, and the tender sentiments which Mr. Wildgoose entertained for that lady, and gave a new turn to his thoughts.—But O! wretch that I am, continues he, how can I forget the kind looks and modest blushes of the incomparable Miss Townsend, and be guilty of any act of infidelity to so amiable a lady? Avaunt, Beelzebub! Get thee behind me, Satan, says he, with a vehement emphasis; which threw the counterfeit Mrs. Molly into a fit of laughter: and out leaped Tom the stable boy, whom the butler had got to act this farce, and, running to the chamber-door, joined Mr. George, and some others of the servants who were in the secret, and who were waiting in the lobby for the event of their stratagem.

Mr. Wildgoose stared with surprise, and was at first a little angry at the joke which was put upon him. But immediately recollecting that he had invited this insult by his own indiscretion, he thought it best to take no further notice of it. He, therefore, went to bed; but was kept awake an hour or two, by his vexation at this incident, and other meditations of various kinds.

CHAPTER XXXI.

More nocturnal perils.

Mr. Wildgoose was just composing himself to sleep, however, when he heard his door open again, and was afraid of some real attack upon his chastity, when, to his astonishment, he heard the lamentable

voice of his friend Tugwell.—Master Wildgoose, Master Wildgoose! says he, for God's sake, awake: I will not stay a moment longer in the house.—Why, what is the matter? says Wildgoose.—Why, quoth Jerry, the house is haunted, and the bed-clothes are bewitched; and I would not go to bed again for a hundred pounds.—I am afraid, replies Wildgoose, thou art not sober yet, Jerry; for I hear thou gottest fuddled to-night in a most ungodly manner.—Ah, master, cries Jerry, I am as sober now as ever I was in my life, and have had two or three hours good sleep. But, I am sure, the bed is bewitched; for there was not a soul in the room besides myself, and a witch, or a spirit, kept pulling the bed-clothes off me, twenty times, as fast as I could pull them on me again: and I am certain it could be nothing but witchcraft.

The case was, the cook and the house-maid, by a common contrivance amongst girls who love to be playing tricks with young fellows, had tacked the bed-clothes together, and, by a long packthread fixed under the quilt, and brought under the door, as they went up to bed, had played off this piece of fun, to the terror and annoyance of poor Tugwell.

Mr. Wildgoose desired Jerry to go to bed again till the morning, when he himself, he said, intended to depart; as he found the servants, instead of minding the things which belonged to their salvation, were all in a conspiracy to put tricks upon them, and to defeat their pious intentions.

Yes, says Jerry, and so are the miners too, as far as I can see; and I am for getting out of this heathenish country as fast as we can.

Why, says Wildgoose, Sir William and Lady Forester are very good people; but we have done wrong, to entangle ourselves in the pleasures of this

world; and though I have promised to accompany them into the Peak to-morrow, yet the servants, perhaps, may prejudice the miners against us. In short, says he, I am afraid, the hour is not yet come for their conversion. Therefore, Jerry, go you and lie down for an hour or two longer, and at dawn of day we will leave this place.

Tugwell, however, could not be prevailed upon to return to his own bed, which he considered as haunted by some invisible being, or evil spirit; but, putting on his clothes, and laying his wallet under his head, slept upon the carpet in his master's room.

As for Wildgoose, he composed himself for a few hours; but awaking between three and four o'clock, he roused his fellow-traveller, and they set out before any of the family was stirring.

Wildgoose left a note upon the table, expressing his obligations to Sir William and Lady Forester, and making an apology for his abrupt departure; but said, God had called him elsewhere; and the end for which he had come into the Peak being, as he thought frustrated by some unexpected incidents, he would defer his visitation of the miners to some more favourable opportunity; when he hoped again to pay his respects to his worthy friends, Sir William and Lady Forester.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

BOOK THE ELEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

The two pilgrims decamp without beat of drum.

THE two pilgrims set out from Sir William Forester's as was related, about four o'clock in the morning; and, as Tugwell did not know what his master's intentions were, he was much pleased to see him turn his face towards the south. He was surprised, however, to find him so easily give up his project of preaching to the miners in the Peak, with which view they had travelled so many tedious miles.

But the truth was, that besides his apprehensions lest the servants might make a ludicrous use of the adventure of the stable-boy whom the butler had put into his bed, Mr. Wildgoose had a more powerful motive for hastening his departure towards the south. Mr. Bob Tench, in their walk from Ilam, had told him, by way of conversation, that he had promised to attend Sir Harry Hotspur to Warwick races, which, he said, were within two or three days at farthest. Mr. Wildgoose, therefore, having determined, as a *coup d'eclat*, to bear his testimony against those ungodly meetings, thought no opportunity could be more proper than the present, when

he should have a good chance for an interview with Miss Townsend, for which he so eagerly longed.

Mr. Wildgoose now travelled on for two or three hours in profound silence, reflecting on the disgrace he should probably bring upon himself, and the cause in which he was embarked, if the servants should maliciously misrepresent the ridiculous adventure above-mentioned.

At length, however, Jerry ventured to ask his master, what o'clock it was? Wildgoose looking at him with a serious air, answered,—Ah, Jerry, do not be so anxious to know the times and the seasons: for my part, continues he, I am resolved for the future, *to know nothing but Christ crucified;* nor, as far as I can answer for myself, ever to laugh again as long as I live, that I may not, by any levity of behaviour, inspire any weak Christian with wanton thoughts, nor give occasion for any suspicions to the prejudice of my own character.

I will tell you what, then, master; if you are resolved never to *laugh again*, you must never do two things more—you must never read Scoggran's Jests, nor ever hear the merry-andrew at Evesham fair; for they will make you burst your belly with laughter, in spite of your resolution. Wildgoose had almost broken his vow at first setting out; and could not but *smile*, at least, at Jerry's idea of wit and humour.

About eight o'clock our travellers came to a public-house, at a small distance from a nobleman's seat; where they thought it proper to halt and refresh themselves. There were two smart servants, with guns and pointers, in the kitchen, who, as well as the neighbouring seat, they found belonged to Lord B———, Lady Forester's father. The servants were going a partridge-shooting; and as soon as they marched out of the house, my landlord shook his

head, and said, it was a shame to turn their pointers into the corn before the farmers had began harvest.—Yes, says my landlady, they are a sad pack of them; they have debauched the whole country; there is hardly a sober man, or an honest woman, within ten miles of my lord's house. I do not desire their company here; for I know they only want to ruin my daughter, if they could have their will of her.

Wildgoose thought this a melancholy contrast to the character of Lady Forester, the force of whose good example had diffused a spirit of religion and virtue as widely round, as her father's vicious principles had extended their baleful influence.

Wildgoose answered mine hostess, that he imagined my Lord B——— was a good-moraled man, though he knew he was no great friend to religion. —Yes, says she, my lord does some generous things, to be sure; but then there is no depending upon him: he will be very charitable to a poor man one day, and if he happens to affront him, send him to gaol the next.

He almost starved our whole market-town, last winter, to be revenged upon them for an affront which they had put upon his lordship.—How was that? says Wildgoose.—Why, says my landlady, he went and bought up three or four thousand pounds worth of coals (for my lord is very rich, you know); so that there was not a bit of coal to be got at any of the pits for ten miles round the place. This account confirmed Wildgoose in his opinion of the precarious nature of mere human virtues, when unsupported by principles of religion, or, as he called it, when void of faith or divine grace.

CHAPTER II.

A learned inn-keeper. Wildgoose meets an old acquaintance.

MR. WILDGOOSE and his fellow-traveller having had but little rest the preceding night, they made a short stage that day, lodging at a small public-house on the edge of the forest of Nedwood; and the next morning reached Litchfield again about eleven o'clock. They observed upon a sign there a *Greek* motto*, to this purpose, *Either drink, or depart about your business;* which they imagined to have been supplied by some learned prebend, who either frequented or patronised the house. They complied with the first part of the precept, and *were drinking* a pint of ale upon a bench in the yard, when my landlord, who was a genteel sort of man, vouchsafed to speak to them, and soon finding that Wildgoose had had a liberal education, sat down by them, and began to inform them, that he himself had been bred at Cambridge as a physician, and had actually practised at Litchfield; but finding the fees but small, and that, such as they were, they came in but slowly, he had married a young widow, who kept the inn. And here, says he, I see a good deal of genteel company: I am *master* of a good house; have the most amiable woman in the world for my wife, and live as happy as a king. Whilst my landlord was thus displaying the felicity of his situation, the amiable Mrs. Brewer, his wife, rang the bar-bell with some vivacity; and, with no very melodious voice, cried out,—Dr. Brewer, where are you? What the devil are you about? Why *don't-chee*

* Ἢ πίθι, ἢ ἄπιθι.

come and shell some peas? Here's a family coming in, and you sit prating to your foot passengers, who are drinking three-halfpenny-worth of mild-ale —forsooth!

The doctor moved like clock-work at the sound of the bell and Mrs. Brewer's voice; and told the travellers, he would wait upon them again immediately.

The case was—just at that instant, there rode in, at the back-gate, a young man in a silver laced hat and a blue great-coat, and called the hostler with great authority. Here, master; here am I, says the hostler; who's a coming?—Who's a coming? why, I am coming, you puppy, says the young man. —Yes, master, I see you be, returns Robin: but what family, what equipage have you got? and how many stands shall you want for your horses?

My landlady, hearing the hostler ask these questions, took it for granted some grand family was at hand. But the gentleman who caused all this uproar, turned his horse into the stable, bad the hostler bring in his *saddle-bags*, and ordered a mutton-chop for his dinner.

As he passed by our two pilgrims upon the bench, Mr. Wildgoose thought it was a face which he had seen before, and, indeed it was a pretty remarkable one: yet, being engaged with his own thoughts, he did not on a sudden glance recollect him. But the young man having got rid of his great-coat, (which, though in the midst of the dog-days, he had chiefly worn to conceal his saddle-bags on the road), he again exhibited himself at the door, when Wildgoose immediately knew him to be Mr. Rouvill, or Beau Rueful, whom he had remembered at college, and met with at Bath.

As there were now no *persons of distinction* in the case, Rouvill did not disdain to recognise his

old acquaintance. Wildgoose being now an itinerant by profession, Rouvill expressed no surprise at meeting him there: but Wildgoose asked Rouvill what had brought *him* to Litchfield?—Why, business of consequence, replies Rouvill; and, if you will dine with me here, I will explain the affair to you; and, indeed, should be glad to consult with you upon the subject.

Though Wildgoose was rather impatient to get into Warwickshire; yet, as the races did not begin till the day following, he had time enough upon his hands. He, therefore, accepted of Mr. Rouvill's invitation.

CHAPTER III.

The last efforts of expiring vanity.

When Mr. Wildgoose and Rouvill were alone together, Rouvill acquainted him with his present situation; that having been jilted by a woman of fortune, whom he thought himself upon the brink of marrying, he had, in a fit of disappointment, married an agreeable woman with a few hundreds, who was really the widow who kept the house where he had lodged at Bath; that he was now determined to live a more retired and regular life; and, in order to that, had accepted of a presentation to a living, given him by one of the members for Coventry; and that he was now going to the bishop for orders.

To the bishop for orders! cries Wildgoose; what in a laced hat?—O, says Rouvill, that is only to gain a little respect upon the road, as I could not conveniently bring my servant with me; but I shall immediately get that piece of finery ripped off before I wait upon the bishop. I must confess, how-

ever, continues he, I have been so long accustomed to the gaiety of the world, and to dress like a gentleman, that I do not at all relish the peculiarity of the clerical habit. Indeed, I can see no reason why a clergyman should be distinguished from the rest of the world by such a funereal appearance, nor what connection there is between religion and a black coat, as if Christianity were such a gloomy affair, and so fatal an enemy to all kind of enjoyment.

Why, says Wildgoose, I do not imagine there is any virtue in a black coat; but it seems proper, by some external mark, to put the clergy in mind of the gravity and importance of their function; as also, to prevent their following the vain fashions of the world, and changing their dress according to the caprice of mankind, it seems advisable to confine them to some one particular habit, which, I have heard, was the common dress about the time of the reformation.

Well, says Rouvill, I can assure you I think it a great act of mortification for a young fellow of eight and twenty to give up so material an article as that of dress; and could not forbear expressing my sense of this hardship t'other day, in a ludicrous advertisement which I will show you. Rouvill then pulled out a smart morocco-leather pocket-book, and read the following advertisement:

"Whereas, on Sunday last, (being Trinity Sunday) between the hours of ten and twelve, two or three ill-looking fellows, disguised in *crape* (expressly contrary to the *black* act), did lay violent hands on a poor young gentleman, near the bishop's palace at B—d—n; putting him in *bodily fear*, by bidding him *stand* and *answer* them several odd out-of-the-way questions; and did insist upon his taking several horrible oaths, and extort from him several un-

reasonable concessions, particularly that they, and all the gentlemen of their profession, were very honest, civil gentlemen (contrary to his real sentiments and their known practices), and had a right to treat in that manner, and impose their opinions upon, all that fell under their clutches; and moreover, did rob him of twelve and sixpence in money; and did strip him of all his wearing apparel, namely, a smart coat with a red silk lining, a laced waiscoat, and a pair of red breeches, with about half a dozen ruffled shirts, and as many pair of white stockings; and did even rip the silver button and loop off his hat—Now, this is to give notice, that whoever will bring any of the said offenders to the two-faced pump in Oxford, or to any of the pumps, or horse-ponds, in Oxford or Cambridge, so that they may be brought to condign punishment, shall receive a handsome reward.

"*N. B.* The head of this gang is an old offender, and has followed these practices for many years; and has brought up several of his sons in the same *idle* way, who desired to follow some genteel trade, and to get their bread in some honest gentleman-like way of life."

Well sir, says Wildgoose, there is no great harm in this piece of humour; I only think it a sort of *jesting*, which, as St. Paul says, is not quite so *convenient* or *decent*, especially in a man that is going to the bishop for holy orders. Many a man has paid dearly for his jest. A candidate for the consulship at Rome, you know, lost his election, by jesting upon a poor mechanic for the roughness of his hand. However, I should think the change of character, which is expected in a clergyman, a more weighty consideration than the mere change of dress; and that it is a greater sacrifice in a young man to give up

the gay amusements of life, than to lay aside his laced waistcoat or white stockings.

Why, says Rouvill, I should imagine it would be no disadvantage to religion, or to the clergy in particular, if they were to remit a little of that solemnity of character, which has exposed them to the imputation of hypocrisy, and the ridicule of the world; and to mix a little more of the gentleman, both in their dress and in their deportment, which frequently prejudices people against very worthy and ingenious men. And, now my pocket-book is out, I will show you another ludicrous composition, which a friend of mine gave me when I first talked of taking the gown. Wildgoose said he did not approve of that sort of buffoonery; but as he would hear all the objections Rouvill had to the profession he was now engaging in, Rouvill read the following parody on Shakespeare's celebrated description of the seven ages of human life.

CHAPTER IV.

A parody on the speech of Jaques, in Shakespeare's As You Like It.

As this parody is put into the mouth of a fop, says Rouvill, it is rather a compliment to the clergy, than any reflection upon them.

——————Sir Plume,
——————————————religion's all a farce;
And parsons are but men, like you or me:
They have their foibles and their fopperies:
And one sees amongst them sundry characters.
To mention only seven.——And first, the curate,
Humming and *hawing* to his drowsy herd.—
And then the pedagogue with formal wig,

His night-gown, and his cane; ruling, like Turk,
All in his dusty school.—Then the smart priest,
Writing, extempore, forsooth! a sonnet
Quaint, to his mistress' shoe-string.—Then the vicar,
Full of fees custom'ry, with his burying gloves;
Jealous of his rights, and apt to quarrel:
Claiming his paltry penny-farthing tithes,
E'en at the lawyer's price.—Then the rector,
In sleek surcingle with good tithe-pig stuff'd;
With eyes up-swoln, and shining double chin;
Full of wise nods and orthodox distinctions:
And so he gains respect.—Proceed we next
Unto the old incumbent at his gate,
With silken scull-cap tied beneath his chin;
His banyan with silver clasp wrapt round
His shrinking paunch, and his fam'd thund'ring voice,
Now whistling like the wind, his audience sleeps
And snores to th' lulling sound.—Best scene of all,
With which I close this rev'rend description,
Is your Welsh parson, with his *no living*,
Sans shoes, *sans* hose, *sans* breeches, *sans* every thing.

Why, says Wildgoose, this parody might be characteristic of the clergy of the last age; but I am apt to think the descriptions are now obsolete, and the clergy of these times are rather too polite than too awkward, and have more of the gentleman than either of the Christian or the pedant in their characters. They read more plays and pamphlets, than sermons or commentaries on the bible; they are rather witty in conversation, than wise unto salvation;

Polite apostates from God's grace to wit.

But I am most sincerely of opinion, continues Wildgoose, that the only way for the clergy to escape the ridicule of the gay world, and to keep up their credit, is not to join in its fopperies, but to revive the primitive manners, and to preach up the genuine doctrines of the reformation. And I cannot but hope, Mr. Rouvill, that whatever levities

you may have hitherto indulged yourself in, you will lay them aside, with your ruffles and your laced hat.

Rouvill replied, that he had seriously resolved to do every thing in his power to redeem his lost time; and that, although he might not be able to do much *good* by his learning or eloquence, he was determined not to do any mischief by an immoral or indecent behaviour.

This serious conversation was now interrupted by the appearance of a leg of lamb and cauliflowers, and a custard pudding, which Rouvill had ordered for dinner; and though they differed something in their theological opinions, the two travellers were unanimous in their approbation of Mrs. Brewer's cookery, and ate very heartily.

After dinner Rouvill called for a bottle of port, and said he would take a decent leave of the laity; but, as Wildgoose did not choose to drink his share, they proposed inviting Dr. Brewer, in the character of mine host, to partake with them; who graciously condescended to honour them with his company, and assist them in the arduous task of dispatching a bottle of his own manufacture; as pleasant a revenge as making a physician swallow his own prescription.

Wildgoose having resumed the subject of Rouvill's taking orders, and having earnestly exhorted him to consider the importance of the office which he was going to take upon him; the afternoon was far advanced before they parted; Rouvill setting off for the bishop's palace at Eccleshall, and Wildgoose, attended by his trusty friend, pursuing his journey towards the borders of Warwickshire.

CHAPTER V.

Trifling difficulties.

Our spiritual adventurers, having sufficiently refreshed themselves, travelled at a good rate; Wildgoose being desirous to reach Sutton-Colfield, in his way to Warwick, that night; so that little conversation passed between them. Tugwell, however, could not but express his surprise, that the gentleman whom he had seen to-day in a laced hat (and whom he had taken for a gentleman's servant) was to be a parson to-morrow.

As it was now some time past the summer solstice, night overtook them sooner than they expected; and when they came into the forest, or chase, near Sutton, it was quite dark, and they had wandered considerably out of the great road. At length, however, they came to what they took for a direction-post, when Wildgoose told Jerry, if he could but climb up the post, and trace out with his finger the first letter upon either of the hands, he could tell which way to turn; as, he took it for granted, one road led to Birmingham, and the other to Warwick. That I can do, then, master, says Jerry; for, when I was a young fellow, there was not a boy in the parish could climb a crow's nest so well as myself. Tugwell, therefore, desiring his master to take care of his staff and his wallet, ran up the post like a cat; but when he was got about seven or eight feet high, he made a sudden pause, and squelch he came down again, bawling out, with great consternation, Lord have mercy upon us! as sure as I am alive there is a dead man hanged up. Which indeed was partly true; for a highwayman, who had committed a murder, was hanged in chains there

two or three years before; but, the body being decayed, only part of the skeleton remained, for a terror to these honest men, rather than to those hardened wretches for whose edification it was intended.

They now travelled on, therefore, under the direction of Providence, and in half an hour more saw some lights at a distance, which proved to be Sutton-Colfield, whither they were bound.

The two pilgrims, coming in late, soon retired to rest, without meeting with any incident worth recording; only finding a drunken blacksmith in the house, whom mine host pretended he wanted to get rid of, Wildgoose began preaching to him about the new birth, which soon put him to flight, and sent him home to his wife and family.

CHAPTER VI.

Tugwell compelled to drink strong beer instead of small.

WILDGOOSE having been assured by my landlord, that the races did not begin at Warwick till the next day, notwithstanding the strong attraction which he felt in his heart towards the residence of Miss Townsend, they did not set out till near nine o'clock. After travelling three or four hours in the heat of the day, about one o'clock they passed near some corn-fields, where they saw a company of reapers, who had just begun harvest, sitting at dinner under a shady oak, and laughing and singing with great glee and alacrity.

As making converts was the game which Wildgoose had constantly in view, he fancied he had a call to give a word of exhortation to these honest

people, whom he considered as indulging a culpable festivity.

When they came up to them, therefore, Jerry introduced himself by asking whether they could give a poor man a draught of small beer this hot weather?—Aye, and of strong beer too, says one of them, as much as thou canst drink: it costs us nothing; and we give it as freely as we receive it.

This hospitable invitation encouraged Tugwell to sit down by them without any more ceremony, and he began to rummage out a crust of bread and a piece of cheese, which he had stowed in his wallet. But a young farmer told him he should not eat bread and cheese there; and, taking up a basket, he cut him off a good slice of some boiled beef, and a piece of plum-pudding; of which, at Tugwell's request, Mr. Wildgoose vouchsafed to partake. After eating pretty heartily, and drinking a draught or two of strong beer out of a leathern bottle, one of the company desired the young farmer (who appeared in a genteeler style than any of the rest) to entertain them with a song, as he was going to do when he was interrupted by the arrival of Tugwell and his master.—Mr. John, said one of them, can sing in the playhouse fashion; for he has lived two or three years with my Lord in London.—But what must I sing? says he.—Why, the harvest-home song, that your brother made last year, replied the other.—Well, says he, I have got a sad cold; but I will sing it as well as I can, though we have many a weary day to come yet before our harvest home —He then sang, with a tolerable grace the following ballad:

THE

TRIUMPH OF CERES, OR THE HARVEST-HOME.

TO THE TUNE OF

What beauteous scenes enchant my sight!

What cheerful sounds salute our ears,
And echo o'er the lawn!
Behold! the loaded car appears,
In joyful triumph drawn.
The nymphs, and swains, a jovial band,
Still shouting as they come,
With rustic instruments in hand,
Proclaim the harvest home.

The golden sheaves pil'd up on high,
Within the barn are stor'd;
The careful hind, with secret joy
Exulting, views his hoard.
His labours past, he counts his gains;
And, freed from anxious care,
His casks are broach'd; the sun-burnt swains
His rural plenty share.

In dance and song the night is spent;
All ply the spicy bowl;
And jests and harmless merriment
Expand the artless soul.
Young Colin whispers Rosalind,
Who still reap'd by his side;
And plights his troth, if she prove kind,
To take her for his bride.

For joys like these, through circling years
Their toilsome task they tend:
The hind successive labours bears,
In prospect of the end.
In spring, or winter, sows his seed,
Manures or tills the soil;
In summer various cares succeed;
But harvest crowns his toil.

When the young farmer had finished his song, Wildgoose said, it was rather better than the com-

mon ballads, and inquired whether his brother really made it, as the reapers hinted? The farmer assured him he did; for that his brother had been bred at Cambridge; and though his father would have been glad to have had him assist them in the field when he came home in the long vacation, yet, instead of binding up the sheaves, or making hay, he would sit half the day under a tree, and make verses.

Mr. Wildgoose was now going to exhort them to sanctify their labours, by singing hymns and spiritual songs, instead of those ungodly ballads; when Tugwell, observing a company of women who were gleaning in the field, wished his old wife Dorothy were amongst them, for that she would make a better hand at leasing than any of them.

She would hardly make a better hand of it, says the young farmer, than a young woman did here last harvest, and to whom we are obliged for our good cheer to-day.—How much might she earn in a day, then, by her leasing? says Jerry.—Why, more than this field and the next to it will produce these ten years, says the farmer. Tugwell expressing some surprise, the young farmer said, the story was remarkable, and if they would give him leave he would tell it them. Accordingly he began the following narration.

CHAPTER VII.

The fortunate Isabella.

THIS manor, the greatest part of which my father rents, was purchased by our 'squire's father, a great counsellor in London, who died before he had taken

possession of it. The young 'squire, being fond of the country, came and settled here about two years ago. He took a small part of the estate into his own hands, for his amusement, and having a few acres in tillage, used to ride out most days in the harvest-time, to view his reapers at their work.

Amongst the poor people who came to glean in the field, there was a young woman, whose mother came a stranger into the parish, and had lived there for nine or ten years, with no other family than this one daughter, who was now about sixteen, and so handsome, that several young farmers in the neighbourhood admired her; and if she had had a little money, would probably have been glad to marry her. She dressed like our other parish girls, in a coarse stuff gown, straw hat, and the like; but some how or other she put on her clothes so cleverly that every thing became her. Her caps and her handkerchiefs, which were of her own making, were in a better taste than those of our other country girls; and, when her gown was pinned back, an underpetticoat appeared, with a border of flowers of her own work.

The young 'squire could not but take notice of her genteel shape, and elegant motions; but she was so bashful, that he could hardly get a sight of her countenance. He inquired who she was; and as nobody could give much account of her, because neither she nor her mother went out amongst their neighbours, he one evening, as she returned home, followed her at a distance, up a winding valley, to the cottage where she and her mother lived. It stands by a wood side, at a distance from our village, near a lonely farm-house, which is the only neighbour they have.

The 'squire hung his horse to the gate, and went in, where he found the old gentlewoman (for so we

all thought her) knitting some fine stockings, and surveying with pleasure the produce of her daughter's labour. The house was very plainly furnished; but the 'squire was surprised to see a handsome harpsichord, which took up half the room, and some music-books lying about, with other books proper for young ladies to read.

Isabella, which was the name the young woman went by, blushed up to the ears when she saw the 'squire come in; and, making a courtesy, retired into another room.

He made a short apology to the mother for his intrusion; but said, he was so struck with her daughter's appearance, that his curiosity would not suffer him to rest till he had made some inquiries about her, as there was something in her manner that convinced him she must have had a different education from what usually falls to the lot of young women in that humble sphere of life.

The mother told him they had lived better formerly, but had been reduced by misfortunes; that, however, by her daughter's industry and her own work, they contrived to live very comfortably in their present situation.

As she did not seem inclined to be more communicative, the 'squire took his leave, but not without offering her a handsome present of money, which, to his surprise, she absolutely refused.

CHAPTER VIII.

Further account of Isabella.

THE next day Isabella appeared again in the field, and was as intent upon her leasing as usual. The

'squire could not keep his eyes off her; and having now a pretence for inquiring after her mother, entered into some further discourse with her; and found she expressed herself so properly, and discovered so much good sense and delicacy, that her personal charms appeared to much greater advantage, by the beauty of her mind; and, in short, the 'squire became quite enamoured of this rural damsel.

After two or three days, he went again to her mother, and begged with the most earnest importunity, to be further informed of her story, and by what accident she had been brought to submit to her present obscure way of life; for that he was greatly interested in her's and her daughter's welfare, and hoped it might be in his power, if she would give him leave, to make their situation somewhat more agreeable to them, than it could possibly be whilst both she and her daughter were forced to work so hard for a subsistence.

There appeared so much sincerity and modesty in our young gentleman's manner, that the mother could not avoid gratifying his curiosity. She then told him, that her husband had enjoyed a genteel place under the government, and by his care and frugality had saved a considerable fortune; but that, not being in the secret, he had lost the whole in the iniquitous project of the South Sea, the shock of which had proved fatal to his health; and he died a few years after, leaving her and this one daughter, who was then about six years old, without any support, but what she could raise by the sale of a few jewels, which did not amount to three hundred pounds.—To avoid the slights of my former acquaintance, continued she, I retired into this part of the country, where I was pretty sure I should

not be known; and have taken the name of Fairfax; for my real name is ———.

The young 'squire heard this short account with an eager attention; but upon hearing the name of ———, Good heavens! cries he, is it possible you should be the widow of that worthy man Mr. ———, to whom our family is under the greatest obligations? as I have often heard my father declare; who always lamented that he never could hear what was become of you and your daughter; and I am certain, would have been extremely happy in an opportunity of showing his gratitude to the family of his worthy friend. I hope, however, that happiness is reserved for me. But, continued the 'squire, did not you know that my father had purchased this manor, and that he was the friend of your late valuable husband?—Why, replies Mrs. Fairfax, my time is so constantly taken up with the instruction of my daughter, and with the business necessary for our support, that I converse but little with our neighbours, and though I may have heard that a Mr. ——— had purchased the manor, and know that my dear Mr. Fairfax (so I call him) had a friend of that name, yet I never thought that your father was under any further obligations to assist his friend's distressed family than many others were, from whom I never received the least act of friendship, though I knew they had it in their power to alleviate our distress.

The 'squire then told Mrs. Fairfax, that he hoped there were various ways by which he could render their situation more happy than it seemed to be at present; but that there was only one way by which he could do it with complete satisfaction to himself, which was, with her permission, by laying himself and his fortune at her daughter's feet, which he should do with the greatest pleasure.

Mrs. Fairfax was astonished at so generous an offer; but desired the young gentleman not to engage in an affair of so much importance, and to consider thoroughly how he could support the raillery of his acquaintance, and, perhaps, the resentment of his friends, which he might reasonably expect from so *imprudent* an alliance. The young 'squire replied, that he was his own master; that he was sufficiently acquainted with Isabella's personal charms, and would rely upon Mrs. Fairfax's care of her education for every other accomplishment; and should think himself completely happy, if the proposal proved agreeable to the young lady's inclinations.

In short, the fair Isabella was immediately sent for; and the 'squire left the mother to propose it to her daughter, who, after a decent parley, with gratitude surrendered her charms to so generous a lover. They were married in a fortnight's time; and are now as happy as the day is long.

The old lady will not be prevailed upon to forsake her little cottage by the wood-side; but has enough allowed her to keep a maid-servant; and the coach is sent almost every day to carry her to the great house.

As a compliment to his lady, the young 'squire every year gives us a dinner out in the field on the day we begin harvest; and another at the hall, by way of harvest-home; on which occasion last year my brother made the song which I have now sung.

Well, says Tugwell, when the young farmer had finished his story, this is right now to take care of the old gentlewoman; and I dare say she now makes three meals a-day, and a supper at night. Why this is just, for all the world, like a story in a history-book.—Yes, says Mr. Wildgoose, it is like a story in the Book of books, the story of Boaz and Ruth.

—Well, says Tugwell, the 'squire is a man after my own heart; and I will drink his health in another draught of strong beer, if you will give me leave.

The leathern bottle then went round, and Jerry began to talk apace; when Mr. Wildgoose endeavoured to give the conversation a religious turn; and, amongst other things observed, in allusion to their present employment, that the harvest, indeed, was great, but the labourers (meaning the true ministers of the Gospel) were few. The reapers, not understanding his allegory, said, they were enough of them to cut down that field, and as much more, in a week's time. But considering Wildgoose's speech as a hint that it was time for them to resume their labour, they leaped up, and fell to work with great cheerfulness and alacrity, leaving the two travellers to pursue their journey at their leisure.

CHAPTER IX.

A curious inscription.

About eight in the evening Mr. Wildgoose and his humble friend came to a public-house near Menden, on the Chester road; whose sign being suspended in a shady elm, it has obtained the name of the George in the Tree. Wildgoose during this peregrination, had adopted a laudable custom, though attended with some little expense as well as trouble, which was, when he came to an inn, to read whatever he found written either on the walls, or in the windows; and, wherever there was any thing obscene or immoral, either to write under it something by way of antidote; or, if it were very shock-

ing, he would entirely erase it, if written upon a wall, or if in a window, break out the pane, and pay the damage.

As he was examining the parlour windows in this little hotel (which, affording entertainment for horse as well as man, *might* be called an inn) he observed the following remarkable inscription:

" J. S. D. S. P. D. hospes ignotus,
Patriæ (ut nunc est) plusquam vellet notus,
Tempestate pulsus,
Hic pernoctavit,
A. D. 17—."

" Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin, here a stranger unknown, but in his own country (such as it now is) better known than he would wish to be, being driven by a storm, lodged here all night, in the year of our Lord, 17—."

Mr. Wildgoose, having at present little curiosity of that kind, did not take out the pane, as he probably might have done for three halfpence, and as was done soon after by some more curious traveller.

He then went into the kitchen, according to custom, to give some little spiritual instructions to the family, or to any one he might accidentally meet with, where he saw two travelling women, who seemed much fatigued, as they had sufficient cause, having travelled on foot that day above twenty miles. One of them seemed a pretty genteel woman, but had a melancholy dejected look, which attracted Wildgoose's particular attention; and he addressed himself to her as a person under affliction, applying the common topics of consolation for the evils of life. But the poor woman making little reply, Wildgoose soon left her, without satisfying his curiosity for the present, and went early to rest.

CHAPTER X.

Make a new acquaintance.

As they had but a short stage to Warwick, and the races were not to begin till the afternoon, the two pilgrims did not set out very early; but, travelling a good pace, they soon overtook the two women whom they had seen the preceding night, though they had set out some time before them. As they were to travel half a mile farther the same road, Tugwell asked them, by way of conversation, whether they were going to London or not? One of them answered, no; but into ———shire. The afflicted lady then asked Mr. Wildgoose, if he knew any thing of one 'Squire Townsend in that county? —'Squire Townsend! replies he with some surprise; yes, I know something of the family. She then inquired, if he knew whether either of the daughters were married lately, or likely to be married? Wildgoose answered, that he did not know that they were, and that he could venture to assure her to the contrary; though I have heard, continued he, that a half-pay Irish officer had made pretensions to one of them; but her father, I am pretty sure, will never listen to the proposals of such an empty coxcomb, and one who has no visible fortune to support his daughter.

The poor woman turned pale as Wildgoose was speaking, and all on a sudden burst into a flood of tears. Wildgoose expressing great astonishment, the other woman, who was the lady's maid, said, that Irish officer was the vilest of men; that he was this poor lady's husband, with whom he had had a good fortune, and by whom he had three fine children; but he had gone to England, under a pretence of

soliciting better preferment in the army, and left her destitute of any other support than what she could meet with from her own friends; and, what was more base (if their intelligence was true), he was going to draw in another young lady of family and fortune, by a marriage which must necessarily be invalid.

This intelligence greatly alarmed Mr. Wildgoose, as he did not know what impression this Irish hero might have made upon the object of *his* affection. But when the lady, finding him so well acquainted with the family, produced the letter which she had received upon that subject, he was struck dumb with astonishment; for the person who gave the intelligence, and who had been a servant to the late Captain Townsend, mentioned Miss *Julia* Townsend, as the lady to whom Captain Mahoney was going to be married. So that Wildgoose began to suspect, either that Miss Townsend had not been sincere in the contempt which she expressed of Captain Mahoney, or that, since he had seen her, some scheme of that kind might have been brought about by the widow Townsend's influence over her father.

Mr. Wildgoose, however, carefully concealed how much he was interested in the affair; and, knowing how whimsical Mr. Townsend was in giving Roman names to his children, he told Mrs. Mahoney, that the person who wrote the account must certainly have mistaken Miss Julia Townsend for Miss Lucia; as, to his knowledge, the former had been some months from her father, and was now with a relation near Warwick; and that he himself was in hopes of seeing her there, either that very night, or the next morning at furthest, after he had dispatched some business which he had upon his hands that afternoon. He added, moreover, that the nearest way

she could go to Mr. Townsend's was, to leave the great London road, and go through Warwick, whither he himself would conduct her.

Mrs. Mahoney and her companion thought themselves very fortunate in meeting with a man who seemed capable of assisting them in the affair which had brought them to England, and gladly joined them. This droll party, therefore, united by an odd concurrence of interests, trudged on very amicably together, and about dinner-time arrived at the borough of Warwick.

Mr. Wildgoose was at first inclined to go immediately to Dr. Greville's, and inform Miss Townsend of the discovery he had made; but, thinking it sinful to prefer the temporal felicity of one family to the immortal happiness of thousands, which he flattered himself depended upon his preaching, he rejected with horror that design.

CHAPTER XI.

At Warwick.

Mr. Wildgoose took his company to the first inn that presented itself. They found every one in motion, and preparing to set out for the course, which was some little distance from the town. They got some dinner, however, and all sat down together; during which Tugwell observed, how comical it was they should happen to meet with the lady so cleverly, and said, if he could but meet with his son Joseph again, he should think his time well bestowed. It was but last night, added Jerry, that I dreamed about him. I thought *as how* they were going to let me down in the lead-mines again; and

as how our Joe came and drew his sword, and beat the miners off, and *drawed* me up again. But I shall never see poor Joe any more; if he had been alive, we should certainly have heard from him in five years' time; but, perhaps, one reason why Joe has never wrote to us, is, because he can neither write nor read.

As the company had more important concerns of their own to engage their thoughts, they paid little attention to Jerry's disquisition. But, as soon as they had made a short meal, and Mr. Wildgoose had safely deposited Mrs. Mahoney and her companion, under a promise to wait at the inn till his return, he set out with his friend Tugwell, conducted by an intelligent lad belonging to the inn, who, as they walked together, promised, at Mr. Wildgoose's request, to furnish him with a table, or joint-stool, from their booth; for the lad taking Wildgoose for a conjurer, the poor boy imagined he should, by that means, see his legerdemain performances, or slight of hand, for nothing.

CHAPTER XII.

Olympic honours.

THE two pilgrims approached the scene of action just as the horses were going to start. Their ears were saluted with variety of sounds; the trumpet had just given the signal to prepare for the first heat; a recruiting party, with drums and fifes, were beating up for volunteers; and in every part of the field,

Steed answer'd steed in high and boastful neighings,

as Shakespeare expresses it. The whole course was in motion; the coaches and chariots whirling towards the starting-post, or other convenient stands; the horsemen scampering different ways, according as they imagined they should get the best view of the sport; in another part, the knowing ones, with great composure, though with horrid oaths and imprecations, were settling the bets, and, with profound skill, deciding the fates of the different horses.

Wildgoose was moved with compassion, or, to use his own expression, his bowels yearned for his poor brethren, to see with what thoughtless eagerness, and vain curiosity they scowered across the plain, in pursuit of they knew not what; each miserable mechanic apparently as solicitous about the contest, as if their salvation depended upon the event. Amongst other objects, he could not but take notice of a young man of fortune, an old Oxford acquaintance, exalted in the stand, or balcony, of the starting-post, who looked down with the utmost contempt upon all below him, fancying himself superior to a Roman general in his triumphant car, or even to Mr. Whitfield, when he preached from the starting-post at Northampton.

Wildgoose's zeal for the cause he was engaged in was raised almost beyond controul. He thought it best, however, to defer his harangue till after the first heat; when the people would be more inclined to listen to his admonitions, than in the present tumultuous agitation of their spirits.

CHAPTER XIII.

Wildgoose's farewel sermon.

ACCORDINGLY, the heat being now over, and people a little composed from their eager attention to the sport, Mr. Wildgoose applied to his young friend at the booth that belonged to the inn where they had dined, who procured a table, which Tugwell placed upon a little eminence; by which means his master was sufficiently exalted above the crowd; who, with several chariots and horsemen, soon gathering round him, Mr. Wildgoose, without more ceremony, began to harangue them with great vehemence, both of language and gesticulation.

Though Wildgoose insisted strenuously upon the unlawfulness and bad tendency of these paganish diversions, and the bad effect they had upon the mind of a Christian; yet his principal intention was to make use of this opportunity to inculcate his peculiar tenets, and to make proselytes to true Christianity, or, what he always thought equivalent, the doctrines of Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitfield.

But, whilst Wildgoose was enumerating the evil consequences of these ungodly assemblies, and amongst the rest, graphically describing the sad effects of drunkenness and intemperance; a young fellow on horseback, who was drinking with some more company, having a glass decanter in his hand, before it was quite empty, hurled it with great vehemence at the preacher's head, bidding him drink, and be d-mn'd!

The decanter struck Wildgoose just above the left temple; and (being, in order to deceive the customers in the measure, fluted and crumpled into various angles) not only brought him senseless to the

ground, but also cut a branch of the temporal artery, from which the blood issued forth in great abundance, and alarmed all the company, who thought Wildgoose killed upon the spot.

Poor Tugwell, seeing his master struck down, and, for aught he knew mortally wounded, broke out into doleful lamentations; being equally concerned, both for his friend and for himself. He said he should be hanged for enticing Mr. Geoffry from home; or, at least, should lose Madam Wildgoose's custom, and be forbidden the house.

Jerry, however, thrust away and shoved off the crowd, in order to assist his master; and was so angry with every body about him, that he gave one a blow in the face, another a punch in the guts, and another a knock on the pate with his staff, which brought three or four surly fellows upon Jerry's back; and he would probably have suffered as much in the scuffle as his master had done, had not a young fellow in a military habit, with a knapsack on his back, and a cutlass by his side, pushed through the crowd very opportunely, and come to his assistance.

Jerry, in his hurry, could hardly forbear striking even his deliverer; but seeing a hanger by his side, he was kept a little in awe, and made a bow to the gentleman soldier, for his friendly aid. The soldier, catching hold of Tugwell with both his hands, cried out, Dear father! do not you know me? Give me your blessing. How does mother do?

Tugwell stood staring for some time, before he knew his son Joseph; who (as the reader may, or perhaps may not remember) has been mentioned more than once, as being sent for a soldier, and supposed to have died in America. Jerry threw his arms about his son's neck, expressing the utmost joy and surprise; and said, Now his dream was out! and

began to ask twenty questions in a breath; which, Joseph said, he would answer at a proper time.

They now, therefore, assisted in carrying young Wildgoose, whom Tugwell had announced to his son, into the booth, that proper care might be taken of their friend in this unhappy situation.

CHAPTER XIV.

Work for the doctor.

Amongst the horsemen whose curiosity had drawn them to hear Wildgoose, was a wellbooted Grecian, in a fustian frock and jockey cap, who seemed greatly affected with this accident, and rode immediately with great trepidation in quest of a surgeon. This was no other than the benevolent Mr. Bob Tench, who, the reader may recollect, became acquainted with Mr. Wildgoose at Sir William Forester's in the Peak, and said he was to attend Sir Harry Hotspur to Warwick races. Bob was directed by some of the company to Dr. Slash, an elderly surgeon, who was smoking his pipe over a tiff of punch, by himself, in the next booth. Bob summoned him, with great authority, to come immediately to the wounded itinerant, who, he said, would bleed to death.

The surgeon continued smoking on with great composure; and asked who was to pay him for his trouble? observing that he could not work for nothing; that their education was very expensive; that, besides serving seven years apprenticeship, they were obliged to walk the hospitals, to attend anatomical and pharmaceutical lectures, and the like.

D--mn your *anno-domical, farta-shitical* lectures! cries Bob: why, the man is dying, and, if you don't come immediately, will bleed to death.—Come along, I myself will see you paid.

Dr. Slash then beat out his pipe; took another glass of punch; and, with a very important air, rose up, and went to attend the wounded orator, who by this time was carried into the other booth, and was come a little to himself again. The doctor, however shook his head; magnified the danger of the contusion; and took several ounces of blood from the patient, notwithstanding what he had lost from the wound. While the doctor was preparing his bandages and dressings, the company, according to custom, were very officiously giving their advice. Bob Tench was for applying only some Friar's Balsam, and some goldbeater's skin; which, as we observed, he always carried in his pocket. Jerry Tugwell wished, that his namesake, Dr. Tugwell, the great bonesetter of Evesham was there; who, he said, would cure his worship in the twinkling of an eye. Young Tugwell said, *if so be* the surgeon of their regiment were there, he would cut off a leg, and tie up the arteries, and stop the blood, in the firing of a pistol. My landlord belonging to the booth, putting in his verdict, said, a little *permacetty* and a dram of brandy was the *sovereignst* thing in the world for an inward bruise.

Dr. Slash, you may suppose, did not look very pleasant during these wise instructions. On the contrary, he gave himself no small airs; and said, if they made such a noise, and the patient could not be kept more quiet, the devil might dress the wound, for he would have no more to do with it.

CHAPTER XV.

An old gentleman in black arrives.

JUST as Mr. Slash had mentioned the devil, a tall elderly gentleman in black came into the booth; and, applying himself to Slash, inquired whether the patient might be removed without any danger, as he could not have proper care taken of him in such a place as that?—The surgeon bowing with great respect, answered, that, to be sure, there would be some danger in removing him; for, if the artery should bleed again, he did not know how it would be stopped; but, however, with great care, he added, that he *might* be removed.

Wildgoose himself said, he should be glad to be conveyed, if possible, to the inn at Warwick, as some company waited for him there, with whom he had business of great consequence. He then called Tugwell to him, and told him, he would have him go, that very night, with a note which he would write, to Miss Townsend, to acquaint her with the discovery which they had made in regard to Captain Mahoney. He then pulled out his pen and ink, and some paper out of his letter-case, and wrote a short note, which he sealed, and directed it, To Miss Townsend, at Dr. Greville's, at ——, near Warwick. This direction he shewed to Mr. Slash; and asked him whether he could instruct his fellow-traveller how to find out the place?—Why, says Slash, with surprise, this gentleman in black is Dr. Greville himself. He then informed the doctor of Mr. Wildgoose's request. Wildgoose, who was agreeably surprised at this unexpected interview, desiring to speak with Dr. Greville in private; the doctor replied, that they would get into his chariot,

and then they might converse without interruption. Wildgoose, therefore, taking leave of Bob Tench, and directing Tugwell, with his son Joseph, to meet him at the inn at Warwick, was lifted into the chariot; and he and Dr. Greville, who gave the surgeon orders where to see his patient the next day, set off together.

CHAPTER XVI.

Character of Dr. Greville.

Doctor Greville was a clergyman, in whom the sacerdotal character appeared in its genuine dignity, not in an assumed solemnity of aspect, or formal grimace, and a pompous perriwig as big as Dr. Sacheverell's; but in a serious, yet affable behaviour; the result of a sincere piety, sanctity of manners, and goodness of heart. He had a considerable independent fortune, which enabled him to obey the impulse of a generous and humane disposition: and it was a maxim with him, that, while a single person in his neighbourhood wanted the necessaries of life, he had no right to indulge himself in its superfluities.

He undertook the care of a large and populous parish; but with no other motive than that of doing good, the stipend being hardly sufficient to maintain a resident curate.

Dr. Greville really was what Mr. Wesley and his associates ought to have been, and what, I sincerely believe, they at first intended to be. He revived the practice of primitive piety in his own person, and his own parish; and, by his example, and admonitions, excited many of the neighbouring clergy

to be more vigilant in the discharge of their duty. He had a *faith* which worked by *love;* or, in modern language, his belief of the truths of the Gospel made him consider as an indispensable duty those acts of beneficence which his humanity prompted him to perform.

If Dr. Greville had seen the poor man who fell amongst thieves, he would not, like the priest and the Levite, have passed by him on the other side; but like the good Samaritan, would have set him upon his own horse, would have bound up his wounds, and poured in *oil* and *wine* (if the modern practice had adopted so excellent a balsamic), which, upon so good authority, I should think, by the way, at least equal to Fryar's Balsam, or Opodeldoc.

Dr. Greville, then, would have been the first to have run to the assistance of poor Wildgoose, had not his attention been engaged by an object nearer home; I mean a young lady in the chariot with him, who, upon the sight of Wildgoose's accident, had fainted away, and who the reader will easily guess, was no other than Miss Julia Townsend.

When Mr. Wildgoose first began his harangue, Miss Townsend told Dr. Greville, that she had seen him at Gloucester, and that he was a young man of a pretty good fortune; which partly induced the doctor to drive up, and make part of the audience; though he was glad of this opportunity of seeing young Wildgoose, on account of what had happened previously to this, and which it is proper to explain.

Wildgoose had written to Miss Townsend a letter from Gloucester (as was mentioned), which she received and carefully preserved in her morocco-leather pocket-book; but which she had accidentally left upon her toilette, one morning, whilst she was gone with Dr. Greville to take a walk in the fields. Mrs. Greville going into Miss Townsend's room,

female curiosity got the better of the point of honour, and she could not forbear examining the contents of this letter; which, indeed, was a liberty that Miss Townsend's situation, since her imprudent elopement, sufficiently warranted so good a friend to take. This letter was written in so ambiguous a style, that it was difficult to determine whether Mr. Wildgoose were more solicitous for Miss Townsend's happiness, or his own: and there was such a mixture of the amorous and the devout, that it might be taken either in a spiritual or in a carnal sense; though, to any one that knew human nature so well as Dr. Greville did, there could be no difficulty in what sense such a correspondence between two young persons of different sexes ought to be interpreted. Dr. Greville was not displeased, therefore, at this opportunity of making some observations upon Miss Townsend's behaviour on such an occasion; and the violent effect which Wildgoose's accident had upon this young lady, left Dr. Greville no room to doubt of the tender regard which she entertained for him.

Dr. Greville was greatly alarmed at Miss Townsend's fainting away, and sent the footman, in a great hurry, to procure some water from the next booth; who, seeing the lady of their manor in her coach with her two daughters, acquainted them with the accident. She immediately sent one of her daughters to Miss Townsend's assistance; and by Dr. Greville's permission, took Miss Townsend into her coach for the rest of the afternoon; which left him at liberty to make proper inquiries after the wounded pilgrim, and to take him into his chariot, as has been related.

CHAPTER XVII.

Dr. Greville, and Mr. Wildgoose.

As soon as they were alone together in the chariot, Wildgoose related to Dr. Greville the circumstances of his getting acquainted with Miss Townsend at Gloucester; and then his accidental meeting with Mrs. Mahoney, and the discovery he had made of Captain Mahoney's villanous design upon some one of Mr. Townsend's daughters; which greatly alarmed Dr. Greville, though he said that all Mr. Townsend's friends had a very bad opinion of the widow Townsend, whom he had taken into his house.

It is very lucky, however, added Dr. Greville, that Mr. Townsend will be at our house this very evening, if he is not yet arrived; in expectation of which, Mrs. Greville stayed at home to-day. And for that reason (and because, I believe, you will be better taken care of at my house than at an inn), I would have you by all means go home with me to my parsonage-house. Wildgoose found no great reluctance in complying with so kind a proposal, which would give him the opportunity he so long wished for, of seeing and conversing with Miss Julia Townsend. After a decent apology, therefore, for giving so much trouble to strangers, he told the doctor he would gladly accept of his offer.

They now arrived at the inn at Warwick, where they found Mrs. Mahoney waiting with patience for Wildgoose's return. She was not only surprised, however, to see him return in that manner; but his pale look, and the bandage about his head disguised him so much, that she could hardly be persuaded he was the same man. But, when that point was cleared up, and she was informed of Dr. Greville's

connection with Mr. Townsend's family, she confirmed what she had said to Mr. Wildgoose; and also produced the letter which she had received upon the subject.

When Dr. Greville, however, found Miss Julia Townsend mentioned, he laid but little stress upon this intelligence. But, after talking the affair over, they concluded there would be no harm in showing Mr. Townsend the letter, who would be able to judge what stress was to be laid upon it. And they advised Mrs. Mahoney to rest contented at the inn till the next morning; and then Dr. Greville, with Wildgoose, took their leave.

As they travelled gently along, Dr. Greville took the liberty to expostulate a little with Wildgoose about his present romantic and irregular undertaking; and his eloping from his mother, without, and even contrary to her approbation; who he found, by Miss Townsend, was greatly affected by his extravagant and enthusiastic proceedings.

Wildgoose replied, he was sorry for that accidental consequence of his performing his duty; but, says he, whosoever loves father or mother more than Christ, is not worthy of him. And, in short, adds Wildgoose, a necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe unto me if I preach not the Gospel!

Dr. Greville smiled at Wildgoose's application to himself of what was only applicable to St. Paul and the primitive apostles, who certainly had a *divine call;* and wondered that a young man of so much good sense as he seemed to be in other particulars, should be so strangely imposed upon by a spirit of enthusiasm, that had possessed his imagination. Wildgoose was going to defend the *call* of the *spirit*, which he was convinced he had received in as ample a manner as any apostle of them all. But Dr. Greville was afraid of bringing on too violent an

agitation of spirits, and of renewing the hæmorrhage, or bleeding of the artery, and, therefore, changed the discourse for some other topic, which lasted till they arrived at the parsonage-house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

At Dr. Greville's.

Mr. Townsend being not yet arrived, they found Mrs. Greville alone. She had been so much used to Dr. Greville's acts of humanity, that she was less surprised in seeing a person in Wildgoose's situation, than at not seeing Miss Townsend in the chariot with them. But she was more surprised to find, that this was the very person who had written to Miss Townsend from Gloucester, and a little wondered at Dr. Greville's conduct in bringing him into the house to Miss Townsend, with whom she was by no means pleased, for admitting a private correspondence with a mere stranger, and (as she found by Miss Townsend's own account he was) an enthusiastical itinerant. She soon acquiesced however, in Dr. Greville's private reasons, who thought he might, at the same time, perform an act of humanity, in getting Wildgoose cured; and, perhaps, a greater act of charity, in reclaiming him from his erroneous opinions; and also make proper observations upon his general character, or, if he found it worth while, make a more particular scrutiny into the circumstances of his family and fortune.

Dr. Greville would have persuaded Wildgoose immediately to lie down upon the bed; but, as he found himself very easy, and able to sit up till the evening, Mrs. Greville ordered some tea, and said,

the maid should get a proper room in readiness for him, whenever he should be disposed to retire to rest.

Before Mrs. Greville had finished the ceremony of the tea-table, Mr. Townsend's servant came to the gate; and brought word that his master was at the end of the village, and would be there very soon; that he had met with the old woodman as they came along, who told Mr. Townsend that he had found some other curiosity as he was digging in the old camp on the brow of the hill; and that his master waited whilst the old man fetched it from his cottage.

Accordingly, in a few minutes more, Mr. Townsend arrived, and was met by Dr. Greville at the court gate; but not seeing Miss Townsend as he approached the hall door, which stood open, he cried out, Where is Julia? what, she has not eloped again, I hope. Ah! continues he, shaking his head, I every day hear fresh instances of her imprudence. Captain Mahoney was at Gloucester last week, where he was assured, that the little slut had like to have gone off from thence with a rascally Methodist preacher. Well, the Romans were a wise people; and, in the best ages of the republic, they gave fathers a power of life and death over their children, which kept them under a proper subjection.

Dr. Greville said, Miss Julia was very well, but was not yet come from the course, where she was in Mrs. Mowbray's coach. I am sorry, however, adds the doctor, to find you give so much credit to Captain Mahoney's intelligence, who, I believe, is no friend to any part of the family.

Mr. Townsend was going to reply; but coming now into the hall, and seeing Wildgoose, he stopped short; and, paying his compliments to Mrs. Greville, So, cousin, says he, you have got a patient

to nurse, I see, according to custom. Pray, whom have you here?—Dr. Greville answered, it was a young gentleman who had met with an accident at the race, and whom he had brought thither in his chariot, till he could be conveyed to his friends, who lived at some distance. He carefully concealed Wildgoose's name, however, and the nature of his present adventure.

Mrs. Greville made some fresh tea for Mr. Townsend; and, as it was not thought proper to discuss family affairs before a stranger, as Wildgoose appeared to be, the conversation became general for some little time. Well, cousin, says Dr. Greville, you have been inquiring after antiquities according to custom, of our old woodman.—Yes, replies Mr. Townsend; I thought, by his account, he had found a Roman stylus, which they used to write with; but I am afraid it is nothing more than an old iron skewer. Wildgoose then observed, that Mr. Townsend had lost the principal day's *sport*, as it is generally *called*.—Why, that is the very salvo which I should have made, replied Mr. Townsend; for what is *called sport*, I assure you, is not so to me; and though I have been used for some years to make my cousin Greville a visit at this season, my principal pleasure is in viewing the noble castle, and other antiquities in the neighbourhood of Warwick; which, I am convinced, was the *præsidium*, or chief station of the Romans in Britain, as being seated in the very centre of the island; and I value it more for having been the station of the Dalmatian *horse*, as Camden assures us, than for its paltry *horse-race* here once a-year.

If Wildgoose had not recollected Mr. Townsend's person, his conversation would immediately have convinced him that he was the same virtuoso whom he had met in Lord Bathurst's woods. And Mr.

Townsend likewise, after a little time, said, he had seen Wildgoose somewhere before; and though I cannot recollect your name, says he, I know your face as well as I do that of Marcus Aurelius, or Caracalla. As Wildgoose did not care to discover too much, he only said, as he had been rambling about pretty much of late, that probably Mr. Townsend might have seen him before, though he fancied he had never been acquainted with his name.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mrs. Mahoney's intelligence canvassed.

When the servant had removed the tea-equipage, Dr. Greville thought it best not to defer the acquainting Mr. Townsend with Mrs. Mahoney's intelligence, as he did not know how far the affair between Captain Mahoney and Miss Townsend, if there was really any truth in it, might have proceeded.

After a proper introduction, therefore, he showed Mr. Townsend the letter that Mrs. Mahoney had received; which, when he had read, and seen the name with which it was subscribed, and that Miss Julia Townsend was mentioned as the object of Captain Mahoney's affection; Pshaw! says Mr. Townsend, this is all a contrivance of a rascally fellow who was a servant to Captain Mahoney when he was quartered at Cork; and he having dismissed him, Captain Townsend hired him, and brought him into our neighbourhood, where he is married and settled; and, out of a pique, has been endeavouring to do Captain Mahoney some prejudice. Why, Captain Mahoney is *brother* to the widow

Townsend, and never was married in his life.—Sir, says Wildgoose, the lady who calls herself Mrs. Mahoney, assured me he never had any *sister;* and that very circumstance looks very suspicious.—Well, I don't know, says Mr. Townsend, who this pretended Mrs. Mahoney may be; but I am pretty sure that Mrs. Townsend would not connive at Captain Mahoney's making overtures to my daughter without my approbation, as she must know that her place depends upon her fidelity to me.

Well, says Dr. Greville, I wish this intelligence may be without any foundation; but the lady to whom this letter was written seems very sincere in her apprehensions, and gives a very plausible account of herself; and so you will say, when you see her, which you may do to-morrow morning.

CHAPTER XX.

Wildgoose retires to rest.

It now began to grow dusk, and as Wildgoose looked very pale and fatigued, Dr. Greville prevailed on him to go to rest, and himself very politely waited on him to his chamber, though he was extremely desirous of sitting up till Miss Townsend came home; for though we have not yet taken notice of it, we may be sure Mr. Wildgoose could not take Miss Townsend's place in the chariot (as he found by Dr. Greville he had done), nor be in the very house where she was expected every moment, without very sensible emotions of tenderness and expectation.

When Wildgoose was gone out of the room, Mr. Townsend immediately asked, who he was? observ-

ing, that he seemed a very sober sensible young man. Mrs. Greville replied, that he was a young gentleman of pretty good fortune in Gloucestershire, and, she believed, a humble admirer of her cousin Julia.—Is he? says Mr. Townsend, with some quickness, then, for God's sake, let him have her; for I know not who else will, after her imprudent elopement; and, I believe, the poor girl wants a husband. I am sure, at least, I don't know what to do with her, for my part.—Why, says Mrs. Greville, these are partly my sentiments of the matter; and I fancy, between you and me, such a scheme would be no ways disagreeable to Miss Julia; and this was Dr. Greville's chief motive, I believe, for bringing the young man to our house.

When Wildgoose, attended by Dr. Greville and the servant with candles, came into his bed-chamber, he was making apologies for the trouble he gave; but the servant setting down one of the candles upon the toilette, Wildgoose immediately espied a miniature picture of Miss Julia Townsend, hanging under the glass; which fixed his attention so entirely, that Dr. Greville wished him a good night, smiling to himself at this further discovery which he had made of Wildgoose's attachment to his cousin Julia.

When Dr. Greville returned to the parlour, he found Mr. Townsend and Mrs. Greville in close debate on the subject above-mentioned, and added his suffrage to the scheme proposed. But, while these good people were in the midst of their deliberations, Mrs. Mowbray's carriage came to the door, to set down Miss Townsend, whom, Mrs. Mowbray said, she had brought safe home; though she desired proper care might be taken of her, as she had been very languid and low-spirited the whole afternoon.

Dr. Greville made an apology for leaving his cou-

sin to Mrs. Mowbray's care, as he was sensible she must have been rather a troublesome companion; but that he himself had been engaged in a charitable office, which required a more immediate attention.

Miss Townsend flew with a sincere transport into her father's arms; in whose breast, notwithstanding his slight resentment, nature resumed her place; and he received his favourite daughter with great tenderness and affection.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

BOOK THE TWELFTH.

CHAPTER I.

The inn at Warwick.

TUGWELL, with his son Joseph, went, as Mr. Wildgoose had ordered him, to the inn at Warwick; where he found Mrs. Mahoney and her companion; who informed Tugwell that Dr. Greville had taken Wildgoose to his own house.

As Mrs. Mahoney desired to have Tugwell's company in a little parlour which she had got adjoining to the kitchen, Jerry desired to introduce his son also, with whose unexpected return he acquainted her.

When Joseph came into the room, he and Mrs. Mahoney's maid expressed a mutual surprise at sight of each other: for, though Mrs. Mahoney was too attentive to her own distress, the maid immediately recollected, that he had come over with them from Dublin to Park-gate, in the same vessel.

When young Tugwell heard Mrs. Mahoney's name, he said, he remembered a Captain Mahoney at Cork, when he was there two years ago, and that he was one of the gentlemen who had like to have married the woman that Captain Townsend married.

This account startled Mrs. Mahoney, as she knew

her husband had been quartered there about that time; and though she could not guess what Joseph meant, by his being likely to marry Mrs. Townsend, yet she shook her head, suspecting, with too much reason, that it was some other instance of his infidelity.

Joseph, however, alluded to what he had told his father, in the circumstantial account which he had given him of his five years' adventures, as they returned together from the course. But, as a great part of them would be uninteresting to the reader, we shall only mention, that Joseph, upon enlisting for a soldier, to avoid marrying a common strumpet (as was mentioned in the beginning of this history,) was put on board the transports that accompanied the grand fleet upon the ever memorable expedition against Carthagena.

All the world knows the disastrous event of that expedition. After sacrificing the lives of so many brave fellows, in forcing the straits of Bocca-Chica castle; and when the Spaniards were ready to abandon Carthagena upon the first attack, by the unaccountable delays and strange conduct both of the admiral and the commander in chief of the land forces, the affair was protracted till the rainy season set in; when our troops became a prey to sickness, and it was thought advisable, after a general council of war, to reimbark them aboard the transports; where, though there were several young surgeons aboard the fleet, who longed to assist their perishing countrymen; yet, the general disdaining to ask, and the admiral to offer any assistance, the poor people dropped off like rotten sheep.

Young Tugwell, however, by good luck, got leave to wait on Captain Townsend; who, being reduced by sickness to a declining state of health, as soon as the fleet returned to Jamaica, got leave to return to

England; and, at his request, got young Tugwell's discharge.

They landed at Cork in Ireland; where Captain Townsend, being laid up with the gout, staid for some time; and, amongst other gentlemen, became very intimate with a celebrated bar-maid at a tavern there; and, thinking a nurse of some sort was necessary to a man in his situation, he robbed the public, and married that girl; who was the identical widow Townsend, who has been mentioned so often in this history.

Amongst her gallants, Captain Mahoney, being at that time a handsome young fellow, was distinguished as her favourite; which made Joseph think that he had like to have married her.

Young Tugwell, having taken the liberty to advise his master (Captain Townsend) against this match, was of course dismissed as soon as it took place. He met, however, with another English officer on the Irish establishment, who expected every day to return to England; but, being disappointed from time to time, Joseph at length left his service at Dublin, and happened to embark in the same ship with Mrs. Mahoney; and was now on his way home, to visit his father and mother, and his native place.

CHAPTER II.

Kitchen stuff.

As Tugwell and his company were at supper in their little parlour, which was only separated from the kitchen by a deal partition, they heard a fellow holding forth over a pot of ale; and, with the air of

a politician, abusing all the gentlemen shoemakers in the country. Jerry, thinking himself concerned in the affair, and fancying likewise that he was not entirely unacquainted with the voice, listened to the following harangue:—I have looked into their shops, master Crisp, and I don't approve of their knavish proceedings. I might have been foreman to Mr. Cutwell of Coventry: but, sir, I assure you, they are the most *roguishest* set of people upon earth. Why, I remember when a pair of shoes was sold for two shillings; nay, for eighteen-pence, when I was prentice in London.—Why, were you 'prenticed in London? says Mr. Crisp.—Yes, that I was; and served seven years in Whitechapel. And I have an uncle, that is a topping shoe-black near the Royal Exchange. Ah! London's the place; and yet London is not half the place it was formerly—for *old shoes*.

Well, cobbler, says Master Crisp, I hope you are a better husband than you were.—Yes, thank God; I hope I am. Indeed, if God Almighty gives one health and money, one ought to take a cheerful glass now and then with a friend or so—But hang it, what signifies money in the country? If I had a hundred pounds, I would not spend a farthing of it in the country. In London you have something for your money! There's liquor! There you may take a glass in a genteel *discreet* manner. There is not a landlord in the country that knows common sense.—Come, come, says the landlord, a little offended at this freedom, come, pay as you go, cobbler; you have had two pots, and have paid for none.

The dialogue being now at an end, Tugwell went out into the kitchen, to see who this fluent orator might be; and found, to his surprise, it was his old friend, Andrew Tipple, who had worked for Jerry in

his prosperity as a journeyman; but was now become quite an itinerant cobbler, and peripatetic politician. Andrew was as much surprised at the sight of his old master, and cried out, Ha! master Tugwell; why, we heard you were sent to gaol for horse-stealing. What have you done with young Mr. Wildgoose? I was at your town but last week. Your wife Dorothy is very angry with you, for leaving her; but says, she should not have minded it, if you had not gone in your best waistcoat. And madam Wildgoose threatens to disinherit Mr. Geoffry; and has actually taken two of her grand-children to live with her, since the young 'squire took to these vagabond courses.

Jerry looked a little foolish at this account of the state of affairs at home; but, clapping his hand upon his pocket, with a gallant shake of the head, said, they should make matters up again when they got home.

Jerry then called for a pot of ale, with which he and his old friend drank an health to their friends in Gloucestershire; and so they parted, Tugwell returning to his company.

CHAPTER III.

At Dr. Greville's.

When Mrs. Mowbray's coach came to the door with Miss Townsend (as was related) Mr. Wildgoose was just going to bed; but flew to the window, like a hawk at his quarry; where, by the light of the moon, he had a full view of Miss Townsend, as she ran up the court, drest, on the occasion, much more splendidly than he had ever seen her at Gloucester.

This slight glance threw poor Wildgoose into such a palpitation and hurry of spirits, that it was a considerable time before he could compose himself to sleep; and Miss Townsend was the prevailing idea in his dreams for the whole night.

It was now eleven o'clock, and Dr. Greville's family were all in bed, when they were awaked by a hasty rapping at the door; and were greatly alarmed, when the servant brought up word, that a man was come out of ———shire, with a letter for Mr. Townsend. This messenger proved to be the old coachman, who was mentioned to have assisted Miss Townsend in her elopement to London; and who, partly to atone for his imprudent conduct in that affair, and partly out of regard to the family, had taken his horse, and rode thirty miles after five o'clock that evening, to bring a letter, which his wife had intercepted, addressed to Miss Lucia Townsend, from Captain Mahoney. This letter being carried up to Mr. Townsend, he opened it, and found the contents to be as follows:

"TO MISS TOWNSEND.

"My dear Lucia,

"Every moment is an age till my happiness is completed: and the deferring our departure another day is a contradiction to the impatience of a fond lover. But I am disappointed of the phaeton which I had bespoke; and was obliged to send to Oxford, whence I have ordered one of those post-chaises which are lately come into vogue, and which will convey us with more expedition either to London or Bristol; though I now think the latter is more advisable; as we can be conveyed from thence to Cork in eight-and-forty hours.

"You and Mrs. Townsend will be ready to-mor-

row evening, as soon as it grows dusk, with your baggage, behind the grove of firs: till which time, my dearest Lucia, I remain

Your impatient lover,

PATRICK MAHONEY."

"P. S. Write me a line by the bearer."

Mr. Townsend was greatly provoked at this discovery; but, upon reflection, became sensible that he had no one but himself to blame for the confusion which his imprudent connection with the widow Townsend had introduced into his family.

He at first thought of setting out again immediately; but as the time fixed by Mahoney for executing his wicked scheme was not till the following evening, he thought he might take a few hours' rest, and get out very early in the morning. He, therefore, sent for the old coachman up to his bed-side, and inquired how he came by that letter: in answer to which he gave him the following account:

Ben, the hostler at the George, says he, (where Captain Mahoney quarters,) is third cousin to my wife; and, having been sent by the captain with this letter to Miss Townsend, Ben thought it proper to let my wife know what he had heard from the hostler at the Black Bull, who told Ben, that Captain Mahoney, having been disappointed of *their* phaton, had sent him to Oxford for a post-chaise; which was ordered to be at the captain's quarters the next day about ten o'clock, who was going a long journey; and as all the neighbourhood talk very freely about the captain's designs upon Miss Townsend, my wife was willing to forward this letter to your honour at a venture; and sent Ben back to the captain with an answer from Miss Townsend, by word of mouth, that it was very well.

Mr. Townsend said, he was obliged to the coach-

man for the trouble he had taken; bad him feed his horse, and then go to bed; and that he himself would set out by four o'clock in the morning: which, as he found by the letter that the captain had put off his scheme till the next night, he hoped would be soon enough to prevent it.

Dr. Greville had slipped on his night-gown, and was come into Mr. Townsend's room, to inquire into the cause of this alarm; which being informed of, though he secretly triumphed over Mr. Townsend's credulity, yet he begged him to lose no time in an affair of that consequence; and said, that he himself would take the liberty to awake Mr. Townsend at three o'clock, by which time he would be a little refreshed after his day's journey; and that he would take care to convey Mrs. Mahoney by a man and double horse, if it should be thought necessary; though he did not imagine, he said, that the captain would stay to dispute the matter with Mr. Townsend.

CHAPTER IV.

At Mr. Townsend's.

NOTWITHSTANDING Dr. Greville's caution, and his eager desire to hasten Mr. Townsend's departure, it was near five o'clock before he set out; and near eleven before he reached his own house in ——shire; when he found it deserted both by his daughter and the widow Townsend, which we may imagine shocked him to the utmost degree.

But, upon inquiry, he found the case not quite so bad as he at first expected: for the servants who were left at home informed him, that Mrs. Towns-

end had sent a letter by the stable-boy, early in the morning, to Captain Mahoney; who came with a post-chaise, about half an hour before Mr. Townsend came home, and had taken away Mrs. Townsend, with all her luggage in two large trunks. But that they were both in great confusion, at not finding Miss Townsend, who had been missing all the morning; and of whom the servants could give no other intelligence.

Whilst Mr. Townsend was deliberating what method to pursue, the coachman's wife came very opportunely, and relieved him from his distress, by giving the following account of Miss Townsend:

That she (the coachman's wife) being apprehensive that Captain Mahoney might suspect his plot was discovered, by his receiving no answer to his letter, and, therefore, might hasten the execution of it; she, therefore, consulted Mr. Thompson, the 'squire's principal tenant, and whom, she knew, he greatly confided in upon all occasions; and he had contrived to get Miss Townsend to his house pretty early in the morning, under a pretence that somebody wanted to speak with her; and that Mrs. Thompson had locked herself up with Miss Townsend in their parlour till the 'squire himself should come home, as they supposed he would do, in consequence of the letter which the coachman had conveyed to him.

Mr. Townsend, therefore, went immediately to farmer Thompson's, where he found Miss Townsend confined, as the coachman's wife had informed them.

Mr. Townsend gave his daughter a proper lecture upon the occasion; and explained to her, with great tenderness the escape she had had; and the discovery which he had made of Captain Mahoney's being already married, by means of a young gen-

tleman who was now at Dr. Greville's, and had providentially met Mrs. Mahoney upon her road from Ireland.

When they returned to the manor-house, Mr. Townsend found that the widow Townsend had carried off not only her own property, but likewise some of his; particularly a gold repeating watch of his late wife's, a valuable ring or two, a great many fine laces, and a brocaded suit of clothes; in all, to the value of above two hundred pounds. But, as he had placed so unlimited a confidence in her, this was to be considered rather as a breach of trust than a robbery; and, having now sufficient proof of her infidelity and wicked designs, he was really glad to get rid of her upon any terms.

As for the two fugitives, it may be proper to have done with them here; and to inform the reader, that they made the best of their way to Bristol; where, embarking for some remote part of Ireland, they lived together for some time upon the fruits of the widow Townsend's plunder; till, satiated with each other's person, a mutual disgust ensued; and the captain, having shared the best part of the widow's fortune, his fickle temper soon dissolved a connection which was built upon so precarious a foundation.

CHAPTER V.

At Dr. Greville's.

Let us now return to our wounded hero, Mr. Geoffry Wildgoose.

For fear of any accident in the night Dr. Greville had ordered the footman to lie in a closet adjoining

to his room: who, coming down in the morning told the maid, that the gentleman had slept very soundly all night; but that, ever since he had awaked, he had been lamenting and bemoaning himself like a child. I asked him, says the fellow, whether he was in pain; but he says he is quite well again! only I fancy he is troubled in mind. I suppose, says the footman, he has lost money by betting at the races; or, perhaps, he has left a sweetheart behind him somewhere or other.

Dr. Greville, being informed of what the footman had said, went up to Wildgoose's bed-side, and asked him how he found himself. Wildgoose took the doctor by the hand, and thanked him for the great care he had taken of him; and said he had had a fine night, and found himself quite well: and thank God, says he, I find my head much clearer than it has been for some months. But, sir, I confess many things appear to me in a very different light from what they have lately done; and I am particularly shocked at having left my disconsolate mother so long in a state of anxiety and concern on my account. For, O, sir, I am now convinced, that no doctrine, no religious opinion, can be true, that contradicts the tenderest feelings of human nature, the affection and duty which we owe to our parents.

Dr. Greville replied, that he was glad the mist was dispelled from his mind, and that he seemed to see things in their proper light; though, perhaps, says the doctor, your last assertion ought to be admitted with some little restriction; as there may be some parents so unreasonably wicked, as to expect their children to prostitute their very consciences, as well as sacrifice their reason, to *their* absurd opinions, or dishonest practices; in which case children are evidently under a prior obligation to re-

ligion and virtue: though they should be very certain of the justice of their cause, before they venture to oppose so sacred an authority as that of parents over their children. But I am afraid, sir, indeed, that you left your unhappy mother, merely from the blind impulse of an over-heated imagination; to engage in an undertaking directly opposite to the laws of the land, without any pretence of a divine commission: and therefore I cannot but conclude you were under a wrong influence.

I am afraid I was, says Wildgoose; but yet, in times of general defection from the principles of the Gospel, and the doctrines of the Reformation, I cannot but think that every one has a divine call to stem the torrent, and endeavour to revive the practice of true Christianity.

I own they have, replied the doctor, by their example and their persuasion, within the sphere of their own neighbourhood. But then nothing, I think, is so evident, as that we are commanded, to submit to every ordinance of man, for *the Lord's* sake; to let every thing be done decently, and in order; and, therefore, no one has a right to break through the regulations of society, merely from the suggestions of his own fancy, and unless he can give some visible proof of a supernatural commission.

As to a "general defection from the truths of the Gospel;" we are very apt to judge of the state of religion, as we are of the politeness, knowledge, or learning of the age, from what we feel in our own breasts. We fancy the world is more knowing, because we ourselves know more than we did in our infancy; and we think the world less religious, because we, perhaps, have thrown off the restraints of religion, and are more wicked or debauched than we were in our youth or childhood.

The most likely method of convincing any one,

is to make our adversary some concessions. For a general opposition to his whole system, not only irritates his passion; but, finding you mistaken in some particulars, as you probably are, he concludes, at random, that you are wrong in all.

I grant you, continues Dr. Greville, that there may be some cause of complaint against the negligence of the clergy; and that, if the people had plenty of wholesome food or sound doctrine, they would not be hankering after the crude trash of *some* of your itinerant preachers. But does this warrant every ignorant mechanic to take the staff out of the hands of the clergy, and set up for a reformer in religion.

There are corruptions, perhaps, or neglects at least, in every branch of the civil administration; as no human institution can be perfectly administered. But suppose an honest country justice to be a little negligent in his duty, or not very accurately versed in the subtleties of the law; would this warrant any neighbouring attorney, who spies out his error, to take upon him to administer justice in his room? No, an appeal is open to a superior court; and his errors must be rectified in a legal manner; otherwise strange confusion would ensue.

The parson of your parish, suppose, neglects his duty, or is immoral in his life and conversation. Let application be made to the bishop of the diocese; who, at his visitation, not only receives his synodals, but sends out articles of inquiry, relative to the conduct of every individual clergyman within his jurisdiction. "Does your minister lead an exemplary, or at least, a sober and regular life? Does he do his duty decently, and in order? Does he catechise and instruct the children, and other ignorant persons, in the principles of religion, at several times of the year, as the canons direct?" If he does not,

why is he not regularly presented by the officers of the parish, and complaint made to the bishop? who will not fail, first of all, to exhort him in private; and, if he does not alter his conduct, to censure him publicly at the next visitation; and, if he continues obstinate, to suspend him entirely from the exercise of his function.

Nothing, I think, can well be contrived better, or more wise, than our ecclesiastical polity is in itself, if properly put in execution.

As to the particular doctrines which the Methodists pretend to have revived, and on which they lay so great a stress, I do not imagine the advantage which they seem to have *gained* over the regular clergy arises from those cobweb distinctions, which I am convinced, not one in ten of their followers really comprehend; but from the seriousness of their lives, and the vehemence and earnestness of their harangues, which may have a temporary effect upon their audience whilst the impression on their fancy lasts; and have, I believe, really awakened many indolent and careless Christians to a sober and devout life.

As to the doctrines themselves, that of justification by faith, for instance; I know no clergyman that expects to be saved by the merit of his own works. We do not preach up the *merit* of *good* works, but the *necessity* of them; and unless a good man and a good Christian are inconsistent characters, I do not see how good works, which is only another name for virtue, can be dispensed with. In short, though the negligence of too many of the clergy may have given these reformers some little advantage over them; yet the extravagant proceedings, and monstrous tenets of many of their itinerant preachers, have given them an ample revenge. One man declaims against the lawfulness of some

of the most necessary callings. Mr. H—ll, who married a near relation of Mr. Wesley's, having used the poor lady ill by an intrigue with another woman, defended the lawfulness of polygamy. One Roger Ball asserted, that the elect had a right to all women. These are not the necessary consequences, I own, of any of their principles; but they are the probable effects of an unlimited toleration of unlicensed, or rather such licentious teachers.

I would by no means undervalue the great talents, and the pious labours of Mr. Wesley, and many of their leaders. They are, I am convinced, men of sound learning, and true devotion; and whilst they live to inspire and give vigour to their new establishment, some good may probably result from it. But when they come to be succeeded by men, who, instead of a zeal for religion, will be led by interest, to prefer the ease and advantage of a teacher to the drudgery of a mechanic trade; the same indifference and negligence will soon prevail amongst them, which they have complained of in the established clergy. And their classes will probably be as much neglected, as some of our parishes now are. So that after prejudicing the people against their proper pastors, they will leave them a prey to the ignorance, and, perhaps, much greater immorality of illiterate plebeians; and so will have made another schism in our church, to very little purpose.

Well, says Mr. Wildgoose; but suppose Mr. Wesley and his friends really convinced of the great decay of Christian piety, and that they were obliged in conscience to use their utmost endeavours to revive the practice of it, what course were they to take?

Why, says Dr. Greville, I should think, if their little society, when it was first formed in the uni-

versity (before they had made themselves obnoxious to the clergy by their irregular proceedings,) had quietly dispersed themselves, and settled upon curacies in different parts of England; and had there formed little associations amongst the neighbouring clergy; the influence of their example would gradually have spread itself, and produced more real, and more permanent effects, than it is now likely to do; without any bad effects, which I am afraid must proceed, as I have observed, from such licentious proceedings.

Dr. Greville was going on to convince Mr. Wildgoose of the mistake he himself had laboured under, in regard to his late conduct: and Wildgoose seemed to listen with great attention, and showed signs of confusion in his countenance, when the servant brought word, that Mr. Slash, the surgeon, was come; whom Mrs. Greville attended up to Wildgoose's room.

The surgeon first of all, with the air of a Radcliffe or a Freind, felt his pulse; which he pronounced to be in a healthy state. Then, taking off the bandage, he found, that although Mr. Wildgoose had been stunned by the blow, and lost a great deal of blood, yet the wound in itself was very trifling; and, knowing that Mrs. Greville was herself a skilful practitioner in surgery, he showed her the wound; who was surprised to see how slight it was. Slash, therefore, paid her the further compliment of leaving a few dressings, which he said, with truth enough, she could apply as well as he could; adding, that if the patient did not heat or fatigue himself, he might travel whenever he pleased. And Wildgoose intending, at farthest, to set out the next morning, took his leave of the surgeon, by slipping half a guinea into his hands, with which Mr. Slash, having no great expectation from a knight-errant,

was very well contented; and Wildgoose himself was obliged to limit his generosity, having but a few shillings left, to defray the expenses of his journey.

CHAPTER VI.

An interview.

MR. WILDGOOSE, being now left alone, that he might equip himself for breakfast, finding his mind much more easy since his conference with Dr. Greville, and the thoughts of seeing Miss Townsend giving him fresh spirits, he adjusted his cravat, rubbed up his hair with some pomatum, and, in short, made his whole person as spruce as his present circumstances would permit; and his bandage being now reduced to a decent patch of black silk, Wildgoose made no despicable appearance.

When he came into the breakfast-room he was greatly smitten with the sight of Miss Townsend; who was so much more elegantly dressed than in her state of humiliation at Gloucester. Dr. Greville introduced them to each other, observing, with a good-natured smile, that they were two old acquaintance. This speech raised a blush in Miss Townsend's countenance, which still heightened her charms; and, what is not common, her real appearance surpassed, even the bright idea, which, for a month past, had glowed in the imagination of poor Wildgoose, her absent lover.

Well, continued Dr. Greville, you have both been a sort of fugitives, and have given your friends some uneasiness; but, as the cause of Miss Julia's

ill usage at home will, I hope, soon be removed, so I flatter myself, sir, your motive for rambling abroad will also cease. Not that I wish to see you less serious in the practice of religion, nor even less an enthusiast, in some sense; as I am convinced nothing great can be effected without some degree of enthusiasm; but I would not have your zeal transport you so far, as to hurry you into any irregularities, which only expose you to danger and ridicule, and can never answer any really useful purpose.

Miss Townsend, though herself in some little confusion, began to rally Mr. Wildgoose upon the accident he had met with, and hoped it would cure him, for the future, of such romantic undertakings. Wildgoose replied, that he should not be deterred from doing what he thought his duty, from any danger which might accrue to his person; but that Dr. Greville had almost convinced him, that such irregular proceedings were inexpedient, if not unwarrantable.

Wildgoose then asked Miss Townsend, whether she had heard from their friend, Mrs. Sarsenet, at Gloucester lately; which gave Mrs. Greville an opportunity of observing, that Mrs. Sarsenet was a very worthy, *good creature;* and, she believed, had judged very rightly of the widow Townsend's character; but yet had been the accidental cause of poor Miss Julia's ill usage at home, and of her consequent elopement; though, she added, no usage which a child could be supposed to receive from a parent would justify such a violation of the duty which every child owes to its parent, or such a defiance of the authority which nature has given a parent over his offspring.

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Mahoney's story finished.

Dr. Greville, by way of changing the subject, which could not be very agreeable to the young people, said, he would take his horse, as soon as they had breakfasted, and ride to Warwick, that he might acquaint Mrs. Mahoney of the further discovery which they had made of Captain Mahoney's intrigue, and consult with her about her future proceedings. But, whilst they were talking about it, Tugwell and his son Joseph arrived from Warwick, in order to inquire how Mr. Geoffry did; and to propose their going home, and acquainting Madam Wildgoose of the accident. But to this Wildgoose would by no means consent, as he said it would be too great a shock to his mother, and he himself was well enough to set out with them that afternoon. Dr. Greville, however, said, that would be very wrong, and that he would run a great hazard of inflaming his wound, and, perhaps, of renewing the hæmorrhage. But, says he, if you are determined to travel so soon, I will to-morrow morning give you a lift in my carriage, as far at least as the turnpike-road extends; which, I imagine, is within a mile or two of your village.

And as for these honest men, they shall stay and dine here; and then, if they choose it, they may go part of the way to-night, and halt for us to-morrow morning at Stratford, if they can find their way thither.

O! says Jerry, I know Stratford-upon-Avon well enough; it's the place where Shakespeare, the

*great jester,** was born. Grandfather's father lived a servant with the jester himself; and there is a mulberry-tree growing there now, which he helped Mr. William Shakespeare to plant, when he was a boy.

Well, master Tugwell, says Dr. Greville, you may go and visit the mulberry-tree which your great grandfather helped to plant, and meet us to-morrow morning about eleven o'clock, at the White Lion; and then we will proceed together.

Mr. Wildgoose then inquired after Mrs. Mahoney, when Jerry cried out, Odsbobs! I forgot to tell you, that the gentlewoman is very bad, and has not been able to get out of bed to-day; and her maid says, she does not know how she will be able to travel any further.

This account moved Mrs. Greville's compassion, as her curiosity had been raised before, and she immediately ordered her chariot, and went alone to Warwick, that, if it should be necessary, she might bring Mrs. Mahoney with her to Dr. Greville's.

When she came to Warwick, however, she found Mrs. Mahoney just come down stairs. And upon Mrs. Greville's inquiring after her health, she answered, that her complaint was nothing more than excessive fatigue: that she had been so intent upon the object of her journey, as not to perceive herself in the least wearied for three or four days; but that since she had lain still, her spirits began to flag, and she found herself unable to travel any further.

After informing Mrs. Mahoney of the fresh discovery which had been made of Captain Mahoney's

* All the idea which the country people have of that great genius is, that he excelled in smart repartees, and *selling of bargains*, as they call it.

designs upon Miss Townsend, and of the means which Mr. Townsend had used to prevent its taking effect, Mrs. Greville added, that she had come alone in the chariot, with an intent to take Mrs. Mahoney with her, if she approved of it. Mrs. Mahoney, after recovering her spirits from the hurry into which this intelligence had thrown her, thanked Mrs. Greville for her kind invitation; but said, she had a near relation in London, an elderly lady of good fortune, who had often importuned her, by letter, to make a visit; and, as she might be a friend to her children, she had made that a secondary object in taking this journey. She intended, therefore, to get a place in some stage-coach the next day, and go to London; as it seemed to no purpose, at present, to pursue her graceless husband any further.

And here the reader may like to be informed, that this relation, who was the widow of a rich merchant, died soon after Mrs. Mahoney's return to Ireland; and was so well pleased with her visit, that she left her a handsome competence, vested in trustees' hands, independent of her husband; that, after Captain Mahoney was tired of the widow Townsend, and had contributed to the squandering away her ill-got wealth, Mrs. Mahoney admitted him to share her little fortune with herself and children; and his dependence on her for a subsistence secured his respect and fidelity, and by degrees reconciled him to a life of domestic happiness and sobriety. So various are the methods of Providence to reward the virtuous, and, if possible, to reclaim the vicious from their wicked pursuits.

CHAPTER VIII.

At Dr. Greville's.

WHILE Mrs. Greville was gone to Warwick, Dr. Greville, according to custom, walked out to visit some of the poor and ignorant part of his parish; so that Mr. Wildgoose was left alone for some time with Miss Townsend, which opportunity he did not throw away upon theological speculations; but employed it upon a practical subject, more to his present purpose.

He introduced a sort of amourous conversation, by producing the cambric handkerchief which Miss Townsend had dropped from the chariot-window, when Wildgoose had that transient view of her near Birmingham. Miss Townsend immediately knew the mark; but said, she had no idea that it had fallen into his hands: for though from the slight glance she had of him in a cloud of dust, she at first imagined the person whom they passed was Mr. Wildgoose; yet, as she heard no more of him, she had taken it for granted that she was mistaken.

Wildgoose replied, it was merely out of respect that he had not gone to Birmingham to inquire after her; and he declared he never underwent a greater mortification. But, says he, putting the handkerchief to his breast, I have preserved this pledge with as much devotion, as the most zealous papist does his imaginary relics of saints and holy virgins.

Miss Townsend endeavoured to evade an application of this intended compliment, by her sprightly raillery; and said, she hoped Mr. Wildgoose was now almost tired with rambling about in so strange

a manner, and would settle at home with his disconsolate mother.

Wildgoose, still pursuing his point, said he should return to his mother, in compliance with Miss Townsend's advice; and should probably quit his present rambling way of life, in condescension to Dr. Greville's opinion: but, says he, it will be impossible for me to *settle* at a distance from the object of that enthusiasm of another kind, which you have raised in my breast.

Though the meaning of this declaration was too obvious to be misapprehended, and though Miss Townsend was by no means insensible to Mr. Wildgoose's tender expostulations, yet she affected to treat them in a ludicrous style; and when Wildgoose came still closer to the point, she answered with a very serious air, that notwithstanding she had been guilty of one imprudent and undutiful act, in eloping from her father, on account of what she thought severe treatment, yet she could not listen to a conversation of that kind, without his knowledge and approbation.

This little repulse cast a sudden damp upon Mr. Wildgoose's spirits. But as Miss Townsend's declaration, that she would not listen to his overtures *without* her father's approbation, might be interpreted to imply the contrary if his approbation were obtained, he was not entirely destitute of some pleasing hopes. But their further conversation was soon interrupted by Mrs. Greville's return from Warwick, and the doctor's from his morning walk.

CHAPTER IX.

An invitation to Mr. Townsend's.

After dinner, Tugwell and his son Joseph, as had been agreed, set out towards Stratford; but with a strict intention to wait at the White Lion till Mr. Wildgoose should come thither, which Dr. Greville promised he should the next morning.

Wildgoose spent the afternoon very agreeably with Miss Townsend and her two worthy relations: and, as he now talked very rationally upon religion, as well as upon common subjects, Dr. Greville and his lady were highly entertained with his company.

About ten o'clock in the evening, when they were just retiring to rest, they were again surprised with the arrival of a servant from Mr. Townsend; who brought them the agreeable intelligence of the widow Townsend's having withdrawn herself with Captain Mahoney: and also a letter from Mr. Townsend, earnestly requesting Dr. Greville and his lady to conduct Miss Julia Townsend home again, and to spend a week or a fortnight with Mr. Townsend, to assist him in re-establishing the economy of his household; which invitation, for the sake of performing the friendly office annexed to it, they were very ready to comply with.

CHAPTER X.

At Stratford-upon-Avon.

MR. WILDGOOSE, having made a comfortable breakfast, and drunk some excellent tea from the fair hands of Miss Julia Townsend (which quite reconciled him to domestic and social life,) took his leave of Mrs. Greville and Miss Townsend; not without a sigh and a languishing glance directed to the latter. Dr. Greville and he then set out in the carriage for Stratford; where they arrived about twelve o'clock, and found Tugwell and his son waiting for them; whom they again dispatched to pursue their journey.

Whilst the coachman stopped to water his horses, my landlord, out of civility, came to pay his compliments to Dr. Greville, who knew the man to have been a son of the learned Dr. Welchman,* well known for his Illustration of the Thirty-nine Articles: which piece of history, as he had not much literary merit of his own to boast of, mine host never failed to acquaint his customers with. Gentlemen, he would say, you have doubtless heard of my father: he *made* the Thirty-nine Articles.

While they were talking to my landlord, the church bells struck up, and rang with great cheerfulness: upon which, as the canonical hour was just expired, Dr. Greville supposed they had had a wedding. No, says my landlord; but we are going to

* Mr. Welchman probably soon quitted this station, as the White Lion has been kept for some years by Mr. Payton; who, by a secret peculiar to publicans, of making general favours appear particular ones, has brought the house into great vogue.

have a funeral; and the bells ring upon that occasion.

How so? says Dr. Greville.—Why, have not you heard of old Mr. Shatterbrain's whimsical will? He was born in this town, and kept a tavern in London; and got ten thousand pounds in the lottery, and has left it all to his nephew, who was a tradesman in this town. But I will fetch you the newspaper, and you may see all about it. He then brought the Gloucester Journal to Dr. Greville, in which was this clause from Mr. Shatterbrain's will:

Provided also, that my said nephew, on the day of my funeral, do distribute six pounds six shillings to six young women tolerably skilled in dancing; who, being dressed in white calico, with black ribbands, shall join with six young men, to be procured by the undertaker (or the undertaker himself to make one, if agreeable,) who being dressed in mourning cloaks, with black crape hat-bands, shall, in a grave and solemn manner, dance, to a good tabour and pipe, the ancient dance called the Black Joke, in the church-yard (if approved of by the minister;) if not, as near to the place of my burial as convenient may be; the church bells ringing from twelve o'clock at noon to six o'clock in the evening.

Provided also, that my said nephew do cause to be inscribed on my tomb the following moral distich:

> Since *dust* we are all, let us moisten our clay;
> Let us drink, let us dance, and dust it away.

Dr. Greville observed, that Mr. Shatterbrain seemed to be actuated more by the love of fame, than by the love of mankind, when he made that will; and that he seemed more ambitious of being celebrated in a newspaper, than of being blessed by the poor, after his death; that six guineas properly distributed, would make six poor families happy

for a month, instead of making the testator ridiculous for ever. Indeed, added the doctor, I have observed several of these ridiculous bequests of late years; but, if I were lord chancellor, I should make no scruple, upon the slightest application, of setting aside such absurd clauses, and applying the donations more advantageously, either to the public, or to the distant relations of the testator.

CHAPTER XI.

More lumber yet; a wife and two children.

THE chariot was now going from the inn, when a two-wheel chaise drove into the yard, with a gentleman, a lady, and two children in it, attended by a servant on horseback. The gentleman leaped down, and began to lift out a little boy and girl, when Wildgoose was agreeably surprised at discovering his friend Rivers and his lady, whose long story, (if he did not fall asleep in the middle of it) the reader must recollect; and who, in consequence of Wildgoose's letter, was going to pay his respects to his kinsman, Mr Gregory Griskin, the little Staffordshire divine, from whom he had considerable expectations.

Mr. Wildgoose begged leave to detain Dr. Greville a few minutes, whilst he just paid his compliments to his old friends.

After explaining his present situation, Wildgoose began making a sort of apology for his travelling in so different a manner from what he had done when they met last. Come, come, says Rivers; this is only a sneer upon my ecclesiastical equipage of a one-horse chaise. What sport would our old Oxford

acquaintance make at a man packed up in this leather convenience, with a wife and two children.

Why, yes, says Wildgoose, We laugh at these domestic concerns, in the university; but, when married and settled in the country, our elegant ideas give way to ease and convenience; and many a delicate man, I believe, has condescended to warm a clout, and many a learned one to rock the cradle.

Mr. Rivers then thanked Wildgoose for the service he had done him with his kinsman, Mr. Griskin; and said he had had a letter by the same post from Mr. Griskin himself, expressing great satisfaction in the account Mr. Wildgoose had given him of Mrs. Rivers's character and conduct; and inviting him to bring her and her children into Staffordshire, as soon as he conveniently could.

Wildgoose then told Rivers, that from hints which Mr. Griskin had dropped, he fancied his design was to get Rivers into orders, that he might assist him in the care of his parish; and he made no doubt but that Mrs. Rivers's agreeable behaviour would soon restore Rivers to the same place which he formerly possessed in his cousin Gregory's esteem.

Wildgoose having now paid his compliments to Mrs. Rivers, and wished them a good journey, was unwilling to detain Dr. Greville any longer; so, after desiring Rivers to write him word of the success of his visit, they parted, and he and Dr. Greville resumed their journey.

CHAPTER XII.

A plan for reformation.

AFTER travelling about a mile beyond Stratford, they met a young man, in a shabby sort of livery, who appeared very sickly, and applied to them for alms. The coachman, by way of favouring the suit of a brother servant in distress, stopped his horses, whistling to them, as if to give them an opportunity of staling. Dr. Greville asked how so young a man came to beg upon the road? The man said he had been dismissed his service, on account of a long sickness; and was travelling into Shropshire, to try his native air; that he had lived with Lord ——— in London; who was a very good master, kept a good house, and gave his servants good wages; but, in case of sickness, always dismissed them.

Dr. Greville gave the man sixpence, observing to Wildgoose, that although he did not like to encourage common beggars, he generally gave them some little matter to relieve their present distress; but not without a sharp reproof to those who appeared to be habituated to that idle practice.

This incident again introduced the subject of a reformation: and Dr. Greville observed, that neither the preaching of the clergy, nor even the many penal laws, which were daily multiplied, would avail any thing towards the end proposed, unless some alteration could be produced in the manners of the people by the influence of their superiors: the luxury and extravagance of the great, and people in high life, descends as a fashion amongst the crowd, and has infected every rank of people. If, says he, an association were formed amongst some of our principal and most popular nobility, to set an

example of frugality and temperance, by reducing the number of their servants, and the number of dishes at their tables; and if the prince on the throne would condescend to enforce the example, by regulating the splendour of the dress and equipages of those who appeared at court, it would soon be established as a fashion; and that crowd of useless servants, who are now supported in idleness and luxury, and who, when dismissed from service, or married and settled in the world, propagate the vices and follies which they have learned of their masters, amongst the middling rank of people; these dissolute idle rascals, I say, would be left in the country, where they are wanted to till the land, or to supply our handicraft trades or manufactures with useful and industrious hands. And we might then hope to see virtue and frugality restored amongst us.

CHAPTER XIII.

The same subject continued.

As to the clergy, continued Dr. Greville, all I shall add upon that subject is, that I could wish they would, in general, be a little more cautious and reserved in their conduct.

I do not expect them to renounce the world, or to shut themselves up entirely in their closets, or studies. Neither would I absolutely forbid them, in great towns, going to a coffee-house or tavern, upon necessary occasions: but I would not have them make those places their constant rendezvous. I do not think there is any indecency in their playing at cards, or joining in other cheerful transac-

tions in private company: but am sorry to see them dancing or gaming at Bath or Tunbridge; and, as a Cambridge friend of mine expresses it, *shining* in every *public* place—except the pulpit.

As to their preaching, added the doctor, I could wish they would make their discourses more systematical, and connected one with another. I know, by experience, that a man may preach for seven years together in the common way, in unconnected sermons, and our people be never the wiser. But a set of plain regular discourses, upon the principles of natural and revealed religion; the being, attributes, and moral government of God; and the peculiar doctrines and duties of the Gospel; such a system, I say, repeated once or twice a year, would teach the people their duty, and make them more willing to attend the church; and even pay their tithes more cheerfully, when they were sensible they had some equivalent for their money.

Well, sir, says Wildgoose, and I will venture to add, from my own experience, that I wish the clergy would be a little more earnest in their delivery, and enforce their precepts with some little vehemence of tone and action; as I am convinced what an effect it would have upon the most rational Christians.

I am sensible, indeed, from what I felt when I first heard Mr. Whitfield, that too violent gesticulations are not agreeable to the modesty and reserve of an English audience; and there is certainly a difference between the action of the pulpit and of the stage. But when a preacher reads his sermon with as much coldness and indifference as he would read a newspaper, or an act of parliament, he must not be surprised, if his audience discover the same indifference, or even take a nap, especially if the service be after dinner.

Why, there is no doubt, replies Dr. Greville, but an impassioned tone of voice, a suitable gesture, and a pathetic style, have more effect upon the middling and lower ranks of mankind, for whose use sermons are chiefly intended, than the most rational discourse, delivered in a dry uninteresting manner. And this certainly is one great advantage which the Methodists and other fanatical preachers have over the regular clergy, in rousing so many indolent drowsy Christians to a sense of religion.

There is a remarkable instance of the persuasive power of this enthusiastic eloquence in a Capuchin friar, one Philip de Narni,* a popular preacher at Rome, near the middle of the last century; from whose sermons the people never departed without tears, many of them crying out for mercy in the streets. And what is more extraordinary, we are told, that, preaching before Pope Gregory the Fifteenth upon the subject of non-residence, he struck such a terror into his audience, by the vehemence of his oratory, that no less than thirty bishops set out post for their dioceses the very next day. And yet it is added in the life of that friar, that when his sermons came to be printed, there was nothing very striking in them. We are told also, that the good man was so far disgusted with observing the great numbers who came to hear him out of mere curiosity, without reforming their lives, that he retired to his cell, and spent the rest of his days in writing the history of his order.

Why, to be sure, says Wildgoose, that will always be the case with too great a number of people, from the necessary imperfection of human nature.

* So Rapin and Balzac call him; but his true name was Jerom de Matini, of Narni.

But we should use the most probable means of doing all the good in our power, and leave the event to Providence.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Wildgoose's reception at home.

In this kind of discourse were Dr. Greville and Mr. Wildgoose engaged, when they came to the point where the road turned off towards the village to which Wildgoose was bound. Here Tugwell and his son Joseph had again made a halt; and, while they were waiting for Mr. Geoffry under some shady trees, by a brook side, regaled themselves with a slice of cold roast beef, which Dr. Greville's servant had stowed in the wallet.

Mr. Wildgoose was now at a loss how to act; as he could not press Dr. Greville to convey him any farther, through a long and dirty lane, to his native place; nor yet dismiss him without an invitation to rest his horses, and to take a dinner, or at least some refreshment, at his mother's house.

But from this perplexity Dr. Greville himself delivered Mr. Wildgoose. As the long summer had made the road better than usual, and very passable for a carriage, the doctor insisted upon carrying Mr. Wildgoose quite home.

Indeed one principal end in his taking this journey was, to make some inquiries into the circumstances of Mr. Wildgoose's fortune; and, if he should find it agreeable to his expectations, to make some overtures to Mrs. Wildgoose, for a match between her son and Miss Julia Townsend.

The carriage now proceeded, with Tugwell and

his son in the rear; and after many jolts and jumbles, in half an hour's time, brought them in sight of their village spire, which arose amidst a grove of pines, at the foot of the Cotswold hills; the sight of which, after near two months' absence, rejoiced the very cockles of Jerry's heart; though not without a mixture of solicitude, about the reception he might meet with from the offended Dorothy, whose indignation his friend Andrew Tipple had announced.

As for Mr. Geoffry, he was impatient to restore his mother's peace of mind; whose maternal fondness for him he was too well acquainted with, to fear any thing from her resentment, when once he should have returned to his duty.

It being now the midst of a very sultry day, and most of the village people out in the fields, they arrived at Mr. Wildgoose's gates without much speculation. Mrs. Wildgoose's old hind, Stephen, was just gone into the yard with a load of wheat; and a little boy and girl, whom Mr. Geoffry was surprised to see there, ran in, crying out, a coach! a coach!

These little folks were no other than Mrs. Wildgoose's grand-children, by her daughter, whom we mentioned in the beginning of this narrative, to have married contrary to her parent's approbation; and of whose children, therefore, very little notice had been taken, till since Mr. Geoffry Wildgoose's elopement.

Though Mrs. Wildgoose never dressed fine, yet, as she was always neat and clean, she was consequently always sufficiently prepared, for a woman of her time of life, to see company. By the time, therefore, the chariot came to the door, she was come out to receive them. Having not, for some years, seen her son in his own hair, she did not im-

mediately know him; especially as the black patch on his temples added to the paleness of his complexion, which his loss of blood had occasioned. But when he stepped out of the chariot, and, agreeably to a custom now obsolete, bent one knee to receive her blessing, Mrs. Wildgoose's surprise was so great, that she almost sunk to the ground. Wildgoose supported her in his arms, till Dr. Greville also coming out of the chariot, they attended her into the hall; by which time she had recovered her spirits; and Wildgoose began to introduce the doctor, and to inform his mother of the great obligations which he had to him.

Mrs. Wildgoose made proper acknowledgements to the doctor; and then, looking on her son, Oh, Geoffry! says she, how could you desert me in such a manner without once acquainting me with your intention, or where I might make any inquiries after you? Your unkindness might have been fatal to me; and if I had died under the first sense of your undutiful behaviour, it would have been a great misfortune to you. I find you have taken a pique against poor Mr. Powel; but, I assure you, it was entirely owing to his honesty and discretion that I did not pursue the dictates of my resentment, and make a will greatly to your prejudice.

Dr. Greville made answer for Mr. Geoffry, that he believed he had been for some time under the influence of a deluded imagination; but that the mists which clouded his reason, seemed now to be dispelled, and he saw things in a more proper light; and that he could venture to answer for him, that he would never be guilty of the like act of unkindness for the future.

Mrs. Wildgoose's flutter of spirits being now a little composed, she began to reflect, that it was high time to order the cloth to be laid, and to con-

sider in what manner she should entertain Dr. Greville; which, however, as a plentiful dinner was provided for her harvest-people, gave a woman of Mrs. Wildgoose's good sense but little trouble.

CHAPTER XV.

Tugwell's reception at home.

THOUGH I have lived to speculate near half a century on the humours of mankind, I hardly remember a more remarkable instance of self-partiality, than the desiring to *perpetuate*—or of deference to fortune, than the submitting to *unite*—the poor, pitiful, and almost obscene monosyllable of *Dunk*, with the noble high-sounding polysyllable of M-ntague, Earl of H-lif-x; yet I had a personal regard for the worthy Mr. Dunk himself, and a great respect for the noble earl; and only make this remark, to show the fascinating, or rather the omnipotent power of accumulated riches—though not to my present purpose, which was, to describe the interview between Jerry Tugwell and his wife Dorothy.

Dame Tugwell was infinitely exasperated against poor Jerry, for presuming to elope from home, in downright defiance of her sovereign authority; and had meditated with herself, as she sat at her spinning-wheel, every variation of phrase, expressive of the most furious resentment, to attack the hapless culprit with, whenever he should make his appearance.

But, as Jerry knew Dorothy's blind side, and the only part where, on these occasions, she was vulnerable; instead of any supplicating apology, or en-

dearing caresses after so long an absence, Jerry approached her with a free and joyous air, as she sat at her wheel, but extending his right hand, filled with silver, two or three half-guineas being interspersed amongst it; the sight of which precious metals immediately softened Dorothy's features, from the truculent fierceness of the fury Tisiphone, to the simpering smiles of a Galatea, a Hebe, or an Euphrosyne.

Some deep politician might here suggest, that Jerry's wisest and most certain way to make peace would have been, to send their long lost son Joseph into the house before him. I think otherwise; for, after the first transports of that happy meeting were over, Jerry's offence would still have remained in full force, the subject of a severe reprehension; but by convincing dame Dorothy at once, by so evident a proof, that he had not neglected the main chance, and that she would be no loser by his long absence, the way was smoothed for a thorough reconciliation; and nothing now remained, but to indulge their mutual congratulations on account of their son's happy return.

As for Dame Tugwell's surprise and joy on the sight of her son Joseph, I shall not pretend to describe it. Instead of any concern about Jerry's travels, she would have asked as many questions about Joseph's adventures as his father had done at their first unexpected meeting at Warwick races. But her affection was more active than her curiosity; and she immediately began puffing up the fire, and was going to set on her best scoured pot, and to cut an untouched flitch of her best bacon, to entertain her guests, when a boy from Mrs. Wildgoose's came, to invite Jerry, his son Joseph, and even dame Dorothy, to eat some beef and pudding with her harvest-people in the kitchen; which invitation

in the present gaiety of her heart, Dorothy was no more inclined to refuse than Jerry himself was.

CHAPTER XVI.

The grand point settled.

YOUNG Wildgoose, after dinner, having gone out to pay his compliments to his fellow-travellers and Dame Tugwell, Dr. Greville took the opportunity of opening his commission to Mrs. Wildgoose. After acquainting her with the rise and progress of the intimacy between her son and Miss Julia Townsend, and informing her what fortune Mr. Townsend would probably give his daughter at present, and her expectations in future, he desired to know if she approved of the match, what kind of settlement she could enable her son to make. Mrs. Wildgoose seemed at first to hint, it would not be in her power to settle any thing in the least proportionable to Miss Townsend's fortune and expectations: but, when Dr. Greville said, that as the young people seemed to have conceived an extraordinary affection for each other, very rigorous terms would not be insisted upon, she said, that she could give up three hundred pounds a-year, provided a proper provision were made for herself during her life: that the whole estate was about four hundred pounds a-year, and only charged with five hundred pounds for her daughter's fortune; but that, since her son's undutiful elopement, she had taken two of her grandchildren, and intended to add five hundred pounds more to her daughter's fortune.

In short, this affair was soon settled between Mrs. Wildgoose and Dr. Greville, who, after drinking a

glass of wine, walked out with young Wildgoose to view the place, and then first opened his intention to him; which he received with equal rapture and surprise.

Dr. Greville then told him, that he should go over to Mr. Townsend's, with Miss Julia, in a day or two, and stay there a fortnight at least; in which time, if Mr. Wildgoose would come over, Dr. Greville would endeavour to gain Mr. Townsend's consent to their scheme. But, sir, added the doctor, as my principal reason for interesting myself in this affair is, that I had rather see my cousin Julia married to a sober, religious young man, with a moderate fortune, than to some of your gay men of the world, with ten times your income: so, if I thought you intended ever to resume your late irregular way of propagating your religious opinions, I would by no means promote such an alliance; for, as a true rational system of religion contributes to the happiness of society, and of every individual; so enthusiasm not only tends to the confusion of society, but to undermine the foundation of all religion, and to introduce, in the end, sceptiscism of opinion, and licentiousness of practice.

Wildgoose replied, that whatever his opinions on some particular points were (though they were yet far from being entirely settled,) he was determined for the future, to keep them to himself, and only endeavour to enforce the practice of religion in his own family, and amongst his neighbours; and that he should want no other motive for settling at home, if he were blessed with so agreeable a companion as Miss Townsend.

Dr. Greville repeated again, that he had a very good opinion of Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitfield, and of their first endeavours to revive the practice of primitive piety and devotion; but I am afraid, says

he, that there have already, and will hereafter, from their examples, start up mechanical teachers, who will preach themselves, instead of Christ; aiming at applause and popularity, to fill their pockets, or to fill their bellies; to please the young ladies, or the old women; and bring religion into contempt with all virtuous and sensible people.

CHAPTER XVII.

Modern taste, and that of our ancestors.

After viewing the garden and orchards, which, according to the old taste, were surrounded with high walls and quickset hedges, Mr. Wildgoose proposed, if he should be so happy as ever to bring Miss Townsend thither, to modernize his place, and lay it out agreeably to her fancy.

Dr. Greville replied, that he would sacrifice a great deal to good taste; and, says he, as the hills rise very prettily round you, I would endeavour to catch an opening or two from the bottom of your garden to those grand objects.

But, for my part, I prefer the plentiful taste of our ancestors, in whose gardens Flora and Pomona amicably presided, to the barren taste of the present age. Why would you destroy this south wall, covered with peaches and plumbs; and root up these pinks and carnations, to make way for some half-starved exotics, or, perhaps, poisonous shrubs, which nothing but mere fashion can recommend?

I like to see a grand edifice in the middle of a lawn; and would gladly give up old moss-grown orchards, clipt hedges, and endless avenues, for ex-

tensive views elegantly diversified with groups of trees, hanging woods, and sloping hills. But to think of exposing your irregular mansion, by removing walls, and aiming at a lawn no bigger than a Persian carpet, is a prostitution of taste, and a burlesque upon magnificence.

But the old clock now striking five, Dr. Greville recollected that he had four hours driving to his own house. After settling the plan, therefore, with young Geoffry, and taking leave of Mrs. Wildgoose, he ordered his carriage, and departed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Other matters adjusted.

Soon after Dr. Greville was gone, Mr. Powel the vicar of the parish, and his wife, in consequence of a private message from Mrs. Wildgoose, came to drink tea; whom Geoffry immediately received with his usual freedom and cordiality. Mr. Powel took an opportunity of telling young Wildgoose, that he was sensible he had taken some pique against him, though he could not guess upon what account. But, to convince him how much he was his friend, Mr. Powel showed him the instructions his mother had given him in regard to a will, greatly to his prejudice, and which he had prevailed upon her not to execute. Mr. Wildgoose thanked him for the service he had done him; though, he said, he was glad to find his elopement had been the accidental cause of having his sister taken into favour; which was what he always desired. He then confessed, that he had taken some little prejudice against the vicar upon a very trifling occasion; but that it had

pleased God lately to open his eyes; and that a weight of gloom had, he did not know how, been removed from his mind; and he hoped they should for the future live together in their usual friendship and good understanding.

The news of Tugwell's return being likewise soon spread about the parish, Jerry and his son were visited that very evening, by every man, woman, and child in the village; except by his rival in trade, the other shoemaker; and by Dorothy's nearest neighbour the blacksmith's wife. Their mutual emulation will account for the conduct of the former; and a jealousy of a particular kind in the blacksmith's wife for that of the latter.

Mrs. Enville, it seems, valued herself upon her family; her grandfather, by her mother's side, having been a supervisor: yet, by her extravagance and want of economy, she was become much inferior in her circumstances to Dorothy Tugwell; and, whilst the latter was saluted by the respectable appellation of *Dame* Tugwell, the former was dwindled down from Mrs. Enville, to plain Betty. When, therefore, she was told of Jerry's return, she received the news with a sullen contemptuous silence; and, when it was added, that he had brought his pocket full of silver and gold, she only said, it was well if he came honestly by it.

When Jerry came to examine the state of his shop, he found an accumulation of business upon his hands—old shoes, which wanted variety of repair, and which Dorothy had taken in, under a daily expectation of Jerry's return. But he was so full of his late journey, and so much embarrassed in answering questions put to him from every quarter, that it was in vain to think of business for that night; and Dorothy was so deeply engaged with her son Joseph, and so well satisfied with the cash that

Jerry had thrown into her lap (he having only reserved a *new* shilling to himself, for *antickity's* sake, which was Jerry's word for *curiosity*;) Dorothy, I say, was in such harmonious spirits, that she connived at Jerry's keeping holiday for that evening.

But the next morning, when Dorothy got up to her spinning, having locked up Jerry's best waistcoat, she sent him to his stall with a grave rebuke, that it was high time to settle to business again, and leave off preaching and rambling about the country. And though Jerry's shop was the general rendezvous every evening for a week after his return, Dorothy watched him narrowly, and kept him close to his work. And Jerry himself, having satisfied his curiosity, and being handsomely rewarded by Mr. Wildgoose for his trouble, seemed very well contented to spend the rest of his days in his own shop, and in his own chimney-corner.

CONCLUSION.

Mr. Geoffry Wildgoose, and his trusty friend having now finished their summer's ramble, and we having fulfilled our engagements to our readers, we might fairly enough dismiss them without any further ceremony, especially as the reader probably may not be very deeply interested in the affairs of a hero, who meets with no other adventures than what any man might expect to meet with, who travels through a country that is under a regular civil government, and in an age which appears to be under the direction of a general Providence.

But, as this history may probably be banished

from the circles of the polite, to some remote province, for the winter evening's amusement of some artless nymph, Chloe or Rosalind, whose curiosity is not yet grown callous, by a constant intercourse with the marvellous vicissitudes which abound in modern romance; methinks I hear poor Rosalind exclaiming, Oh! I long to know, whether Miss Julia and young Wildgoose made a match of it at last.

Now, as I own myself to be nothing at a temptation, and could never withstand the charms of youth and innocence—in spite of the practice of Virgil, or the precepts of ancient critics, who are for leaving many things to be supplied by the reader's imagination—I am determined, I say, to gratify the ladies curiosity with a peep behind the curtain, and inform them of a few subsequent particulars.

That Mr. Wildgoose, having equipped himself, not in pea-green or pompadour, but in a plain drab coat, with a crimson-satin waistcoat, laced with gold, peeping modestly from under it, mounted his chesnut gelding, and attended by young Tugwell, whose military air, and the flavour of a brass button added to his brown coat, gave him a tolerably smart appearance, though Mrs. Wildgoose would not yet consent to his having a livery—thus equipped, young Wildgoose waited on Miss Julia Townsend, at her father's house in ——shire; where, by the mediation of Dr. Greville and his lady, a match was soon concluded upon, and, after another visit or two solemnized at Mr. Townsend's in the Christmas holidays.

That Mrs. Wildgoose, having fitted up a sort of neat cottage for herself, resigned the mansion-house to her son Wildgoose and his lady; where they now live together with as much felicity as this life is capable of; yet no more than what every contented

unambitious couple may be sure of obtaining, who study to make each other happy; and whose expectations are not disappointed by the vain hopes of complete happiness in this world, or who do not fatigue themselves in the constant pursuit of violent and immoderate pleasures, in a state of existence where ease and tranquillity are the highest enjoyment allotted them.

Mr. Wildgoose keeps as much of his estate in his hands as will employ a pair of horses and two servants; and heartily concurs with Mr. Powel, both by his example and persuasion, to countenance industry and sobriety in the parish, as his lady does in visiting the sick and afflicted.

He has also prevailed upon Mr. Powel to lay aside his *argumentum bacculinum*, or crabtree conviction, with the lower and less docile part of his parish, and to endeavour to gain their love by the milder arts of soft persuasion; having convinced him of the truth conveyed in those beautiful lines of Dryden (alluding to the fable of the Sun and the North-wind:)

> To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
> Wrapt in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd;
> But when the milder beams of mercy play,
> He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.

Soon after he was married, Mr. Wildgoose received a visit from his friend Rivers, who was just got into orders; and was going with his family, to live with his kinsman, Mr. Gregory Griskin, and to assist him in the care of his parish (as Wildgoose had hinted,) with a very handsome stipend, the presentation of the living after his cousin's death, and a promise of the perpetuity: so that Rivers also was now as happy as he could wish. And we may draw the same *moral*, or rather the same *religious maxim*, from each story:

That where we do not obstinately oppose its benevolent intentions, nor presumptuously persist in a wrong course of life, Providence frequently makes use of our passions, our errors, and even our youthful follies, to promote our welfare, and conduct us to happiness.

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